

MERRIE CHRISTMAS **THE QUAKER** HAPPY NEW YEAR

VOL. VI, NO. 6

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 18, 1925.

Price 10 Cents

Salem High School History

BY H. H. SHARP, CLASS OF '78

The legislative act authorizing the graded Public School system in Ohio was passed in 1849, but it was not until 1853 that Salem elected its first Board of Education.

Alfred Holbrook from the Lebanon, Ohio, Normal School was engaged as the first superintendent and took charge in 1854.

He was secured to install the graded system in Salem and was paid quite a high salary for that time—viz., \$1200.00 per year—said to be the highest salary paid to any Public School superintendent in Ohio in those days.

That he did his work well was attested by Mr. Reuben McMillan, his successor, who served as superintendent and principal for the High School from 1855 to 1861. Mr. McMillan's administration was a very successful one. He held the respect and confidence of his pupils and the citizens of Salem throughout his administration, so that it was with sincere regret that his resignation was accepted that he might accept a larger and more lucrative position as superintendent of the Youngstown schools.

Mr. McMillan was known throughout the state as one of "Ohio's greatest schoolmasters," and at one time was offered the superintendency of the Cleveland schools, which, however, he was obliged to decline owing to ill health.

Mr. Wm. D. Henkle, another prominent educator, was elected superintendent in 1864. He served continuously until 1875, with the exception of two years spent as State Commissioner of Public Schools from 1869 to 1871. On retiring from school work he bought and edited the "Ohio Educational Monthly" in Salem until the time of his death in 1881.

Our Public High School was started in 1854 with Mr. Alfred Holbrook as principal by virtue of his position as superintendent, and one assistant teacher.

With such excellent superintendents and High School teachers as Reuben McMillan, W. D. Henkle, T. A. Sulist, T. C. Mendenhall, Rose Prunty Firestone, M. E. Stevens and Sarah A. Platt during the first twenty-five years of its existence (and during which time the average yearly number of High School pupils would probably not exceed fifty), it is little wonder that the present highly efficient institution with its 575 pupils and 25 teachers has been developed.

It was not until 1865, under the administration of Mr. Henkle, that the first Commencement was held. The date and place was June 15th, at 2 p.m. in Concert hall. There were but two graduates, Miss Anna Kuhn and Miss Lauretta Barnaby. The exercises were followed by an entertainment of music

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THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE WILL BE TOLD IN CAROLS

Hark! throughout Christendom joy bells are ringing,
From mountain and valley, o'er land, o'er sea,
Sweet choral melodies, pealing and thrilling,
Echoes of ages from far Galilee;
Christmas is here,
Merry old Christmas
Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-bearing Christmas
Day of grand memories!
King of the Year.

The Christmas Message will be told in carols at the Salem High school on Christmas eve by a chorus of full five hundred voices from the High school, Grade schools and various church choirs of the city.

All of the best known Christmas carols will be used, carols which awaken sweet memories and call us one and all to unselfish service and inspire us to high and glorious hopes.

Christmas carols call to our mind the story which grows more precious every year, the story which told of the wondrous birth of a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. Carol is a term signifying festive songs, particularly such as were sung at Christmas.

The first carols came from the press in 1421. One of these old English carols is still sung at Oxford on Christmas day. The singing of carols has been familiar to Americans for three

Continued on Page 16 Column 2

JUNIOR MUSIC STUDY CLUB ORGANIZES

A group of girls from the High school met with Mrs. L. T. Drennan and Mrs. Harvey Ferguson, Thursday evening, December 10, for the purpose of organizing a Music Study Club. At this time officers were elected for the year. They are: President, Miss Lois Snyder; vice-president, Miss Ruth Moff; secretary, Miss Arlene Coffee; treasurer, Miss Grace Crumrine; librarian, Miss Amelia Walde.

Further plans are to be made at the next meeting to sing carols in the hospitals on Christmas eve. Miss Arlene Coffee has invited the girls to be her guests on Saturday, December 12.

THE WIZARD OF OZ

The Science Club made a clear profit of \$227 on the show, "The Wizard of Oz." It has not been decided whether to buy a receiving set or a miniature broadcasting set. The set is to be built by the science pupils, under the direction of Mr. Vickers. The Science Club wishes to thank the school for their share in helping to put the show across, especially the Freshmen who had a great deal to do with the success.

The girl who takes the cookie is the one who wants the stamp in the center of the sheet of 100, just because it looks pretty.

"Icebound" Scores Big Success

Henry Yaggi and Mary Chessman Stars.

"Ice bound proved to be a success when it was presented to the public Wednesday and Thursday nights.

This play, the Pulitzer prize play of 1922, dealt with an unusual theme. The Jordans were cold blooded, buzzard like people, who awaited the death of their mother so that they might have her money and property.

When she did finally die, she upset all their plans by leaving her entire estate to a servant girl, Jane Crosley, under one condition, namely, that Jane reforms Ben, the youngest of the Jordans, and the most wayward of them all. The love story of the play developed when Jane, through her simple vitality and beautiful personality won Ben and made a man of him.

Yaggi's ability as an actor showed up in his part of Ben. He handled it with the art of a professional. Mary Chessman endeared herself to the public as Jane Crosley.

The entire cast are to be praised for the talent they showed in presenting "Icebound."

The cast, consisting of seniors, (with one exception) was as follows:

Henry Yaggi, Jr., as Ben Jordan, and Mary Chessman as Jane Crosley headed the cast. Russell Stallsmith had the part of Henry Jordan; Eleanor Votaw was his wife, Emma Jordan. Mary Ellen Smith took the part of Nettie, a daughter of Emma by a former marriage.

Sadie Fellows, once Sadie Jordan, a widow was a part taken by Elizabeth Ward; Donald Ward played her son, Orin; Gladys Redington was Ella Jordan, an unmarried sister; Homer Eddy was Dr. Curtis; William Miller was the part of Judge Bradford; Cesarie Paumier was Hannah, a servant; and Robert Davis was Jim Jay.

Mr. Drennan, coach of the play is to be highly commended for this fine production, for it was his unceasing efforts that made the play what it was.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

A meeting was held December 9, 1925, in Room 302. The meeting was opened with the minutes of the last meeting being read and the roll-call taken. There were 18 members present, including two new members. The membership of the club now stands at thirty-two. Robert Davis gave an interesting talk on electroplating. This was followed by some experiments on the same subject by Floyd Ormes, who also showed some examples of the use of electro plating.

THE QUAKER

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Editorial

At Christmas! What is the foremost thought in the minds of most of us at Christmas? Giving, receiving, merriment, vacation and home-coming of friends and relatives—joy and happiness in general.

But why are we happy and filled with the joy of the "Christmas spirit?" It is because it marks the greatest event of all history, the coming to earth of the son of God. We are happy because the birthday of the world's Saviour creates a good-will in our hearts. His spirit, His love is "born in us today."

As possessors of this great joy let us be happy in Christmas and all that it holds; let us help broadcast the Christmas spirit to all by our own selves expressing this love, joy and happiness—the true significance of Christmas.

"Seven points hath the Christmas star:

One is the love that shines afar
From God to man; and one is the love
That leaps from the world to the Lord
above;

And one is good will on the happy
earth;

And one is purity, one is peace,
And two are the joys that never
cease,—

God's joy,
Man's joy,—

Aflame in the star of the Wonderful
Birth.

And the light of God's love is a golden light,
And man's love to man is crimson bright,
And man's love to God is an azure ray—

Alas, when it flickers and dies away!
And the seven rays through the worshipping night

Like the flash of all jewels, exult and play,—

God's joy,
Man's joy,—

Yet they shine as one, and the star is white." Ammos R. Wells

LIBRARY NOTES

The new books are being placed on the shelves for your use. The library affords you many pleasures and privileges. You can express your appreciation now by taking proper care of

books. This does not mean that they are to be handled gingerly and with much perturbation, because they are bought for your use and enjoyment. You would not destroy a volume of your own—you have an interest in every book of the library because you are a part of the school to which it belongs. It is not yours alone to use, either, for every other boy and girl owns just as much interest. Salem High School has had reason and opportunity to be proud of its athletics, teams, school paper, etc.—It's up to you to better the morals of your library and make it one more laurel.

The following new books are being placed on the shelves:

Fiction

Barrie—Sentimental Tommie.
Churchill—Coniston.
Cather—One of Ours.
Cooper—The Last of the Mohicans.
The Deerslayer.
The Prairie.
The Pioneers.
Dumas—The Three Musketeers.
The Count of Monte Cristo.
Eliot—Adam Bede.
Mill on the Floss.
Kipling—The Light That Failed.
Twain—Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.
Tom Sawyer.
Huck Finn.
Roughing It.
Thackeray—Vanity Fair.
Henry Esmond.
Bulwer-Lytton—Last Days of Pompeii.
Gaskell—Cranford.
Harte—The Luck of Roaring Camp.
Meredith—Evan Harrington.
Scott—Heart of Mid-Lothian.
The Talesman.
Hardy—Far From the Madding Crowd.
Wallace—The Fair God.
Swift—Gulliver's Travels.
Defoe—Robinson Crusoe.
Atherton—The Conqueror.
Pyle—Robin Hood.
Johnson—The Varmint.
Stover At Yale.
Thompson—Alice of Old Vincennes.
Ford—Janice Meredith.
Eggleston—The Hoosier Schoolboy.
The Graysons.
Bronte—Jane Eyre.
Dickens—David Copperfield.
Tale of Two Cities.
Hawthorne—The Scarlet Letter.
Goldsmith—Vicar of Wakefield.
Doyle—Tales of Sherlock Holmes.
Stevenson—Kidnapped.
Treasure Island.

Philosophy

Fosdick—Twelve Tests of Character
Commercial
Nichols—Junior Business Training.
Gowin—Developing Executive Ability.
DeHass—Business Administration and Organization.

Ancient History

Botsford—A Source-book of Ancient History.

Science—Chemistry

Roscoe and Chorlemner—Inorganic Chemistry.
Vol 2—Metallic Elements.
Conklin—The Direction of Human Evolution.
Slosson—Chemistry in Industry.
Cajorie—History of Physics.

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Kennedy—The Servant in the House.
Euripides—Trojan Women.
Goldsmith—She Stoops to Conquer.
Mayorga—Representative One-Act Plays.
Sheridan—The Rivals.
Shakespeare—Midsummer's Night Dream.
Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
Romeo and Juliet.
Fulton and Trueblood—Standard Selections.

Literature

Long—American Literature.
Halleck—English Literature.
Marshall—The Child's English Literature.
Tristram and Iseult.
Our Lady's Tumbler.
Chaucer for Children.
Beowulf.
Tanner—Essay and Essay Writing.
Lamb—Tales of Shakespeare.
Prescott—Conquest of Peru.

History—English

Montgomery—English History.

History—American

Muzzey—Readings in American History.

Education

Sandwich—How to Study.

Reference

Spanish Dictionary.

Tough little kid: Gee, pop, I swallowed a worm.
Pop: Drink some water and wash it down.
T. L. K.: Aw, no; let him walk.

Little Girl: Mother, what was the name of the last station we passed.
Mother: Don't bother me, dear; I want to finish this novel.
Little Girl: It's a shame, mother, 'cause little Jimmie got off there.

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Debate Season Opens Auspiciously

Coach Drennan Has Squad of 17

Once again our orators and debate artists prepare for their annual wordy battles with other schools. Debate season officially opened Wednesday, December 4th, when a large number of students turned out in response to the call for tryouts. For three days the bashful (?) would be Websters and Lincolns orated and declaimed in their efforts to make the debate squad. The tryout speeches as a whole were very promising and the judges were kept awake at night trying to decide upon the members of the debate squad.

This year ought to be a successful one as far as debate is concerned, for in addition to our last year's veterans, Clara and Julia Patten, Junia Jones, Irene Slutz and Joe Marcilio, the following have been chosen on the debate squad:

Max Caplan, Robert Garrison, Richard Speidel, James Patten, Carl Matthews, Wayne Morron, Lewis Platt, John Lippert, Marjorie Fultz, Martha Krauss, Max Fisher, Mary Bodo.

This year all those who receive letters in debate will be given a half-credit in English. But those who have been chosen on the squad will have to work very hard if they wish to receive their half-credit. The alternates especially will have to work a little harder than they have been accustomed to doing. Coach Drennan's suggestion to the debaters was that they read all they can and then read some more.

A dual debate with Carrollton has been definitely arranged, and the only matter which is left to be settled is the date. A triangle has also been arranged with Niles and Rayen, Salem's arch enemies as far as debate goes. At these debates only two speakers and an alternate will be used on each team. The subject for debate has not yet been definitely worded, but it has to do with the union of the army, navy and air forces into a war department which has one member in the cabinet. These three forces will each have a separate sub-department or bureau of their own.

Efforts have been made to have a county triangle with Lisbon and Leetonia on a different subject, but so far this has not been arranged. Coach Drennan has planned upon using entirely different teams in each debate if the members of the squad will work and do their best. Meanwhile, if any member on the squad becomes weary of debate there is a waiting list from which a substitute will be chosen.

The librarians have requested that debaters act like ladies and gentlemen in the Public Library, and anyone who acts in a disorderly manner at the library will be asked to resign from the squad.

We have some very promising material this year and with a little work we ought to win all the debates. (If any member of the Niles or Rayen High School reads this, he is requested not to make any sarcastic remarks.)

THE HI-Y OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

Hi-Y Older Boys' conventions were held all over the United States during the Thanksgiving vacation. These conventions were under the auspices of the State Associations of Young Men's Christian Associations.

There were 750 delegates representing 120 out of 150 Hi-Y Clubs throughout Ohio. The convention was a decided success. Two thousand Middletown residents aided in the success of the convention.

The following boys represented Salem at the conference: Lester Older, Harold Shears, Clarence Sidingier, Paul Howell, Donald Smith, Robert Campbell, Ray Judge, Robert Garrison and the Hi-Y leader of Salem, Coach Wilbur J. Springer. Clyde Jenkins intended to go but broke his arm in the Lisbon-Salem game. Salem claims a record of having the delegation farthest from Middletown with their full quota of eight members and leader.

There were 33 speakers this year. The topic of their themes was "Youth Facing the World." Most of the speeches were delivered in the large Broadway M. E. church. Several speeches were given in the auditorium of Middletown's new million and a half dollar high school. Tours were conducted through the American rolling mills and the Smith Paper Company for the boys. Six of the boys stayed at Mr. Lee Chamberlain's home. Mr. Chamberlain was the former scout master of Salem and now has charge of the scout activities of Middletown.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

Altho Salem High has just started basketball, some Freshmen are showing considerable talent in this sport. Five boys have survived the first cut and we hope they survive all cuts and eventually make the squad. Last year the Freshmen had one man on the 'varsity squad and we hope that one or two of our classmates will prove as successful this year. We are proud to say we had two football players on the all-county roll, i. e., Ed Sidingier and George Konnerth, and we shall endeavor to prove our ability in basketball as well.

The Freshmen girls have also shown much interest in baseball. They have shown their interest by coming to practice, and the playing of inter-class games. Many of the Freshmen girls have tried for the squad and among the first twenty selected are to be found Bertha Kent, Melba Barnes, Elizabeth Riddle, Maud Buck, Betty Moss and Margaret Carnes. The champion of the inter-room games is Room 306. The captains and the present standing of each home room is as follows:

Rm.	Captain.	Played.	Won.
300—Melba Barnes	-----	2	0
303—Adelaide Dyball	-----	2	1
304—Lorene Jones	-----	3	2
305—Bertha Kent	-----	3	0
306—Mary Older	-----	2	2
309—Clare Thomas	-----	2	1

By: LORENE JONES,
JIM SCULLION.

Notice, Everybody

If the fire bell rings, just open the door and "pass out."

If you can't spend Christmas with the Home Folks do the next best thing -- send photographs.

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New Castle Beats Reserves 18 - 0

On Saturday, November 21st, preliminary to the Salem-Leetonia game, Salem Reserves or Second team, were defeated by a much heavier team from the New Castle Industrial school. The name of this school is Ben Franklin Junior High, but it is composed of boys of high school age.

Earlier in the season Salem Reserves were badly defeated on a New Castle field 64-0, but Salem showed some marked improvement by being able to hold New Castle to a score of 18-0.

1926 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept. 25	-----	Open
Oct. 2	Sebring	There
" 9	Akron West	There
" 16	Struthers	Here
" 23	Wellsville	There
" 31	Alliance	Here
Nov. 6	East Liverpool	Here
" 13	Leetonia	There
" 20	East Palestine	Here
" 25	Lisbon	There

HI-Y NEWS

Three new candidates were accepted into the membership of the Club, on Thursday.

The new members are: Homer Eddy, Richard Spiedel, Pete Harsh. Congratulations.

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High School History

(Continued from page 1)

and tableaux for which an admission of twenty-five cents was charged.

The average number of graduates from 1865 to 1880 was between five and six, the classes ranging from two to eighteen members, which seems very small indeed when compared with the one hundred or more of the Class of 1925.

Salem has always had a reputation for supporting good schools even before the advent of the Public School system, and the early history of this system as outlined above has no doubt laid the foundation for our present excellent schools.

An Alumni Association was organized in June, 1882, at a meeting of the graduates called for the purpose, at which time officers were elected and by-laws adopted. James R. Carey was the first president. The first reunion and banquet was held in the old High School room in the Fourth street building on June 18th, 1883. This building was later declared unsafe and torn down in 1896.

The present Fourth street building was erected on the site of the old one and was first used in 1897. This building was discontinued as a High School on the completion of the present High School building in January, 1917.

Our Alumni reunions have been held each year on the evening following Commencement. Up to the Reunion held in 1902 the main object and spirit of the meetings was well expressed by a verse from the Alumni song written by W. W. Hole of the Class of '76—

"Tonight let Caesar fight without us.
Alone let Troy defend her walls.
Who wants the ancient shades about us,

When live Alumni throng our halls?
No arcs or angles will we measure,
Though x and y be not involved;
This better problem have we solved—
The sum of U plus I is pleasure."

At the Reunion of 1902, a toast was given by Mrs. F. J. Mullins entitled, "Cui Bono" which started the members thinking.

Mrs. Mullins stressed the point that an alumni association numbering nearly four hundred members should have a constructive program for some good work, and while the good times were perfectly legitimate, the Association should stand for something more.

As a result of this advice by Mrs. Mullins a scholarship committee was appointed by President George Adams of the Class of '87 at the Reunion in 1903, "to devise ways and means for raising a suitable Scholarship Fund for the benefit of graduates of the Salem High School." A campaign for this purpose was started in 1904 among the Alumni membership for subscriptions to this fund.

In 1907 a thousand dollar bond was purchased and in 1908 the income from this bond—sixty dollars—was awarded as the first scholarship to Walter French. Since then nineteen scholarship prizes have been awarded—twenty in all—and a total of \$3,350 paid in the twenty awards.

Our Scholarship Fund is now slightly in excess of \$7,000. Two prizes have been awarded the past two years as first and second awards. The first was for \$250 and the second for \$100,

but the latter is to be increased up to \$250 as the income, in the judgment of the scholarship committee, will warrant.

Due to the splendid donations to this fund by the recent classes, it has increased very satisfactorily. A thousand dollar legacy from the estate of Mrs. Rose Prunty Firestone received a few years ago, together with receipts from sundry benefit entertainments have helped to swell the fund to its present amount.

The scholarship idea is a popular one and well worth while and should receive the loyal support of our entire membership.

—H. H. SHARP,
Class of '78.

SALEM DEFEATS LEETONIA; 13—0 SCORE IS BROUGHT BY COFFEE'S SPECTACULAR RUNS

Not having been defeated in two years and having carried off the County Championship last year, Leetonia went on Reilly field Saturday, November 21st, confident of winning. But Salem put up too big a fight for them and Leetonia gave up hopes of winning the County Championship when defeated 13—0.

The First Half

Salem kicked to Leetonia and they received on their 40-yard line. After two downs for a little gain they punted. Coffee picked up the ball on the 15-yard line and by side-stepping and out-running his would-be tacklers he made an amazing "Red Grange" run for a touchdown. Coffee had good interference on this play and this enabled him to dash away from the entire Leetonia eleven for 85 yards. C. Sidingier kicked goal. Leetonia had the ball the greater part of the first quarter, trying several passes but at the end of the quarter Salem held the ball on their own 15-yard line. Again in the second quarter it was thought that Salem might score, after Miller carried the ball to the 20-yard line after receiving a punt, but because of fumbles and penalties Salem did not put the ball across and at the end of the half Salem held the ball on the 40-yard line.

Second Half

The third period was not a very exciting one, both teams gaining a little but not enough to keep the ball in their possession long. However, about the end of the third quarter Leetonia punted and Coffee brought the ball to Leetonia's 30-yard line. After having carried the ball past the 10-yard line by line bucks, Coffee's end run placed the ball over the line in the beginning of the fourth quarter. A pass over goal for the extra point was unsuccessful. After this touchdown neither team seemed to be able to gain very well and resorted to punting to each other.

Twice during the game Leetonia threatened to score, but they seemed to lack the necessary strength to break through the Salem line to score. The Leetonia team made a real battle and Salem had to fight every minute for their score. Leetonia's air attack did not prove very successful as the majority of their passes were broken up. Their huddle system for signals

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and the quick shift before snapping the ball back seemed confusing at first but Salem soon seemed to get used to it and Leetonia's backfield men did not get away.

An unusual number of penalties were called on both teams for various reasons, but in general the game was an exciting one.

SALEM—13	Position	L.H.S.—0
Jenkins	L.E.	Dean
Miller	L.T.	M. Price
Yaggi	L.G.	Clifford
Fisher	C.	White
Sheen	R.G.	Ginther
Alexander	R.T.	Beltempo
Cosgrove, (C)	R.E.	Mowry
Coffee	Q.	Nicolette
C. Sidingier	L.H.	Burick
Campbell	R.H.	Billet
E. Sidingier	F.	R. Price
Salem		7 0 0 7—13

Touchdowns—Coffee, 2; Point after touchdown, C. Sidingier (drop kick).

Substitutes—Salem: Mathews for C. Sidingier, C. Sidingier for Mathews, Mathews for Yaggi, Simonds for Miller, Older for Sheen, Sheen for Older, Shears for Sheen, Talbot for Alexander, Harsh for Campbell, Campbell for Harsh, Konnert for Campbell, Gregg for E. Sidingier, E. Sidingier for Gregg, Harsh for E. Sidingier, Gregg for Harsh. Leetonia: Lanpher for Mowry. Referee—Brannon (Nebraska).

Umpire—Clark (Kenyon).

Head Linesman—Kelley (Kenyon).

Time of Quarters—12 minutes each.

Miss McCready: Waiter, there's a tack in this doughnut.

Waiter: Well! I'll bet I got the notion that it was a Ford tire.

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Christmas Spirit

Carl was returning to his home town after an absence of ten years, in order to spend Christmas there. His father and mother had died, but he had been left in the charge of his uncle, Ralph Smith. His uncle had received a terrible shock some thirty years before, which made him a mean, miserly old man. At one time he had known the value and happiness of Christmas.

One Christmas years ago he had bought his twelve-year-old son a pair of ice skates. On Christmas afternoon the boy went to try them out. He crashed through some weak ice and before anyone could come to the rescue he was drowned. The shock had taken also the life of Uncle Ralph's delicate wife. Ever since that time, thirty years ago, Ralph Smith knew no Christmas.

Ralph Smith was known to all the village people as "The Tightwad." When Carl's parents died it bothered Ralph Smith a great deal to take this young boy in charge. Carl never had enough to eat, and he was poorly dressed. Judge Rolland's daughter, Grace, and Carl had been in the same class. Both were very intelligent and were at the head of their classes. Grace took a liking to Carl as he was always neat and very smart in school work. On one occasion the school had had a swimming party. Grace attempted to swim across the lake, her foot got caught, all the boys and girls were frightened. But Carl was collected and had his wits, and but for him she would have drowned. After that Grace was all for Carl, and the judge had a better opinion of him. But Carl was handicapped with a "skin-flint" uncle who made him go to work immediately upon finishing High school. During vacations Grace and Carl were together and Grace always wanted Carl for Christmas dinner, but Smith would not hear to it, as he did not believe in Christmas at all.

Carl had saved his money, put it in a bank, but he made an investment in a certain mine which was a fake and when he lost all his money his uncle became enraged. Carl and he quarrelled. So it ended by Carl leaving. This all took place ten years ago.

Carl went West and by gossip some stories reached the village that Carl was sent to jail. That settled things with his uncle and the judge; in fact, everyone except Grace. She, alone remained faithful.

Carl talked to Bill, the baggageman, who did not recognize him at first. From him he learned that Grace Rolland still had faith in the scapegrace, Carl Smith. He told Bill that he was going to see his uncle. Bill glanced at the well-worn coat and hat which Carl wore.

"What! Why, old 'Tightwad' won't have anything to do with any of his relations. Afraid, I suppose, that they will pry a penny from him. What makes you think he'll have anything to do with you? About the first thing he'll do is to have you ordered away. Had you come back in a Pullman car and possessed a big auto he would probably limber up enough to shake

hands. Don't go, Carl; come home with me."

"No, thank you," replied Carl, "I didn't come back to live off my friends. If Uncle Ralph does not show the Christmas spirit I'm going to make him."

With that Carl departed for his uncle's home on Greywood avenue. Carl knocked at the door. He could hear the steps of old Tom, the man about the house, whose wife Eliza was the cook.

When he saw Carl he said: "We ain't got no eats fo' no tramp." He would have closed the door but Carl gently but firmly pushed him back and said he must see Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Smith never gets no callers," said Tom. "He aint to home an' he jes told me that hisself, so go on, man."

But Carl pushed his way through. Mr. Smith was very indignant and snappy and actually turned Carl out. The interview ended thus:

"This year you are going to have a Christmas," finished Carl. "I know I've been a trial to you and wish you would forgive me."

"Huh! You think you will get some of my money, don't you? Well, I expect to live several years yet and when I go you will not get a cent. That threat to make me have a Christmas in spite of myself is a joke. Good-bye—for good."

Carl left more in sorrow than anger.

That year the councilmen had voted against the proposition of paying \$500 for gifts for the poor children of the village. A committee headed by Grace Rolland was appointed in order to raise a sum of money for this purpose. One day, to the dismay of Ralph Smith, Grace Rolland and two other ladies were announced. Old Smith knew what they wanted and was just thinking of a way to refuse to contribute any money when Grace entered with a radiant smile. Grace began to talk:

"We called, Mr. Smith, to thank you for your kindness to the poor children of the village and for the generous Christmas spirit which you have shown, as the councilmen have failed us. Stepping in at the critical moment and sending us \$500 cash, as you did, was splendid. We assure you that the children have never had such a Christmas as you have provided for them this year. It is our cordial wish that you will have a happy, happy Christmas."

Smith was dazed. He thought surely there was a mistake somewhere. He took out his glasses, planted them firmly on his nose and stared at the visitors. Yes, they were all smiling and beaming on him. Mechanically they shook hands with him and before he could assure them that there was a mistake somewhere, they had gone. He was aroused by Tom's voice:

"That was a mighty fine thing yo' did an' me an' Florabell, we never knew a thing about it."

"Do you think I was such a fool as to give \$500 away?" stormed Smith. But Tom just grinned and pointed to the newspaper, while he wiped away his tears of gladness.

The heavy black headlines read: "Ralph Smith Donates \$500 to Poor."

There it was in black and white. "Our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. Ralph R. Smith, has come to the rescue and contributed \$500 in cash for the poor. Mr. Smith was quick to respond to what he considered a pressing need. The poor children will have their Christmas as usual and will have Mr. Ralph Smith to thank for it."

Smith was dumbfounded. Someone was playing a joke on him. Well, it certainly was an expensive one.

Twice he began a letter to Miss Rolland, but it seemed absurd, and ended by his tearing it to pieces.

Part of old Tom's work was to look after the furnace. The house was like an icebox because Tom was constantly ordered to be sparing on the coal. He was making a fire in the kitchen when he noticed something hanging from the gas jet. He put on his spectacles and examined it. Sure enough, it was mistletoe! And there were too holly wreaths at the windows. He thought at first that Eliza did it. But she was as surprised as he.

"I guess it musta been ole marse, an' from now on it looks as though we're going to celebrate Christmas like regular folks." Tom was astonished. His old black face was shining. "I could shout fo' glory! after all dese years o' waiting!"

"Tom!" Mr. Smith's high-pitched voice floated into the kitchen, "who hung all this stuff over the whole house without saying a word to me?"

Tom finally convinced Mr. Smith that it was neither he nor Eliza. He was ordered to tear them down.

Mr. Smith walked into the library where he saw further evidence of the Christmas spirit. In every window appeared Holly leaves. A large bell was in the center of the room.

There was a large card bearing this message in gilt: "Peace on earth, good will to men." It was under the picture of a woman with soft brown eyes.

Smith put out his hand to jerk it away, but he stopped paralyzed. The brown eyes were pleading—it seemed as tho his wife was really there.

In the hall there was a crash. Tom had broken a chair and fallen. "Taking down wreaths before Christmas is sure unlucky," he said.

"Never mind Tom," put in Mr. Smith, "They didn't cost me anything, so leave them where they are for a while."

That evening Mr. Smith thought things over and he actually began to wish that he had really donated the \$500. He felt sure those brown eyes would have approved.

The next morning Eliza found a type-written note in the kitchen. It gave instructions for a Christmas dinner for four. The menu was written also, and Tom found a complete avalanche of groceries on the enclosed back porch, including a ten-pound turkey.

This was the limit but Mr. Smith wanted to know who the unknown was, so he determined to go thru with it.

Carl went to see Grace and wore his old clothes. He found that money made no difference to one person, at least—Grace. All the Christmas bells in the world could never peal forth joy in his heart.

He told Grace and the Judge they were invited to a Christmas dinner at Smith's.

It was Christmas day. Eliza had prepared a big dinner. The Judge and Grace were already there. They were waiting for the unknown.

In a few minutes a lad stopped in front of the house. A gentleman descended. He wore a sealskin cap and rich overcoat, with a sealskin collar. He had a distinguished air about him.

Mr. Smith muttered wildly and collapsed in his chair.

Tom went to the door. "Is you the unknown, Mista Man," Tom asked in awe?

"Both known and unknown. Tom you old rascal, don't you recognize me?"

Tom burst into a wild and delightful yell: "Marse Carl!"

In half a minute minus coat and cap Carl was in the living room.

"Merry Christmas, all!" he cried. Grace immediately went to him. The Judge was dumbfounded.

"Uncle Ralph, what is the trouble?" He got up slowly.

"Carl, are you masquerading?" he asked faintly.

"I quit masquerading exactly two hours ago," replied Carl.

"You—you've got money?"

"More than my share of it," answered Carl, then he told them how he had made good in the west.

Carl had gifts for everybody. There were \$50 for Tom and as much for Eliza. For Uncle Ralph there was no money—in his envelope was a card neatly written with these words: "No money for you, Uncle Ralph, but something much better: a real Christmas after many long years from a nephew who regrets his youthful shortcomings, and wishes you all the season's joy and happiness."

Tears were in Ralph Smith's eyes as he fervently thanked God and gave Carl and Grace his blessing. They all went to enjoy the happiest Christmas dinner ever eaten.—Mary Bodo.

Peace on Earth

(By James Russell Lowell)

"What means this glory round our feet,"

The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet, "Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means this star," the shepherds said,

"That brightens through the rocky glen?"

And angels answering overhead Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more Since these sweet oracles were dumb;

We wait for Him, like them of yore; Alas! He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold No time or sorrow e'er shall dim, That little children might be bold In perfect trust to come to Him.

All around our feet shall ever shine A light like that the wise men saw, If we our loving wills incline To that sweet Life which is the Law.

Come on! Don't You Want to go 'Long?

I'm tired of sitting around the fire,
And reading the daily news;
I'm sick of hearing the drizzling rain,
Gee! how it gives me the blues.
I think I need a little fresh air,
To tune my heart into a song;
They say there's a game out at Reilly
Field—
Come on! Don't you want to go
'long?

You say it's too wet, and the game
won't be played?
Say! feller, you don't know our
bunch—
They don't mind the weather with
ankle-deep mud
And water—they think it's their
lunch!
I know it is drier to stay in the house
With checkers, or maybe ping-pong;
But I'll take old football for me every
time—
Come on! Don't you want to go
'long?

Can't you 'magine the kick off that'll
be pretty soon,
With the ball sailin' 'way in the air?
Can't you see one of our gang a-nab-
bin' it, too,
That kid who's got sort of red hair?
There he goes down the field for most
forty yards—
Oh, they got him! but tackled him
wrong!
Hear 'em yell! Hear 'em yell! Say! I'm
yellin' too!
Come on! Say? You've got to go
'long!

—L. T. DRENNAN.

BASKET BALL

Basketball practice is well on its way and is the center of attraction for many pupils.

This year's varsity captains are: Mary Ellen Smith, who will lead the sextet to another county championship for the girls and Charles Coffee, who will place Salem on the map for its basketball team of '26. Certainly under these leaders we can't expect enough of the basketball teams.

In the school, inter-room basketball teams are being carried on to decide the champions of the school. These are under the leadership of the two coaches, Loretha Potter and Wilbur Springer.

Also the inter-room sports are being started and the members of the class teams will be given sweaters as a remembrance for their work. These teams will be used to supply material for the varsity and also to help the varsity in practice.

Thus, according to other years, basketball has been placed on a firmer basis than ever before. The hopes are for two championship teams this year.

—R. DAVIS, Sport Editor.

The death scene of that play was a riot.

Why?

The corpse got the hiccoughs.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

MY FIRST ATTEMPT

It is no cinch to write a poem,
About the things that's comin' and goin';
Or about the past and things that's gone,
But the best I can do is to write along.

I'd like to write about Nature and things—
About beauty and love, or a bird that sings;
But I get so far, and then I stumble,
And my thoughts all get in a terrible jumble.

So I guess three verses will be sufficient,
For in writing poetry I'm not proficient;
And as my brow is very creased,
I guess my poem had best be ceased.

—Betty Whitacre, '29.

Billy's Christmas

The atmosphere in the little town of Oldsburg, Ohio, had that delightful "Christmas" quality which instantly turned one's thoughts to Christmas trees and Christmas parcels wrapped in fancy paper and tied with gaudy, shiny thread. The narrow streets were piled high with snow and indeed it seemed an ideal setting for a visit from that mythical being, Santa Claus. In and around the stores were scurrying, warmly-clad figures, casting furtive glances around to see if any observed the mysterious packages under their arms. Oldsburg was one of those pleasant, old-fashioned towns which, in the rush of modern happenings, had not forgotten how to celebrate Christmas in the true old-fashioned style.

Let us look for an instant into the home of one of the town's wealthiest inhabitants. Zebulon Miller possessed an excessive amount of this world's goods and occupied a prominent position in Oldsburg's social circles. His home was the best in the town and was a source of pride to the less wealthy villagers. But one could obtain the best estimate of this man's wealth, not from looking upon the outside of the house, but by gazing upon the splendors within. From the highly expensive rosewood piano down to the best silverware money could buy, Mr. Miller's house represented not the home of a native of Oldsburg, but rather an abode fit for a king.

Robert Miller, Zebulon's son, was very popular among the boys, not particularly because of his companionable traits, but because of his wealth and standing in the community. Robert had early picked out as one of his best chums Billy West, a very popular young lad who, however, came of poor parents. Between these two had sprung up an intimate acquaintance, domineering and patronizing, somewhat, upon the part of Robert but faithful and devoted upon the part of Billy. This friendship had started with the beginning of the school term in September, when both boys entered the Junior class.

When Christmas came, of course the two friends began thinking of sending presents to each other. Robert

in his usual high-handed, extravagant manner bought Billy a gold wrist watch, probably costing about forty or fifty dollars. But when Robert opened his Christmas parcels, among the very expensive presents which he usually received were a pair of cheap cuff-links and written on a card attached to the box in which the present was packed was this inscription, "To Bob from Billy."

"So," angrily muttered Robert, "is that all he thinks of me? Here I sent him that dandy wrist-watch and he gave me those measly cuff-links. Rats! I thought he was a good fellow."

So saying, Robert picked up his cap and walked out of the house in angry mood, slamming the door behind him. Unconsciously, in his mad rush, he turned his steps toward Warwick avenue on which Billy lived. As he was passing a certain old, tumbledown house he heard voices talking. He stopped and gazed into his former friend's house. From within came the sound of delightful surprise as Mrs. West opened the package which Robert had sent to Billy.

"Oh, Gee Gosh!" exclaimed Billy. "Isn't that a dandy! How can I ever thank Bobby for this?" As Robert watched from the outside he noticed two tears slowly roll down Billy's cheeks. "Ah, I'm blubbering like an idiot," Billy was saying. "But I'm so happy. I just can't help it. I hope Bobby will like those cuff-links I sent him, ma. They cost me a dollar and a half and I'll have to do without that new pair of shoes I was going to get—but I hope he likes them as well as I like his present."

Robert crept away from that happy house with a guilty feeling. He felt like a criminal. Was he worthy of Billy West's friendship? He, that selfish, spoiled, wealthy young man—was he good enough to associate with a boy like Billy? Then and there Robert saw himself in his true light. Money counted for nothing now. After all, what good was wealth if used as Robert used his?

The next day Robert's mother glanced at his shirt.

"Why, Robert Zebulon Miller," she exclaimed, "where did you get those horrid cuff-links? Don't you have those good gold ones any longer?"

"Mother," answered Robert, "these cuff-links are worth more to me than all the gold, silver and diamonds in the world. I got those from Billy West!"

—JOE MARSILIO, '27.

CASE SCHOOL OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Do college men work?

Do they "earn their salt?"

What kind of work do they do?

Do they learn anything at work?

"Last summer 170 of the 200 men in the Freshman class worked and earned money to go to college—a total of \$41,021, or over \$240 per man," says Professor Karl O. Thompson after compiling the figures garnered from themes of freshmen at Case School of Applied Science.

They worked at 42 different kinds of jobs from serving "hot dogs" to surveying allotments along the high-ways. They came singing "I've been working on the Railroad" or "Yo

heave ho" for they "waited" in Pullmans, ran switching towers and dock-handed on the Great Lakes. Some followed in Grange's footsteps and delivered ice, others milk, still others carried heavy things in trucks. One was a plumber and got rich, four were electricians and several worked in machine shops and on farms. One worked in a cemetery but "when business got slack in June, I got another job." One whose name is Jump was a bell-hop in a hotel.

They learned to appreciate education. Many left their jobs to train themselves to take a bigger place in industry. Several have jobs waiting for them when they come back next summer and expect real positions when they have their sheepskins four years hence.

They learned about human nature. Clerks observed and studied bargain hunters. One worked with "bums of the worst order." A bank clerk learned that he was not so good, "for the good men finish the day's work at 4 o'clock while I often worked till nine or later." One improved his handwriting. Another says, "If haste makes waste, my work was painfully economical."

Yes, they worked. They worked hard. They earned money, they learned to appreciate the value of a dollar, they studied human nature, best of all they learned the value of a trained mind. All were one when classes at Case School began in the fall. "Work is all right," they declare, "it is good for us, but we want a college education." But they are going to earn money again next summer and the summer after, and then with that experience and with college training they will become vital factors in the work-a-day world.

W. D. TRAUTMAN,
Director Case News Service.

APRIL FOOL

Our coach, he likes to kid the girls,
And act real cross like a professor
duz;
And if they haven't got their Math.—
The atmosphere grows thick like
fuz.

The other day when asked to teach
Another teacher's classes,
He felt so very, very strange—
For he knew neither lads nor lasses.

He told the class to get out their
books,
And study next day's lesson;
They did—but two little girls in the
room,
Sure kept our coach a-guessin'.

"Where are your books," fiercely
roared the coach,
"This course is no banana!"
And when their courage arose, they
said:

"We're visitors from Columbiana."

Miss Clark—"Why was George
Washington such an unusual American?"

Bill Smith—"Because he told the
truth."

Mr. Wherry: What is Sing Sing?
Red Lease: It's a music school.

"Happiness Won Through Service"

From one of the Monroe second-floor windows a curly head protruded and two big, wondering eyes watched Santa enter the parlor via the window. Of far more interest was Santa to Benjamin (the owner of the curly head) than his pack of toys, for each day he received an amount of toys that would usually make any child happy at Christmas. Yet with all their luxuries the Monroes were not satisfied. What with the whirl of society and its attendant worries Mr. and Mrs. Monroe were certain if they were only poor they would be happy.

This Christmas Benjamin had resolved he would follow the employed Santa and see where he went. Slipping into his clothes softly so as not to disturb his grouchy, sleeping nurse he crept down the back stairs taking the route he had mapped out the day before. At last he was out of the house and through the falling snow he could just recognize the huge object of this pursuit. After about a block of merry chase Benjamin began to tire of the sport. He never knew before that a human being could take such long strides. Determined to follow out his chase he pursued Santa to the far side of the city where the houses changed from the type of those in the rich, palatial district to those of poor looking weather-beaten houses. Here, turning a corner, a gust of wind sent such a flurry of snow that Benjamin lost sight of old Santa Claus. Completely tired with his long tramp, Benjamin sat down upon the curb and sent up a mournful wail.

Jimmy Smith, returning from the delivery of his papers, was in no hurry to reach home, for he had been hearing of the luxuries of the rich and he knew that his household would have a meagre Christmas. His little brothers and sisters wistfully wished they were rich for they thought they would be happy. Jimmy's deep discouraging thoughts were interrupted by hearing the sobs of the mournful heap seated upon the curb. Immediately the "Good Samaritan" spirit of Jimmy was aroused. Hastening to the curb with his cheery "What's the matter, Bud?" the only answer he could get was a stuttered "B-b-b!" and then another huge sob. Jimmy immediately concluded it was too cold to parley any longer and taking the small prodigal by the hand he led him to his own humble home.

In the Smith home Benjamin was warmed and all the little Smiths were soon in a good humor, for they had to be happy and joyful to silence Benjamin's sobs. When his name and address were ascertained and the now anxious parents informed, all the Smith household, including the little waif, were happy. Hurrying in excitedly, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe were thankful for the safely found son and departed with many thanks to Jimmy and the Smith family.

Late that night several baskets were received at Smith's filled with a delicious Christmas dinner and bundles of toys. It would be hard to say which was the happiest for the sending, the

generous givers or the recipients, for the Monroes felt a great satisfaction at helping the Smiths and the Smiths a happiness at helping the Monroes by the finding of Benjamin.

Hence we find these two families in far different positions in life found the true Christmas spirit was not to be found by riches or the absence of them but through service to others.

—ELIZABETH McKEE, '29.

HONOR ROLL

The following are those whose grades place them on the honor roll for the second six weeks. Just notice the long list of Freshman names.

Seniors

Margaret Boliver, Henry Brobender, Bessie Floyd, Carl Matthews, Wanda Matthews, Jean Olloman, Mary Ellen Smith.

Juniors

Mary Bodo, Clara Patten, all A's; Brooke Phillips, Lewis Platt, Evelyn Shephard, all A's; Irene Slutz, Myron Sturgeon, Christina Suter, Homer Taylor, Edward Janeck, Russell McArtor, John McNicol, Joe Marsilio, all A's; Margaret Klose, Eugene Young, all A's.

Sophomores

Lila Kelley, Gladys Fults, Donald Getz, Rebecca Price, all A's; Wayne Morron, Geo. Ruggy, Bertha Zeller, Louise Smith, Mildred McAvoy, Alice Moser, Anna Ruth Miller, Nellie Narragon, Susie Pastier.

Freshmen

Florence Davis, all A's, Grace Dyball, Adelaide Dyball, Keith Harsh, all A's; Katherine Hess, all A's; Robert Horstman, Jane Hunt, Nettie Iler, Lorene Jones, James Scullion, Helen Shelton, Florence Shriver, Aurella Stancin, Adele Treat, Betty Whitacre, James Wingard, Betty Moss, Mary Miller, Lois Pottorf, Martha Reeves, Elvira Ressler, Helen Schraudner, James Patten, Dorothy Kesselmore, Dorothy Leider, all A's; Katherine McDonald, Elizabeth McKee, all A's; Joe McNicol, Wm. Alman, Inez Barkley, all A's; Martha Beardmore, Ruth Bentley, Francis Cooper, Audrey Hoffman, Virginia McKee, all A's.

ATTENTION!

Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores — did you realize? According to a report compiled by Mr. Simson, the Freshmen stand highest in percent of attendance and have the fewest cases of tardiness marked against them. In the following table, A stands for average attendance, B represents the percent of attendance, C represents the number of pupils having perfect attendance and D is the number of cases of tardiness. B stands for boys, G for girls and T for football.

	B.	G.	T.	A	B	C	D
Seniors	42	43	85	82	96	55	9
Juniors	56	50	106	102	96	71	15
Soph's	91	68	159	153	96	90	15
Fresh'n	97	108	205	199	97	146	8
	286	269	555	536	96	362	47

The percent for home rooms was also compiled and 208 stood first in this with a 98% and no tardiness. Room 304 stood next with 97.6% but two

ORIGINAL CUT RATE

ALWAYS THE BEST FOR LESS

A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

FOR HIM

Shaeffer and Parker Fountain Pens and Pencils \$2.50 to \$12.50
Shaving Sets 75c to \$2.50
Military Brushes \$3.75 to \$15.00
Shaving Mirrors \$2.50 to \$7.50
Cigars, Cigarettes, Pipes
Ash Trays
Leather Bill Folds and Pocket-Books 50c to \$4.00

FOR HER

Combination Sets 75c to \$20.00
In Houbigants, Cara Nome, Coty, Hudnut, Karess and Colgate
Toilet Sets \$6.00 to \$50.00
In Ivory, Amber, Shell, Mother of Pearl and Two Tone
Manicure Sets \$2.75 to \$15.00
Box Candy 25c to \$7.50
Whitmans, Liggetts, Cranes
Box Stationery 50c to \$4.00
Perfumes, Toilet Waters

CHRISTMAS POST CARDS 1c, 5c, 10c & 15c EACH

Lease Drug Co.
Floding Drug Store Bolger & French
The Rexall Stores
Where You Always Save With Safety

MONEY IN THE BANK



MONEY IN THE BANK is a wonderful power. It is an insurance against sickness, unemployment or misfortune. It is a promise of comfort, possessions and pleasures. And in the meantime — it earns more money.

Interest here at 4%

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Salem, Ohio

cases of tardiness. Room 300 stood lowest with a 94%, but Room 206 had the most cases of tardiness. However there are more people in 206 so that helps to account for the number.

Let us all strive to bring up the percent of attendance and to lower the number of tardinesses, thus making our school a more successful one.

Sophomore: What war did General Science fight in?

Mr. Wherry: I don't know.

Sophomore: The fight for knowledge.

Mr. Wherry: Oh!

Mr. Ferguson: James, which would you rather have, a vaccination or take a disease?

James Layden: I would rather have the headache.

ALUMNI NEWS

Edward S. Heck, '24, has been initiated into an engineering frat.

Ralph Kircher is now the head cartoonist on the staff of the Green Goat, a comic magazine of Ohio U.

Marion Van Syoc is on the staff of the "Annual" of Ohio U.

What Cross-Word Puzzles Have Taught Us

By Mrs. Henry H. Meyre

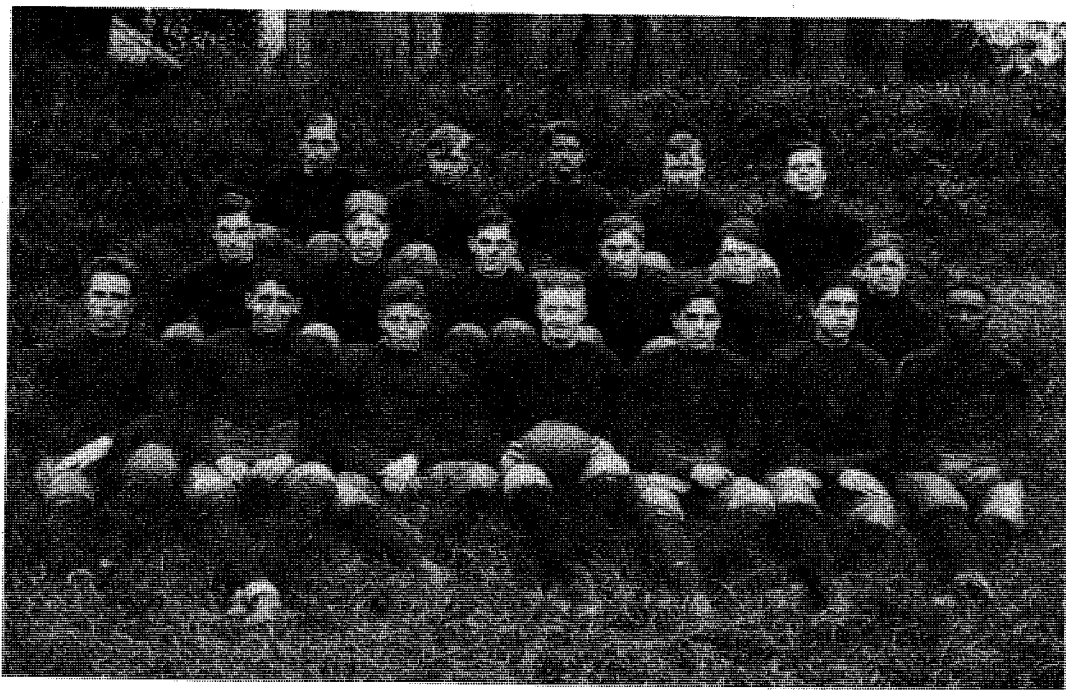
At a recent meeting of the London Press Club, at which the French ambassador was also present, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, then British prime minister, said:

"I, as prime minister, and you as journalists, are engaged in the common work of trying to elevate the people of this country, and you are doing it today through that marvelous medium, the cross-word puzzle. There is now hardly a man, woman or child in this country who is not familiar with the name of Eli. The fact that Asa was king of Judah can be concealed now from none. I should think 90 per cent of the people believe that there was but one Roman emperor and that his name was Nero. They have learned that there is one mysterious bird in a far country of three letters, and one snake of three letters. They have learned the Latin word for the sun, and, Mr. Ambassador, they have learned the French for 'and.'"

From "The Classmate."

TEAM RAH!

TEAM RAH!



COSGROVE, COFFEE, FISHER AND OLDER ARE CHOSEN ON ALL-COUNTY TEAM

Salem High Contributes Large Share

Salem High is justly proud of her football heroes as they hang up their moleskins and jerseys and become just plain students again. At the end of a highly successful year, we are honored by having four of our players named on the All-County Team.

First among these veterans must be numbered Captain Cosgrove. All of you who attended the games certainly know that Cosgrove is a flash at end, being exceptionally brilliant on the defense.

Too much cannot be said of Charles Coffee's football ability. Hailed as the "Red" Grange of this section of Ohio, Coffee was chosen on every All-County team in Columbiana county. Without a doubt Coffee is one of the best open field runners, if not the best, which Salem High has ever produced. Coffee's brilliant runs, including a thrilling ninety-eight yard gallop in the Cleveland West game, have been matched nowhere in the county.

Then there is Max Fisher, a veteran of three years, generally recognized as the best center that ever wore the Red and Black. Fisher decisively outplayed every opposing center this year. In addition to his superb work, Fisher must be given credit for the way in which he broke up the opponents' trick plays. In the Leetonia game, Fisher showed to his best advantage, making a large percentage of tackles. Salem High will long remember "Fighting Friday."

While praise is being given, Lester Older, Salem's star tackle, comes in for his share. Hampered by a serious injury early in the year, Older nevertheless played heads-up football all year.

Continued on Page 13 Column 4

SALEM HIGH DEFEATS LISBON 20-0 IN CLOSING GAME.

On Reilly field, where snow was about 4 inches deep, the red and black overcome Lisbon on Thanksgiving day. Lisbon was out-classed from the beginning of the game and had little show until the last quarter, when they resorted to a great number of passes, and making some good plays but it was too late.

In the first quarter, Salem made a march down the field but were held and forced to give up the ball until the third trial and this time C. Sidinger took the ball across. He also kicked goal.

In the 2nd quarter, after Salem had carried the ball down the field, Campbell dived across the line for the second score. A pass over goal was unsuccessful.

The final score was made by Coffee in the third quarter. This time Sidinger kicked goal making the score 20-0.

Lisbon had no chance to score and they were unable to advance the ball very far at any time. In the final quarter Lisbon seemed more spirited and tried a large number of passes, but it was too late for them to score. Captain Cornelli was not in the game, as he received injuries in a previous game. This may be one reason that Lisbon did not do better in the game. One thing Lisbon was able to do and they should be commended for this—they kept Coffee from making any long runs, and this many other better teams have not been able to do.

Salem made a number of passes good, Coffee passing to Cosgrove and Jenkins for good gains. Though the game was a victory, it was a costly one for Jenkins had his arm broken, Fisher, his shoulder hurt and Harsh and Yaggi had their noses injured. Several Lisbon men were also slightly injured.

This was the last game for about four players who have shown themselves on the gridiron this year.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

When the season is over and no longer can we see a football game, memory cherishes those that we have seen. Playing on probably the mud-diast fields experienced in several years, Salem's team came through with shining colors. The school and the town are proud of the showing made by the boys and some of the thrills experienced by the spectators will be recalled in memory's eye many a time before next football season.

Even when Salem faced teams whose strength was judged superior, Salem High was victorious. Indeed, that seemed to be the time when the boys had most faith, for the following scores show that the size of the school made no difference on the result of the game:

Cleveland West.....	6—Salem...	7
Niles	0—Salem...	0
Struthers	7—Salem...	7
East Palestine	7—Salem...	15
East Liverpool	14—Salem...	0
Wellsville	0—Salem...	19
Akron West	6—Salem...	12
Leetonia	0—Salem...	13
Lisbon	0—Salem...	20
Opponents	40—Salem...	93

As will be seen the Salem team won six out of the ten and tied two, making really eight victories. The highlights of the season were the contests with Cleveland West, Akron West and Leetonia. These teams, though judged superior to Salem, lacked the punch in the pinches and so were offered the smaller end of the scores.

There were many surprises that happened during the football season in the way of stars. Probably foremost is Coffee, who made so many brilliant runs; Jenkins, the redoubtable end; Cosgrove, the red-capped meteor; Older, the tackle with the bulldog grip; Fisher, the punt blocker; the charging tackle, Miller; the half-backs Sidinger and Campbell and the guard.

Continued on Page 10 Column 4

OLDER WILL CAPTAIN THE 1926 ELEVEN

Fighting Tackel Chosen to Lead the Red and Black Gridders to Victory

The football men were entertained at a banquet held at the Memorial building Friday, December 4th. This banquet was made possible through the courtesy of two of our leading citizens, Mr. C. C. Gibson and Mr. W. H. Mullins. Lester Older, Salem's all-county tackle, was elected captain by his teammates at this social function.

Coach Wilbur Springer acted as toastmaster. The first number on the program, of course, was the dinner. It is reported that the boys behaved themselves like real gentlemen during the process of eating, although it is being rumored about that Max Fisher spilled his soup and tried to find a wishbone in the porterhouse steak. "Pete" Harsh hit Coffee with one of the doughnuts and our "Red" Grange was laid out for the first time in his career.

After the boys had put away the goodies they were presented with pocketknives through the courtesy of W. H. Mullins. "Fatty" Older has already gotten into trouble for carving his initials on one of the desks and Campbell stabbed his pillow to death in his dreams.



The first speaker of the evening was Harold "Red" Braman, local newspaper reporter. He spoke concerning the choice of an all-county team. Next on the program were our all-county men: Cosgrove, Coffee, Fisher and Older. "Rosey" Cosgrove surprised everyone there with his brilliant oratory, and some of his friends are considering a political career for our fighting "Irishman." Max Fisher held his audience spell-bound for a few seconds and called the attention of the audience to the fact that he believed he was immune from tin cans, tomatoes, etc., because of the deplorable condition of his shoulder. Fisher left no lasting marks of his oration upon his listeners. They will get over it in time. Older and Coffee also spoke. (This isn't supposed to be a witty remark.)

Continued on Page 10 Column 3

RAH! RAH! TEAM!



Coach Springer Sums Up Season

The final curtain of the 1925 Football show was formally dropped at the splendid Turkey banquet at the home of Dr. Yaggi last Saturday evening, during which each of the fifteen letter "S" men were given a beautiful gold football charm.

In three short months was written in the cherished history of Salem High another worthy record of gridiron idols who achieved greatness in the eyes and minds of the Salem citizens to the extent that it will be difficult to erase. Although it was not our fortune to become the Columbiana County Champs, we have reason to believe that we have the best team. Cleveland West was by far the favorite in our initial game, but the Salem spirit of "a team that won't be beaten, can't be beaten" came through with a dazzling victory from the team that out-weighed us over twenty pounds to the man. Niles presented a very good team and expected to win, but our stalwart line held for downs on the one-yard line and threw them for a fifteen yard loss. The battle ended with a scoreless-tie. The Struthers game was played on a miserable wet field and ended in a 7-7 dealock. Bad breaks prevented several more touchdowns for us, but we were mighty glad for the 70-yard run by Coffee in the closing minutes of the game, which saved us from defeat. Then we travelled to Alliance, where we met one of the strongest teams in this section of the state and who were composed of nearly all veterans. The boys fought gamely and at times outplayed Alliance, but finally gave way to a deadly forward pass attack which we did not solve. At East Palestine we met a scrappy bunch of boys who, for the first time this year were lighter than we. The field was a sea of mud which prevented our open field attack, but we won 15-6. East Liverpool was our fourth consecutive game away from

home, and it was our Waterloo(plenty of water, too. The boys were thoroughly soaked and extremely cold because they had no place of shelter between halves. It seemed a physical impossibility for them to play their usual game, for in the second half, East Liverpool came from a scoreless tie to a 14-0 victory. The balance of the games were played at home. Their Championship hopes gone to the wind, the boys toyed with Wellsville, giving our subs a chance to show their wares, which they clearly did. Then came the husky Akron West team, which completely subdued us. Again, most people thought it was a question of how badly Akron would beat us. In the dressing room before the trot to the field there was DETERMINATION written across all of the faces of the Salem team. In four plays we had our first touchdown. Soon we had another one. Our backfield was just beginning to show the results of this year's training and they surely co-operated splendidly with the line, who tore great holes in their heavier opponents. In the second half our boys were a tower of strength on the defense. As the final whistle blew there arose from the students and townspeople alike the greatest cheers given a Salem team in the writer's knowledge.

Contrary to expectations, the team was not subject to over-confidence when they decisively won from Leetonia 13-0 on the following Saturday. Thus ended eighteen successive victories in two years, for Leetonia. Many predictions were given as to the outcome of a proposed Leetonia-Liverpool conflict which never materialized. The final game on our ten-game schedule was a costly one in spite of a 20-0 victory. Four injuries of as many Salem boys resulted from the frozen condition of the ground.

At the time of this writing Jenkins is the only one who is the worse for his injury and his broken arm is rounding into shape nicely.

A record of six victories, two ties, and two losses is very good, considering the difficult schedule which we had. The climate condition of the past season was the most adverse that has been encountered in the past ten years. To the boys who, uncomplainingly, braved the mud and cold every day so that Salem High would be placed upon the map of the Football world, is due much praise and admiration, yet they are the ones who, after all, benefit most. They have developed brawn and muscle, character and undying friendships which will go with them through life. The teamwork they learned on the gridiron will be applied in the game of Life, while the bumps they incurred will make their later trials easier to take.

Nine letter men have played their last football game for Salem High, but their playing will stand in the minds of the students and citizens for years to come. Next year's team will

be built around six letter men and many faithful underclassmen who have helped make the past team better. More will be seen of the Reserves next year for they are a fine bunch of fellows who realize that "all things come to him who waits."

The students of Salem High have reason to swell their chests a little more for the glory the team of 1925 has brought to the school.

Coach W. J. Springer.

PLAY LAST GAME FOR SALEM HIGH

CHARLES COFFEE

Coffee is a name which will be remembered by students of Salem High for years to come. He will not only be remembered by the students of Salem, but by the students all over the county. Coffee played his last game for Salem High Thanksgiving day, never again to wear the Red and Black for Salem High. He played well all season, being at his best in the Akron West game when he passed and buckled the line with the skill of a Grange. He was well liked by all his teammates and will be missed by all. Although he has played his last game of football, we will hear more of him in basket ball and track. Salem High is expecting great things of "Charley" after he leaves school.

JIM GREGG

This lad of "sweet seventeen and never been kissed," also used this year's famous supply of beauty clay from Rielly field to give him that school girl complexion. He played at half this year as his first year out, although he has won many honors in track.

CLARENCE SIDINGER

Clarence is another fighting lad who has shown his ability in football for three years, but due to injury was awarded only one letter. He is an all-around classmate and is a leader in studies as well.

CLYDE JENKINS

This tall lad is known by his ability as an end, but he was put out in the last game by injury. He came from lower ranks to first team berth and kept it. Clyde can be seen not only on the gridiron but on the basketball floor, on the stage and in the executive office of president of the association.

HENRY SHEEN

Sheen could be seen using the plowing stroke this year at the position of guard in the sea at Rielly field. He could swim better than his opponent due to his fatness, which made him float and he could use his hands for propulsion.



CAPTAIN COSGROVE

Fred "Rosy" Cosgrove, captain of this year's eleven, has been an indispensable member of our football team this year. A good sport, always smiling, Red has never been known to fall down on the job. Fred is a dandy fellow. He has won the sincere friendship and admiration of the entire school. We wish further success to our football captain of 1925.

"BILL" MILLER

This lad, who was a menace to all opposing backfields because of his tackle, is all-county timber and proves his ownership to the title in football. "Bill" can be seen also before the footlights.

HENRY YAGGI

Although Henry is light, yet due to his fight he was a member of the '25 football team. He, like others, is also dazzled by the shine of the footlights.

HAROLD SHEARS

Although this lad has not had a place on the varsity football team yet, he has worked hard and should be the owner of a letter. Harold has also been president of the now Senior class and is a very good members of the track squad.

MAX FISHER

This young lad with the black hair and black eyes showed his superiority as a center. He has high standing as center because of his superiority over the opponents this year. He takes a very active part in all activities and helps in everything.

Nearsighted man on street: Boy, are you a messenger?

Gus Tolerton: No; my sore foot makes me walk so slowly.

First of two aviators: Half the people down there thought we were going to fall.

Second A.: So did half the people up here.

The Coach

It was a fitting finish to the last year that Jerry Mack would coach at Williams. That favorite coach, friend of every student and the entire public, has worked hard to get this championship team, and finally had his hopes realized when the school and he were fortunate enough to have Claude Ambrose, best kicker ever in Williams, "Matty" Vignon, finest open field runner ever seen in the school, and, best of all, Jimmy O'Hara, stellar triple-threat man and best all-around athlete ever turned out by any coach in that section of the country. These were only a few of the stars at that school. "Fatty" McNeil, "Georgie" Michaels and "Jimmie" Travers also contributed their share and helped bring to Williams High School the first state and sectional championship team in its gridiron history.

The season, however, was not entirely complete. Coach Mack wished to see his team go into greater fields and persuaded the business officials to challenge the Gates eleven, claimants to the national championship, and the only team which could dispute W. H. S.'s right to the national championship. Each team had finished its regular season without a defeat and Williams had not been scored on, while Gates had twenty points chalked against them by their various opponents.

The excitement, you may easily be able to see, would be high in both cities and the Gates gamblers and dopsters predicted on an easily won victory over their much lighter but faster opponents. The Williams team was never in better shape, but the Gates eleven was also in seemingly perfect condition.

However, no man was ever in a more nervous or pessimistic mood than Coach Mack. "Why had he ever gotten that game?" he continually asked himself. Here he had a chance to quit and have a perfect season behind him and was fool enough to endeavor to play hog and go out for another championship. But the squad was different. A more jovial or happy and confident team was never seen and they assured the Williams backers of a victory.

In the midst of all things suspicion began to hang over O'Hara's head. He had been seen several times with "Blackie" Dawees, Gates' gambler and professional crook, and only a few days ago Dawees bet five thousand dollars to Harry Martin's three thousand that Williams would be defeated, and another great amount that they would not score two touchdowns. So one could not blame the public for entertaining suspicions as to O'Hara's playing.

That day, however, O'Hara was talking to Coach Mack. He said, "Coach, don't mind what you hear. I'm in to win. My business with Dawees was entirely personal and did not pertain to tomorrow's game. Please trust me."

In Jerry's estimation Jimmy was the finest kid in the school and he said, "Kid, I'm with you. I believe you're true to the core. But watch that Dawees. He's rotten."

While in Blackie Dawees' gambling den in Gates, Blackie was saying to his cronies: "Bet every nickel you've got, fellows. And be sure to bet it on Gates. I've got it fixed, and I'm sure that O'Hara won't play, and you know what that team will be then."

"Scar-face" Sanderson, standing along the wall, noted as the "toughest egg" in that district, with a criminal record as long as "Bones" Eddy, smiled as if to say, "You bet, Boss."

Dawees and Sanderson then held a short consultation with two others and after the whispers were over Dawees said to one of those standing, "Here, take this five hundred and bet that Williams doesn't score at all."

When the referee and timers came to notify the teams of only five minutes left before beginning the game they found Jerry Mack in a very mysterious mood.

"Try to give us five minutes, can't you?" After a short consultation with Ready, Gates' coach, they agreed and Mack walked towards two official-looking gentlemen and was talking to them a while. Then one walked over and said to Blackie Dawees and "Scar-face" Sanderson, "Come along with me," showing a badge in his coat while saying it. The other going the opposite direction, came back soon and said to Mack, "He's where you said he'd be, but he sure is oiled up."

The team was surprised when Mack told them they would play the first part without O'Hara, explaining that he was sick. This completely demoralized them and as a result the Gates team went on an easy march through the team for a touchdown.

In the meantime, Jerry Mack went to the former home of a notorious gambling den and found there, seemingly badly "drunk" up, Jimmy O'Hara, with eyes blood-shot and his clothes sacked with "red-eye."

"You sure played one fine trick on the school and me today. Going out and getting drunk. You sure are good. Get up and beat it out of town, Williams has no use for you," were Mack's words when he saw him.

As the coach threw a bucket of water on him, Jimmy said, "I haven't touched a drop. Hie, go 'way. Le' m' sleep."

"Get up! Don't you know your school's out there losing? Haven't you got one atom of decency left?"

This aroused O'Hara's Irish, and he said, "Mack, they framed me. I never touched a drop in my life. I'm going out and win that game now and afterwards you're going to apologize." With these words he went toward the field.

The half was over when he reached there and the team met in their section for their customary bawling out. Mack met them with, "Fellows, it's my last game with you. If you lose you'll lose for me and the school; if you lose for me and the school, you'll win for those rotters that grabbed O'Hara here and doped him and sacked him with whiskey to make us think our Jimmy went back on us. I knew what they were up to. I've known Blackie Dawees for years, and when I saw his smooth-going tongue winning over Jimmie I watched. They arrested Blackie and Satan "Scar-face" Sanderson, but that won't win our game.

Christmas is here tomorrow, fellows, and play Santa Claus by giving to your school and me its first national scholastic championship team. And, O'Hara, I apologize. I had to say something to awaken you, I sure am—."

"Never mind," interrupted Jimmy, with tears in his eyes. "We're sorry to see you go and Jerry, old boy, you've got a championship at last. Those two touchdowns they're ahead aren't anything. I'm going to make two myself. Let's go."

With that "I-wont-lose" spirit, how could a team lose? O'Hara and Vignon were continually tearing up the Gates line and scored two touchdowns. But a missed goal still kept them one point behind, and the chances for another score looked dim. Gates punted and as O'Hara caught the ball, he heard dear old Coach Jerry Mack's voice, "Come on Jimmy—just once more!" And Jimmy went. He didn't make the touchdown, but with big Ambrose carrying the ball and Jackie Stearns on the line to make the hole, they carried it over just before the final whistle blew—and Jerry Mack's desire was realized.

Then all Williams College went wild but only the players knew that the coach, standing alone fumbling his cap, and with tears glistening in his eyes, was responsible for the fight and spirit that won the game.

—FRED SCHULLER.

An Understanding Dad

The George family seemed very happy. Everything appeared to work with perfect harmony.

Bill George was the only one who wasn't happy. To think he had to go to dancing school, and the worst part was, he had to dance with the very partner he didn't like.

The class was held every Saturday afternoon. When Saturday came, George, as the boys called him, was trying to find a way to escape the hated class. He found a plan and escaped, but one of the other mothers saw him, and reported him to his mother. Now he had to pay.

Why couldn't his mother see that the dancing class was of no use? Why couldn't he stay at home and play? Why should he, a boy of nine, have to go to a dancing class? He would ask his mother.

"Mother."

"Yes, William. What do you want?"

"Mother, why do I have to go to dancing class?"

"Why, William! You don't want to go to dancing class? Why all the nice boys go. Percy Jones and Harold Brown and many of the nicer boys."

"Ah! I don't give a rap for those sissies; they never do anything anyway. They couldn't play ball, for they might get their clothes dirty. I don't want to go and I, I won't—well not if I can help it."

"Why, William, you surprise me! I'm hurt, to think I have spent all this money on you and you don't appreciate it. I don't know what to do."

"I do. Just let me quit the old stuff."

"No! Positively no!"

"Ah! Gee mother."

"No!"

"All right, you'll be sorry some day."

"Now you keep quiet. I'm going to speak to your father about this matter, he will soon straighten you out."

At the dinner table at the George home mother said: "I don't think much of William's actions. He wants to quit dancing class just so he can play with the other boys who aren't nice."

"I don't believe that's his attitude, Mary."

"Well, what is it then? I don't see why he can't play with the nice boys like Percy Jones and Harold Brown. They always are so nice and polite."

"Mother, please excuse me. I don't feel well."

"Yes, William."

"I'll speak to him, Mary."

"I'm so glad, I hope you will be able to do something with him."

About a half hour after dinner William and his father were talking.

"Father, tell me about when you were a boy."

"All right."

"Tell me a good story."

"Well, when I was a boy about your age I belonged to a gang. This gang was made up of all kinds of boys. Some were mighty tough, but we needed those kinds when we had our fights. This particular time I'm thinking of we were going to play football with the North Side gang. I was playing an end and had a very difficult position to play for the other fellows were tough. Well, after a hard battle we finally won, but because we won the ball game the other gang started a fight. We couldn't run for we weren't the kind to be yellow so we had an awful fight but through the aid of our tough guys we won and went home the victors of the town. What do you think of that?"

William, who was sitting with his mouth wide open was too thrilled to speak. He finally came to.

"Boy, that must have been swell."

"It sure was."

"Father, you didn't have to go to dancing class did you?"

"Not me."

"Well, why do I then?"

"I think I see your side, William. You want to be a real boy and play and have your good times as long as you can. I was the same way. I'll tell your mother not to send you anymore."

"Thanks, Father. Oh! boy! no more dancing class."

At last William found someone who understood him and he was happy.

Henry Yaggi, '26.

Senior—"I'd hate to be in your shoes."

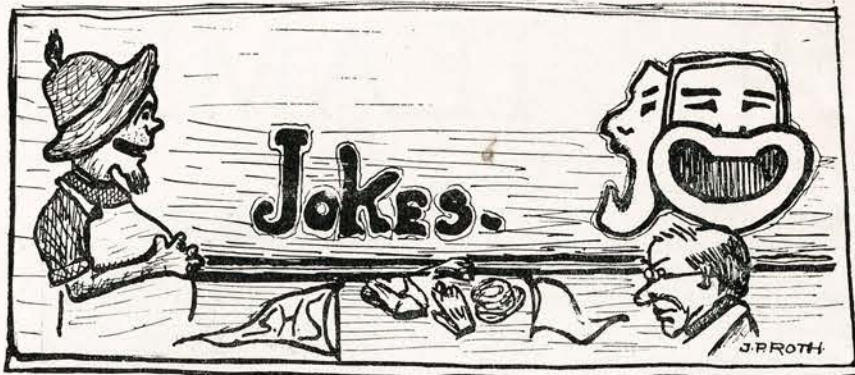
Freshie—"Of course, because you couldn't."

Max: "What's that noise?"

Tuffy: "I'm just racing my engine."

Max: "Who's ahead?"

Sara Wilson sleeps in 206 and keeps calling Harry. We wish she would stay awake and call us.



Miss Beardmore: Why do you act so foolish?

Punk Arnold: Aw, 'taint my fault. My mother used to make me sleep under a crazy quilt.

Teacher: Which one of you made that goofy laugh?

K. Fultz: I laughed up my sleeve, but there was a hole in the elbow.

Ike Moore: I want a pair of sox.
Clerk: What number?
Ike: Do I look like a centipede?
Two, of course.

Mrs. Drennan: Mercy! The gas is leaking.

Mr. Drennan: Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed.

Mrs. Owen (to animal dealer): Say, take this animal back. You said it was a bird dog, an' he hasn't sung a note yet.

Bertha Mae: I dreamed last nite that I was dancing with the best dancer in school.

Rex McIlvane: Did I dance well?

Bill Alman: Boo, Hoo, Sniff, sniff.
Senior: What's a-matter?

B. A.: Somebody just told me there is no Santa Claus.

Prof: Wise men hesitate, only fools are certain.

Stude: Sure of that?

Prof: Absolutely.

Stude: Oooo—oh!

—Ex.

Mother: "William, what are you reading?"

Willie: "Whiz Bang."

Mother: "That's all right, dear; I thought it was one of those terrible College Humors."

Freshie (giving principal parts of "Accido"): "O Kiddo, Oh kid deary; Oh, kiss us sum."

Do you believe in signs?

If your hand itches, you're gonna get something.

If your head itches, you've already got something.

Mrs. Atkinson—"Did you sweep behind the door?"

Margaret (doing an unusual duty): "Yes, mother, nearly everything."

Safe Ground

Friday, generally fair, probably followed by Saturday.

Little Willie with his gun,
Shot his sister just for fun;
I guess naughty Willie Miller,
Thinks he's quite a lady-killer.

—Ex.

"Do you know what Ford is calling his cars?"

"No."

"Pyorrhea, cuz four out a five have 'em."

Bill Ewait had the unfortunate accident the other day of breaking his arm while trying to crank his Ford above the wrist.

Gentleman with Miss Snyder at Turkey day game: "There goes Harsh, he'll soon be our best man."

Miss Snyder: "Oh, this is so sudden."

Notice "everybuddy."

Tuffy Howell wants Vine street re-surfaced for two reasons:

1st.—His Ford won't climb rough hills.

2d.—He doesn't like to make a certain girl walk.

Mr. Faires: "I notice that you gave that lady your seat in the street car."

Mr. Wherry: "Yes, I've always had respect for elders with a strap in their hand."

Ruth Chapple: "Are you fond of indoor sports?"

Roberta: "Yes, if they know when to go home."

"You say that you flunked in Spanish. Why, I can't understand it."

"Same here. That's why I flunked it."—The Peacock.

She—"Oh, dear, I'm so glad you've come; we heard that some idiot had been hit by a train, and I thought sure it was you."

James Kaley's hair is turning grey. I wonder who she is?

"Why don't the girls get together in this school?" inquired a citizen.

"Get together," replied one of the teachers, "why it takes all of the faculty to keep them apart."

A chink by the name of Ching Ling, Fell off of a street car—bing, bing!

The con turned his head,
To the passengers said:

The car's lost a washer—ding, ding!

Miss Snyder (to freshman)—"How do you ever expect to chop that food with a spoon? For goodness sake use your head."

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OLDER WILL CAPTAIN

Continued from Page 8

Mr. Gibson stated that he was getting a great deal of enjoyment in seeing the boys so happy. Salem is indeed fortunate in having such a worthy citizen as Mr. Gibson, and we wish to thank him again for the countless good deeds he has done for Salem High.

Mr. Alan made a few remarks about football, concluding the program. Promptly at 8 o'clock the entire High school was invited to a dance held in Memorial building. There was a large attendance and the students had a great deal of fun. Coffee has received several offers from the fair sex to teach him some of the "Charleston" steps. No wonder if Coffee accepted.

Well, here's to a successful football season in 1926, and may Captain Older lead his boys to an even more successful season than we have had this year.

Senior—"I'd hate to be in your shoes!"

Freshie—"Of course, because you couldn't."

Bent: "When I left town I didn't owe anybody a cent."

Broke: "What an awful time to leave."

—Ex.

Patronize
Our
Advertisers

FOOT BALL SEASON

Continued from Page 8

Alexander. These men by themselves are a very good leading group for any football team.

Much of the success of this year's team was due to the coaching. The coaches really made themselves part of the team and were near to the boys in feelings. This is known to be a great asset to any team.

May we hope that this year's successes will only be multiplied in the future years and Salem shall stand forth as a school playing the finest type of football.

Ask Bill Miller all about the black spot on Miss King's wrist.

SOCIETY

THE ROTARY-HI-Y BANQUET

I

Tuesday evening, December 8, the Hi-Y club and thirty Juniors and Senior boys were guests of the Rotary club.

The Hi-Y club furnished the entertainment. Mr. Charles Dunn entertained with motion pictures that he had taken at the football games.

Ralph Hannay and Harold Harmon, graduates of '24 sang several popular numbers accompanied by Miss Miller at the piano. After the musical numbers, Ralph gave an exhibition of dancing.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. Beardmore, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Alliance, gave a very interesting speech.

Mr. Beardmore has been connected with Hi-Y clubs for some twenty years.

Bill Miller presided in behalf of the Hi-Y.

The banquet was a decided success. The Rotarians seemed to enjoy the program as much as the boys.

DR. YAGGI BANQUETS FOOTBALL BOYS AT HIS HOME

At 6:30, Dr. Yaggi entertained the football letter men at a turkey dinner, at the conclusion of which, he presented each of the boys with a gold football.

Dr. Yaggi was toastmaster, calling on Coach Springer, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Vickers and Mr. Nichols, who responded with short speeches. Captain Cosgrove then presented Mr. Springer with a gold football in behalf of the team as an appreciation of his work for the team this year.

At the end of the dinner, another interesting surprise came to the boys. About 8:30 the girls arrived and the remainder of the evening was spent informally, dancing and playing cards. All those attending have marked this affair as a great event of the year.

Miss Douglas was hostess to a delightful luncheon and bridge Saturday afternoon, December 5th, at the Quaker Tea House. Attractive yellow col-

ors decorated the luncheon. Mrs. Owen was awarded the prize for success in the games.

The Christian church has a new choir director. Mr. Grant, our biology teacher, has accepted the position. Mr. Grant has reorganized the choir and is getting ready for Christmas music.

Myron Sturgeon, Brook Philips, Elmer Myers, Eugene Young, Homer Taylor and George Rogers have formed a new Junior Literary and Historical society. In a meeting at the home of Myron Sturgeon, officers were chosen. Myron was chosen president and Brook Philips as secretary and treasurer.

The Home Economics class entertained their mothers and a few faculty members at a Thanksgiving tea, Wednesday, November 25th. There were several games among them a water drinking contest. This was won by Miss Beardmore, whose prize was a pencil with a beautiful red bow tied to it. This pencil is to be used to mark "A's" only. After the games a delightful tea was served and the guests, with many compliments to their hostesses, took their departure. The afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all.
—Marian Cope.

A very enjoyable Thanksgiving tea was given by the Freshman students of the Tuesday, Thursday Household Arts Class, November the twenty-fourth. Mothers of the students were present as well as several faculty members. A cranberry hunt proved very entertaining and in a water drinking contest for the faculty members Miss Hart won first prize. The tea was served prepared by the pupils. Teachers, mothers and pupils said they had a very nice time.
—Florence Shriver.

Galen Grienisen, a Salem High school graduate, home from college, entertained a group of his college friends at his home on Depot road. The time was spent in dancing and playing games, after which a delightful lunch was served by Mrs. Grienisen.

EXCHANGE

We have received several new papers this week, which are fine additions to our exchange list:

"The Arrow," Lakewood, Ohio.

"The Bucyrus," Bucyrus, Ohio.

The following is a complete list of our exchanges so far:

"The Wooster Voice," Wooster, Ohio

"The Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.

"Blue and White Messenger," Leetonia, Ohio.

"Look-a-Head," Norwalk, Ohio.

"The Observer," Wooster, Ohio.

"Hi Times," Corry, Pa.

"The Tribunal," East Palestine, O.

"The Torch," Valparaiso, Ind.

"High School Life," Warren, Ohio.

"The Headlight," Wellsville, Ohio.

"The Oak Leaf," Oakland, Ohio.

"The Travalon," Avalon, Pa.

"Blue and White Messenger," Leetonia, Ohio.

Your Thanksgiving number was very interesting.

"The Clarion," Salem, Oregon.

Your Caesar class has adopted quite a helpful resolution—one which should be universally adopted. It is as follows:

"Prohibits combing of hair and the powdering of noses in class." No student shall comb his or her hair, powder his or her nose, clean his or her finger nails, or in any way try to add to his

We Wish You A Merry Xmas
and Happy New Year.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE
Salem's Quality Store for Men and Boys

Next Christmas Time

When next Christmas-time comes round you will have money for shopping, if you start saving in our CHRISTMAS SAVINGS CLUB now.

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ALL COUNTY TEAM

(Continued from page 1)

Whenever there was anything of interest occurring, Older was always in the thick of it. Time and again, the husky lineman downed opposing backs in their footsteps. We are pleased to think that Older will be with us again next year, tearing things up in the same old way. While speaking of tackles we must not forget Bill Miller, who played a whale of a game the whole year.

or her general appearance within the walls of this classroom, on fear of double translation assignment, to be given publicly and translated publicly under the supervision of Dr. L. W. Woodward, professor of languages at Salem Hi.

"Red and Black," Fostoria, Ohio.

Your educational issue with those good snappy stories was very interesting.

"Red and Blue," Alliance, Ohio.

Good advice:

Bite off more than you can chew, Then chew it!

Plan for more than you can do, Then do it.

Hitch your wagon to a star, Keep your seat and there you are! Go do it.

—Ex. Red and Blue.

"Keramos," East Liverpool, Ohio.

"The Shield," Haddonfield, N. J.

"The Mariner," Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio,

"The Lantern," Galion, Ohio.

Sheen: "I need a haircut."

G. Judge: "I don't; my collar still shows."

The Cobbler and His Guest

There lived in the city of Marseilles a hundred years and more ago an old shoemaker, loved and honored by all his neighbors who affectionately called him "Father Martin."

One Christmas eve as he sat alone in his little shop reading of the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself: "If tomorrow were the first Christmas and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him." He arose and took from the shelf two little shoes of softest snow-white leather, with bright silver buckles.

"I would give Him these, my finest work. . . . How pleased His mother would be! But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling. "The Master has no need for my poor gifts."

Replacing the shoes, he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a voice call his name, "Martin!" Intuitively he felt aware of the identity of the speaker: "Martin, you have longed to see me. Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see me and bid me enter, I shall be your guest and sit at your table."

He did not sleep that night for joy. Before it was yet dawn he rose and swept and tidied his little shop. Fresh sand he spread upon the floor, and green boughs of fir wreathed along the rafters. On the table he placed a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

When all was ready he took up his vigil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in love and reverence at His image above the great altar at the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street he thought of the joy that would be his when he sat down and broke bread with his Guest.

Presently he saw an old street-sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door, he called out to him, "Come in, my friend, and warm yourself and drink a cup of hot coffee." No further urging was needed, and the man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a poor, miserably clothed woman carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door. "Come in and warm yourself while you rest," he said to her. "You are not well?" he asked. "I am going to the hospital. I hope they will take me in, and my baby," she explained. "My husband is at sea and I am ill, without a son."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. Ah, what a bright, pretty little fellow he is! Why, you have no shoes on him!" "I have no shoes for him," sighed the mother.

"Then he shall have this lovely pair

I finished yesterday." And Martin took down the soft little snow-white shoes he had looked at the evening before and slipped them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by and many needy souls shared the meager hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected Guest did not appear. At last, when night had fallen, Father Martin retired to his cot with a heavy heart. "It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly, so it seemed to his weary eyes, the room was flooded with a glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street-sweeper, the sick mother and her baby and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each smiled at him and said, "Have you not seen me? Did I not sit at your table?"—and vanished!

Then softly out of the silence he heard again this gentle Voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones, receiveth me."

"I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was a stranger and ye took me in."

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye had done it unto me." Grace Windram

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

In this day of modern methods,
We are quite apt to forget
The real, true spirit of Christmas—
What you give, not what you get.

Think of making others happy,
Play your own unselfish part;
For in bringing joy to others,
You bring joy to your own heart.

After all, what is real Christmas?
Is it selfish longing gratified;
Or a nobler, higher feeling,
Which comes when want for self has died?

Think of others who, forgotten,
Are not happy as you are;
Make their lives more sweet and pleasant,
And you'll be happier still, by far.

Make your purpose one of mercy,
Spread joy in every way;
Make others lives worth living,
And you'll enjoy your Christmas day.

—JOE MARSILO, '27.

GIRLS UP TO DATE

What do girls have to do now days
to be up-to-date?
Ask any member of the girls B. B.
squad; they will be glad to tell you.

Mr. Vickers: Siding, get rid of that gum.
Ellsworth: Yes, and hurry up, too.
Siding: Don't worry, Elly; you aren't gonna get it anyhow.

WILLIES' DREAM

A little boy was thinking
(Sounds funny, but it's true),
The school house bell was ringing;
"Let it ring," said Willie, "Pooh!
"I'm tired of school, I'm quitting,
"And I'm tired of English, too."

This little boy, 'tis said to say,
Was very melancholy
Because his teacher, day by day,
Assigned hard tasks for Willie;
He hated school, and anyway,
He thought 'twas all so silly.

So Willie, muttering as he went,
Went fishing all that morning;
And as he fished, the good Lord sent
Sweet sleep to Willie Loring;
And then he dreamed a dream that
meant:

The old school house was burning!
Up Willie jumped, and cheered with
glee,
His hated tasks he'd do no more;
Then all at once, he seemed to be
Quite overcome—his heart was sore;
For Willie thought of friends, you see,
With whom he'd had gay times
galore.

These friends he'd met at school each
day,
With them he'd planned and
dreamed;
And now to have them far away,
Was more than he could bear, it
seemed;
When he awoke, his heart was gay,
For he was glad 'twas but a dream.

The school house bell was ringing,
From far off came its chimes;
To him a message it was bringing—
Not the one of olden times—
But a promise, calling, singing
To him with its mellow chimes.
—Joe D. Marsilio.

The Printer gets the money,
The Student gets the news;
The Faculty gets in all the jokes,
And the Editor gets the blues.

The Managers work their heads off,
The Exchange girl does the same;
If the Quaker doesn't suit you—
Then the Staff gets all the blame.
—ELK, '26.

Cross-word Fiend: "Gimme the title
of an auto starting with T.
Mr. Drennan: "Gwan. You know
they all start with gas."

Mr. Drennan says he has the original
"Fountain" pen. It acted more like
a sprinkling can during the demon-
stration.

The Boss: "So you want to go to
your uncle's funeral tomorrow?"
Bob Phillips: "Yes, if it doesn't
rain."

Puppy love is the beginning of a
dog's life.

"Pop, are caterpillars good to eat."
Dad: Why do you ask such ques-
tions while we are eating at the table?
Johnnie: Well, I saw one on your
lettuce awhile ago, but I don't see it
now.

The angry father striding into dim-
ly lighted room: "Young man, I'll
teach you to make love to my daugh-
ter!"

Joe Schmidt: "Wish you would."
Old Man: "I'm not making much
headway."

Bill Miller: "Say, waiter, please
close that window."

Waiter: "Is there a draft, sir?"
Bill: "Not exactly, but it's the
fourth time my steak's blown off my
plate."

Old Gent: "When I went to High
school I could run 100 yards in nine
seconds.

Marietta: "I bet a dollar they timed
you with a sun dial."

Why do women learn to swim more
quickly than men?
Easy; who wants to teach a man to
swim.

It was cold in Iowa so a certain
gentleman decided to go to Florida.
He wore the customary red flannels.
His wife received the following tele-
gram:
"SOS. BVD. COD. PDQ."

Yaggi: Do you believe that there
are microbes in kisses?

Rose Mary: I don't believe any-
thing without investigation.

Rufus was scratching his head.
"What's the matter?" demanded
the captain.
"Ah's got math'matical bugs, Cap."
"What are they?" again asked the
captain.

"Well, dem's cooties," was the reply.
"Why do you call them that," fur-
ther ventured the captain.
"Well," was the final reply, "Dey
adds to ma misery, subtract from ma
pleasure, divide ma attenshuns and
dey multiply to beat the dickens."

"What's the matter with Stall-
smith's head?"

"Well, you know he made a pretty
good chauffeur here in town; then he
got a job on the farm, the mule
wouldn't go and he crawled under it
to find out why."

Speaker (addressing H. S. audience)
When Lincoln was your age he was
earning a living splitting rails.

Voice from rear: An' when he was
your age he was president of the
United States. —Ex.

Coffee: I was out to see her last
night when somebody threw a brick
through the window and hit her in the
ribs.

Bones: Whee, boy! Did she get
hurt?

Coffee: No, but it sure bunged up
three of my fingers.

Mary Ellen: "I was just down at
the drug store and bought two boxes
of rouge."

Jinks: "Yeh, an' I can see you've
got one on each cheek."

J. Lease: Wish I hadda nickle for
every girl I've kissed.

Freshie: What would you do, buy a
pack of gum?

Mr. Iman Adviser's Column

Why don't we have school on Saturday? We have it on Sunday and week days. Won't the teachers come?

Anxiously

JIMMY

That is a very unusual query, only a real scholar would think of asking about this matter.

This day has been set aside for the benefit of the teachers that they may map out their work. You see there would be nothing to do in school if it wasn't for this day. Just between me and you I think there ought to be more days like this.

Dear Iman:

Please give me some reasons for getting married. Are you married? That is a little personal but I want to know.

SEASICK SUSIE

For instance, single Samatha in her Sonnet said "Such is life without a wife. But here I am without a man."

Also the noble words by Anonymous "Breathes there a woman with soul so dead who never to her self hath said this is my own, my own dear man." If it wasn't for the housewife there wouldn't be such a thing as a kitchen. I'm sorry but my wife won't let me answer the personal part of your question.

AGR KUTURE.

Mr. I Man:

Why don't the kids eat more of their lunch in 206, my desk isn't hungry.

ALREADY FATT

They don't realize the value of consuming everything. Just think what their scraps would mean to a starving Armenian.

What makes Gallagher think he can play a Ukelele?

APE LA ER

She does of course. She says she likes his playing. So, "Lett'er Go Gallagher."

My nose knows, but I don't know what the peculiar aroma in the halls the last few days has been.

I've investigated this thoroughly and traced it down to Miss Snyder. She said to me, "What a whale of a difference a few scents make."

Do the Freshies still believe in Santy? Yes. The girls told be a pair of sox would hold all they want, so boys beware.

Sheen has an awful habit of falling asleep. How can this be remedied?

The Board of Help.

Just give him something to make him fall harder.

Many have asked for the real dope on Senior speeches, so here goes: Section 1492.

Column 21th.

The student shall, after he, she or it has completed the prescribed work. be summoned to appear in person before the student body and bore them almost to death. If this is not ac-

complished the student will be given another chance. The information must be dry facts, uninteresting and must be given without any previous preparation.

This must be complied with in order to receive the diploma that has been worked for so diligently.

I have quite a Christmas list but don't know what to give my faculty friends.

Mr. Simpson—Wants one gallon of gasoline.

Miss Clark—A tricycle.

Mr. Owen—One pair of glasses.

Miss King—A real Spaniard to assist her in teaching Spanish.

Mr. Drennan—Atwater Kent Radio.

Miss Douglas—A Monroe Adding Machine.

Mr. Ferguson—An Electric Motorized Go-Cart.

Miss Stahl—A personal visit from Cicero.

Here's to your life, liberty and a pursuit of snappiness.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

NEAR CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is coming,
And I know it mighty well;
Pa's getting me a pair of skates—
O, boy, that will be swell!

When my sis came home last night,
I knew at even the first sight
That it was something that I'd like—
She had bundled up so tight.

When I was talking to Ma today,
I told her the games I'd like to play;
I told her I'd like a football—and say,
She said I'd have one Chirtmas day!

Brother is always sitting around,
And forever has such an awful frown.
I don't think he knows Christmas is near,
Or he'd have a smile from ear to ear.

Christmas comes but once a year,
O, thank goodness it is near;
So I am sending this wish too true—
"A Merry Christmas to all of you."
—DOLORES ORR.

ASSEMBLY NOTES

Nov. 25—As the Thanksgiving game was the last the Senior boys would ever play, for Salem Hi School, they were called to the stage by their class president, Carl Mathews. Clyde Jenkins, James Gregg and Henry Sheen responded in a fitting manner. Mr. Drennan gave one of the cleverest speeches that has been given this year. He gave a vivid illustration of the remarks made by the opposing force.

—:—

Dec. 1—Aside from a few announcements the time was entirely taken up by the singing of Christmas carols.

—:—

Dec. 3—The cast for the Senior play, "Icebound," was announced by the class president, Carl Mathews.

We were then entertained by Mrs. James Briggs, who favored us with a whistling solo, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Miller.

—:—

Dec. 8—Mr. Simpson read the 6th

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High School Girls

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Come to the Smith Company
for your Xmas Goodies.

The Smith Co.

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Barber Shop
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TIME

The time just seems to creep around,
To twelve o'clock today;
I watch the hands which move so slow,
I dare not look away—
For fear they stop, quite fail to move
Until my hunger's past.
I bet when I invent a clock,
I'll make the hands go fast!

—Grace Windram.

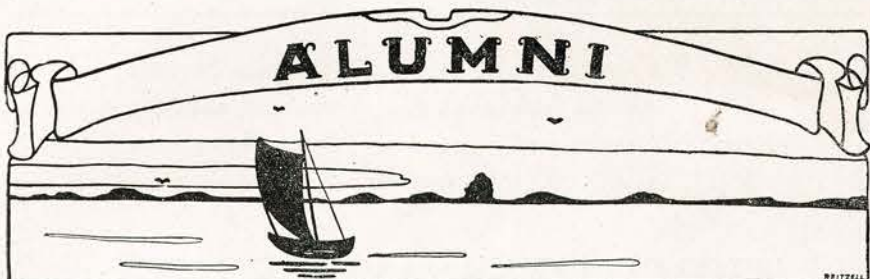
Chapter of Matthew. The carols that are to be sung in front of the High school on Christmas eve were practiced.

—:—

Dec. 10—We were glad to welcome Mr. Stanton, a former principal of the Salem schools, but now of Alliance. He spoke especially of the necessity of following up one's education. Speaking of the need the world feels at the present time, of men and women who will attack life problems with a right good will.

He gave an illustration of the type of boy whom he would select to fill a responsible position. He gave an interesting talk on his trip to London and closed his remarks by saying that the message he brought to us was, "Get all the education possible and not be a slacker."

Mr. Ferguson (to barber): Don't cut my hair too short. People will take me for my wife.



To Mr. Herbert Sharp, the donor of the interesting article to be found on the front page, the Alumni Department offers its appreciation and sincere thanks for his interest and hearty cooperation in writing for The Quaker. The success of this column depends on the material contributed by alumni members and the items that they make possible.

We also wish to thank Mr. Royal Schiller and Mr. Joe Kelley for the splendid criticisms of our football team written for this column. Their spirit of enthusiasm is contagious. Let's make 1926 an even better and bigger football year!

The Alumni column is very proud to give to Salem the memory of the deeds performed on the High school grid iron by football men of former years. This space we dedicated to those men who at one time or another battled for Salem High on the football field. We wish to mention a few of these men whose names we have been able to find and trust that this will arouse the memories of the readers who can recall the names and deeds of the countless others not mentioned here.

Donald Wood, Arthur Yengling, William McKeown, Chris Roessler, Arthur Greenmyer, Walter O'Neil, George Vollmer, Harry Houser, Glen Entriken, Robert Sterling, John Siskowic, Ralph Jones, Joe Kelley, Royal Schiller, George Bailey, Fred Bova, Marion Cox, William Bingham, C. Alexander, George Bunn, Emerson Smith, Vincent Judge, Alton Allen, Frank Harris, Sam Williaman, Daniel Williaman, Frank Spencer, Thomas Boyle, Twing Seeds, Lester Crutchley, Newton Stirling, Albert Sartick, Clyde Bolen, "Zeke" Conkle, Harry Sheehan, Denzil Bush.

No graduate or partisan of Salem High can look back over the 1925 football season with anything but pleasure—and, possibly, with just a little bit of wonder and surprise.

For my part, as I review the season, it seems to have been a wonderful successful one; and two of the elements contributing to its success seem to stand out above and overshadow everything else.

In the first place, there is the really marvelous development of the bunch from a mediocre team, and a team listless and apparently indifferent to its own mediocrity, to one of the greatest fighting machines I can recall as ever representing Salem High upon the gridiron. And, say what you will, "The Old Fight" was what made that team what it was. From some source, during those first few weeks, Coach Springer produced and drilled into them the spirit of battle—and we all know what happened then.

In the second place there is the almost startling reaction of the student body and spectators to this new spirit

in the team.

Who could stand on the sidelines during the Akron game or the Leetonia game and not feel that every onlooker was imbued with that "spirit of '76" which emanated from the Red and Black warriors out in the mud?

After all, a rampant, raging, loyal bunch of rooters like these is the greatest tribute any team can have; for they must draw their spirit from the team itself. Who could go out and and whoop and yell and grow red in the face for a team which will not fight?

Oh, well, anyway, it was a great season, a great team and a great, loyal bunch of rabid rooters behind them every minute.

—R. L. SCHILLER.

I have attended several banquets, rallies, etc., when the High school players were congratulated upon their ability to win games, good sportsmanship, school spirit and numerous other things shown on the playing field. Of course this praise was very much in order but to me something was omitted.

Having never until now had the opportunity to tell the men about it I can get it off my mind (thanks to the Quaker staff.)

It happens that I am in a position to know the boys and players as well perhaps as the teachers and coaches do, for I get them after they have been working all day, tired, cranky, mad at the world. We play every game over for hours (post mortem games, you know) at the Memorial building. Aside from this I often get in on some rare secrets such as "Toughy" Howell is in love, Gregg stole Coffee's girl, Ed don't speak to Clarence, one fellow's nick name is Mary Ellen, Springer swore one night, etc.

The most notable of all though, I believe, is that I never hear a knock, it's always a boost for the Coaches and schools. Now anyone who has played football knows that there are times when the Coaches are terribly hard on the men, when practice seems like a joke all so unnecessary, when one fellow gets off easier than the others, when three times around the track is too much, the officials are robbers (you alumni players all know you have felt this way at times even though it was all in the players mind's eye of course.) The S. H. S. players this year took the knocks and bumps and liked them. That spirit is what makes a winning team for a knock can do more harm than ten boosts can do good in any game.

If football has no other benefit (of course it has) that one lesson our boys have learned if they keep it, will help them in winning the biggest game of all—Life.

JOE M. KELLEY.

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See our Christmas Specials
Sleds Skates Skis
Pocket Knives Scissors
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Tree Holders

Full Line of Hardware at
THE PIONEER STORE

29 Years in Business

give my opponent full credit and
learn to correct my faults through
my failures.

11.—When I win I will be modest, con-
siderate, generous.

12.—I will keep my head and realize
that it is my duty to play the
game, not talk it.

13.—I will not quit, cheat, bet, "grand-
stand," abuse my body, crow
when we win or blame the offic-
ials when we lose.

STANDARDS AND PRACTICES FOR THE ATHLETE

- 1.—I will play fair at all times.
- 2.—I will give my opponent a square
deal and expect the spectators to
to the same.
- 3.—I will faithfully observe training
rules as a duty to my team, my
school and myself.
- 4.—I will play hard to the end.
- 5.—I will regard the visiting team
and officials as guests of my
school and treat them accordingly.
- 6.—I will play for the joy of playing
and the success of the team.
- 7.—I realize that my out-of-school
and out-of-town conduct reflects
upon my school and team.
- 8.—I will do my school work faith-
fully. It is practical evidence of
my loyalty to school and team.
- 9.—I will be respectful to officials,
accept adverse decisions gracious-
ly and expect the officials to en-
force the rules.
- 10.—I will congratulate the winner;

Junior High News

8-A

Our class has elected Zella Krepps captain of the Girl's Baset Ball Team. Kenneth Cox is the boys' captain. Our colors are red and white.

Also, the class will give a play entitled "The Trial of Fire." Every member of 8-A has a part. Charles Greiner will be Santa Claus. Helen Walton will sing. This is part of the Eighth grade program which will be given Friday afternoon from 1:15 to 3:00, December 18. All parents and friends of the school are invited.

8-B

On Friday afternoon, December 18, Helen Davis will recite and Mary Roth will render a piano solo as a part of the Eighth grade program.

8-C

Rudolph Linder and Lucille Moore will entertain with violin solos for the Christmas program Friday afternoon.

John Herman, a former pupil of 8-C but now of the U. S. Navy, visited our school last week.

8-D

Rosina Schell will give a violin solo, and Bertha Ryser a Christmas talk, on Friday afternoon.

Ruth Moore is a new pupil, who has joined the 8-D's.

8-E

This is the grade of talent. The 8-E orchestra, composed of Kenneth Culler, August Decrow, Charley Quinn, Nick Nedelka, Anna Zelle, Nick Nan, and Elizabeth Snyder will render several selections on Friday afternoon. The 8-E's will also present a health play.

7-A

The Seventh grades will present their program Thursday afternoon 2:00 to 3:00. Parents and friends are invited.

Betty Alman of the 7-A's will give a reading. Doris Beall will entertain with a piano solo.

7-B

7-B's will present a play entitled "The Trials of Christmas Shopping."

The characters will be taken by Johanna Gottschling, Dorothy Harroff, Mary Ann Tunt and August Corso.

7-C

A piano duet by Forest Paxson and Floyd McQuilin forms a part of 7-C's program for Thursday afternoon.

William Werner has left our school to attend country school.

7-D and 7-E

Jean Witt of 7-E and Charles Snyder of 7-D will perform a play Thursday afternoon. Anna May Painter of 7-D will sing. Bernice Smith and Heloise Shelton of 7-E will play a duet.

Sixth

Miss Tetlow of the Junior High Sixth grade was absent three days because of illness.

Our program will be given with the Eighth grade program Friday afternoon from 1:15 to 3:00. Charles Metz, Theodore Stewart and Edward John are preparing a musical program.

Here lies John Smith,
For he is no more;
What he thot wuz H-2-O,
Was H-2-SO-4.

—Ex.

FOOLISHNESS

When can a man buy a cap for his knee?

Or a key for the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy be-
cause there are pupils there?

In the crown of your head what jew-
els are found?

Who travels the bridge of your nose?
If you want to shingle the roof of

your mouth,

Would you use the nails of your toes?
Can you sit in the shade of the palm

of your hand,

Or beat the drum of your ear?
Can the crook in your elbow be sent

to jail,

If so, what did he do, my dears?
How can you sharpen your shoulder

blades,

To make them good and true?
Oh, what is the use of all of this?

I'll be darned if I know, do you?
—Ex.

A STUDENT'S CONFESSION

Me and the Chewing Gum

(Tune to "Me and My Boy Friend.")
Me an' the chewing gum,
The chewing gum and me—
We stick together,
Like a dog and a flea.

I like it flavored,
An' just a little "tuff,"
Then when I'm chewin'
I can do it up "ruff."

We are e'er together,
In the class rooms, too;
Sometimes we are caught, Oh, Gee!

We keep on the wing,
For we fear Miss King—
I mean the chewin' gum and ME.
—E. K.

Continued From Page 1 Column 2

centuries, Washington Irving giving us a fascinating description of them. The singing of Christmas carols in France has been common since early in the 16th century. Russian literature is very rich in carols and religious songs generally.

Christmas carols are vibrant with hope and cheer—they burst on our hearing, and shadows are lifted and hopes revive as the music reminds us of the sure word of our Lord and of His unfailing promise that his Son is yet to reign over all the earth in righteousness and peace.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold;
When with the ever-circling years,
Comes 'round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth,
Its ancient splendors fling—
And the whole world give back the song

K. Fultz: Hello; give me 774."
(Ding-a-ling.)
"Hello."

K. F.: I want to order a box for two.

Voice: Why, we have no boxes for two.

K. F.: What kind of a theater is this anyway.

Voice: This is no theater. This is an undertaker.

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Wishing You All a Merry Christmas!

Old Kris Kringle soon will be with us again. Young and old alike eagerly look forward to his arrival. His is a mission of good cheer, peace and good will on earth. All good luck to him.

Altho commonly called old he is about the liveliest young fellow of our acquaintance and always has been. And may he ever remain so.

And, now, let us extend our heartiest Christmas greetings to you and to each member of your home and to the members of more than two million homes thruout the 44 States whom we serve in our 676 Stores.

Let's make it general: A merry, merry Christmas to all.

J. P. Morgan & Co.

WHAT A PITY

Oh that we were born educated,
What a pity it were not so;
To sense right from wrong, and con-
versely,

Every blessed soul would know.
Life, then, would be worth the living,
And happiness would reign supreme.
But we all have a chance for learning,
And it can't be denied nor debated
That this makes life worth living,
And Happiness shall reign supreme.
—George Murphy, '26

THEODORE RUTA

Teacher of Saxophone and Clarinet

Pupil of Caputo, Carnegie School
of Technology.

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