

FRESHMAN ISSUE

—OF—

The Quaker

Junior Play
May 6-7

Freshman Party
Tonight

VOL. VI NO. 14

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 30, 1926

Price 10 Cents

When We Were Very Young

It has become customary, of late years, for men and women of note to write their autobiographies, thus leaving behind them authentic accounts of their lives.

We are all familiar with Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," Mary Autin's "Promised Land," Helen Keller's "Story of My Life," John Muir's "The Boyhood of a Naturalist," Michael Prepin's "From Immigrant to Inventor" and countless others.

The Freshmen, following the example of these worthies, have deemed it advisable to take time by the forelock and have written their autobiographies to date, in the hope that, should the non-conspicuous come into the limelight in the near future, there will be no question concerning the authenticity of facts regarding their lives.

We shall quote from these writings items which may be of interest to contemporaries.

Write one husky Freshman who in his youthful days developed a voice:—"I was born in Springfield, Missouri, sometime between 1900 and 1926 (I've forgotten the exact date; it was so long ago.) Well, I was born just what I am today as you will see. I was, in every sense of the world a "scream!"

Schreech, wail, schreech! (Mother to herself,) "What ails that boy?"

My vocal cords were vibrating so hard that my voice made the air quiver which, as luck would have it, shook a limb on the tree under which I was playing. Now that limb happened to be just over my head, and the apple on the limb let go because it didn't like to swing and dropped on my head. (I figured it all out.)

All this increased my yelling and screeching. Soon I had reinforcements coming up on every side. A neighbor came running across the road with axe in hand, Mother came rushing from the kitchen brandishing a rolling pin, while Dad came flying toward the locality, from whence the noise emanated, wielding a hoe.

Imagine their amazement when they found, not a monster tearing me limb from limb as might have been imagined by the magnitude of the noise, but me dancing the Charleston (They called it a jig then) as if I were mad and holding a bump on my head that felt as big as the apple that had inflicted it, while a rooster, a nonchalant old fellow, was busily pecking at my toes as if they were some choice morsel of corn, or perhaps a nice juicy worm.

And so life goes, just one thing after another. Who can tell what will happen next?"

COME ON FRESHMEN DON'T MISS IT

Hello, fellow Freshmen, are you ready? What for? Why you know. Haven't we been thinking of, dreaming of, discussing, preparing for something which is to be a reality to-night? Yes, to-night we meet for the first time in a body as the class of '29.

We are to have a marvelous program for the evening with every minute filled; something to please each one, even the most fastidious. First come the get-acquainted games and let's all join in and really get acquainted. We have three more years to spend together so let's know each other. Following the games an interesting program has been arranged, displaying the best talent our class affords and "believe me" it will be talent worth listening to. The next hour will be devoted to games with Miss Potter and Mr. Springer to help us "pep things up." Then begins the grand march, an intricate, interesting, mystic maze affair with lots of favors and color to add to it. Mr. Owen, I am told, will manage this and you all know what a jolly, good fellow he is. And then comes the dancing on a marvelous, fine floor to wonderful

We quote from the pen of another the following:—

"My grandfather, who lived near the school hitched our team for us so that we could start home soon after school. On this particular evening he neglected to fasten the hold-backs. There was one long hill just before we reached home and this we must descend. We did not know the condition of the harness and were quite surprised, while going down this hill, to find the buggy running on to the heels of the ponies and frightening them.

It was not long before we had a real runaway on our hands. Though Shetland ponies appear very small, they are surprisingly strong little creatures. I was small and did not have much strength and they were more than my sister, who was driving, was able to handle. Frightened, I clung to the dash and screamed, and the ponies going at full speed kicked considerable real estate into my, I suppose, white visage hanging over the dash. By each taking a rein and pulling mightily, a sad catastrophe was averted, and with the advent of our father upon the scene our chariot race was ended."

Says a future football star:
"Like most noted men I began life as an infant; but unlike most noted men I have had a rather easy life up until

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music. Last but not least Miss Snyder with her committee and the kind assistance of Mrs. Owen will furnish us with a delicious menu. My, can't you just taste it going down?

Come on, Freshmen, you've just time to go home and "spruce up," but not too much for you voted it informal, you know. Come in the spirit of helping each and every one have a good time and you'll be the happiest person in the world to-night.

Postscript—

Oh! I forgot, I have heard it whispered that some notable characters will grace our party. Don't be frightened. They are people we know well and like immensely. No, no one in anyway connected with Salem High. One I hear is from England while the rest are from Italy. No, let me see! There's one coming from Hades! Cheerful place? Well that's why he's coming to our party. He knows a good thing when he sees it.

Now I have you "going." Well, be there at seven sharp and you'll not be in the dark long. Just open the "Gym" door and walk in.

May Day

Sara Wilson Chosen May Queen

May Day exercises will be held the 26th of May this year. By the vote of the school Sara Wilson, a senior, was elected May Queen. Ruth Older, second, will be crown bearer and Rosemary Filler, Betty Jones, Mary Ellen Smith, Aleen Moores, Jeane Olloman, Cesarie Paumier, Lois Snyder and Grace Crumrine will be the queen's attendants. Rex McIlvain and Donald Smith have been chosen as the heralds. May Day this year will consist of interpretive dances, drills, exercises, winding Maypoles and the many other things we expect at May Day. Miss Potter and Mr. Springer are working hard with the students and hope to make this as successful a May Day as ever before.

"What They Say

The subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day.
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of "what they say."

How happy all of us could be,
If, as we go our way;
We did not stop to think and care
So much for "what they say."

But so 'twill be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay.
There'll always be, some wise, some
fools
That dread so "what they say."

—Meda Kelly, '29

Success For Track Team

(Max Fisher, Sports Editor)

Red and Black cohorts cover themselves with glory at Ohio Relays.

The Salem Hi Trackers surprised their most ardent admirers when they succeeded in capturing six places in a field of some of the best high schools in the Middlewest. Their work was an outstanding feature of the meet.

Charlie Coffee, Salem's greatest athlete, succeeded in winning first place in the High Jump with a jump of 5ft. 10 inches, which broke the former Ohio Relay's record.

Captain Jim Gregg also placed in this event tying for fourth and fifth. This is especially good for the fact that it was the boy's first jumping outdoors. Charlie won a place in the finals of the hundred yard dash out of a field of about 100 aspirants. He finished seventh.

'Little Rib Allen,' youngest member of team, tied for third place in pole vault, but unfortunately lost the medal in the toss-up. Lowell's work was especially commendable and a great deal will be heard of him later on.

Salem's two relay teams captured a second in Sprint Medley and second in mile relay. This was a remarkable feat as they were up against the best relay teams in the west. In the sprint medley relay, one in which first and last men run 440 yards and second and third 220 yards. Perkins ran one of the races of his career. Salem was in last place when he obtained the baton 20 yards behind first but by running his best, Perkins nosed out three men in the last 50 yards, and was only a step behind the winner at the finish. This relay was composed of Shears, Simonds, Gregg and Perkins.

Also in their heat of the mile relay they captured second. Coffee started off with a bang. Giving the next man a lead of 5 yards. Gregg and Lease partially kept up the good work and when the baton was passed to Perkins they were in second place where they finished about a yard behind the winner. The relay team will do much better with a little more experience. Both teams will receive silver medals.

A great deal of credit must go to Coach Springer who has put Salem on the Athletic field in the last few years by the wonderful teams he has developed. We should show our appreciation by coming out and giving the team our heartiest support.

To the Freshmen

Work on O class of twenty nine;
Your task is just begun.
There's still much time for work, you
know
As well as time for fun.

—Martha Reeves, '29

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EDITORIAL

Salem High, a School of Opportunities

One of the most valuable things that a city can offer its youth is the opportunity for a thorough education. It does this by erecting modern, well lighted, well ventilated, well equipped buildings, by placing this system under the supervision of a broad, scholarly, capable man, by supplying its classrooms with well-informed, tactful teachers and by offering courses of study to fill each and every need.

All this Salem has striven to do for its youth and the results are, a High School second to none in the state. The test of success lies in the results. Many of our graduates are honor students in colleges to which they have gone. At least four of our last year's debaters are occupying positions on college teams. For two successive years our basketball team has been proclaimed the county champions. During the present debating season, each of our four teams have successfully defeated all opponents. The lists of honor students in our school is increasing with each term.

Wake up, High School! Know a good thing when you see it. It is your own. Let's not get puffed up over our successes but count them as so many milestones toward our ultimate goal. "a no better high school."

R. G. and H. M.

Lochinvar, Junior

Young Lochinvar, Junior, came out of the west. Of all the fast flivvers, his Ford was the best.

It rattled and squeaked, and it all came apart

And when he was ready, the thing wouldn't start.

The Ford, in which he had always been carried

Wouldn't go, even though he was due to be married,

A bull came along and gave it a shove,

Which sent him a flying to Ellen, his love.

—Adele Treat, '29

When We Were Very Young

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now. In the following splendid and excellent story I will endeavor to give you a brief account of my long and happy life but I will not tell you through what secret method I have attained this lofty old age of mine.

At the age of three I had to take my first dose of castor oil. Ugg! It makes me ill to think of it. Later on in life I became a profiteer by demanding anywhere from a sucker to one dollar for each spoonful of the terrible stuff I managed to get outside of.

Two years after this I caught my first butterfly. How happy I was. I then embarked on a hunt for "big game" or bees. Well, I caught one and he must have gotten angry because he stabbed me with an eighteen foot sword, upon which I ran home to the haven of my mother. She told me I had been stung; I guess I had been.

Then at the age of seven or eight, I didn't exactly recall which, I went to school for the first time in my life and let me tell you I was just the "cock o' the walk" that day. I had on a whole new outfit and how I strutted around. But now—Oh, well, why worry!"

Of course you all know that February claims the birth of a great many famous characters. My name was added to the list on February, the third.

I was born on Green Street. Here I was reared by my parents with the assistance of a neighbor's daughter.

The word "good" was one of the first words I spoke. When Mother would give me something to eat, I would say, "Good." That is the reason why I have always been such a good girl and don't let anyone tell you differently.

One day there was a fire. I went to the place after the house had burned down. When I returned home I told Mother that there was nothing left but the chimney and the location.

This clever football and basketball player showed signs, very early in life, of overcoming difficulties. No wonder we can count on him now.

At one time my father was going to make a wire enclosure in which to keep me so that I couldn't take such long walks by myself. He had it all finished but the gate and was fondly looking it over when I came along and crawled over the top. The work on the enclosure stopped right there."

Who would have believed that one of our most dignified and irreproachable Freshman girls had such unheard of taste in her early youth.

"When I was about a year old, my father bought me a little red wagon and to me it looked good to eat. One day they found me busily masticating that wagon. I had eaten a half circle out of the side by continually scraping my teeth in one place. When I think now how carefully my mother used to be, even boiling and cleaning all of my toys, and then to have her come upon me eating cinders in the drive or chewing red wagons!

Says another Freshman with a promising future:—

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REMEMBER

YOU WILL HAVE MONEY FOR COLLEGE IF YOU HAVE A GROWING SAVINGS ACCOUNT AT THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK.

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"On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1910, the world had the bad luck to have me added to its already large population.

One of the first things I can remember was when a little boy and I decided to dispose of a box of currants which my mother was going to use for some purpose or other. We made a good job of it eating each and every currant that the box contained. In about a half hour my stomach began doing cart wheels and somersaults. When I told mother the cause, I was given something which soon set me right but when my father came home, he promptly fixed me so that I had to eat standing up that night."

This young man is devoted to the study of science. He early showed an aptitude for experimentation.

"I can clearly remember when I broke my first window. I had a small ball with which I was playing at the time and I began to wonder which was the tougher, the ball or the window. I decided to find out. I gave the ball a toss and it hit the window

but the window did not break so I did not worry. I immediately collected my friends and we organized a baseball team. When it came my turn to bat, I went to the home-plate and picked up the bat. I hit the ball and, as luck would have it, it went straight for the window. Crash! The next minute my father came out. Well, needless to say, that ended my baseball career."

He knew what he wanted when he was young and went right after it. This Freshman shows the same tendency today.

"One children's Day, Mother went to Sunday school with me and the sermon was on "Faith." After a time the preacher produced a nickel and offered it to anyone who had faith enough in him to come and get it. Mother looked around and then saw me running up the aisle as fast as my short legs would carry me. I doubt now whether it was faith or the great desire to possess the nickel which led me on, but let me say I got the nickel.

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GUESS WHO?

Prominent in our school is a gentleman of medium height who has a very genial disposition. Although not as young as most of us, he is as jolly and fun-loving as the youngest. He is always faultlessly groomed and his manners are above reproach. When a lady enters his office, he rises instantly and in countless ways shows his excellent breeding. He greets everyone with a smile and yet he can be serious if the occasion demand it. He is well liked by everyone, not only for his pleasing personality but for his entertaining speeches which are tempered with just enough humor to render them spicy. Salem High School is not the only place where he is well known and popular but throughout the city and state as well.

It Floats

There was a girl named Marion Cope
Who washed her face with Ivory Soap.

She soon took a whim
That she would learn to swim.
Now just see how she can float!

—Adelaide Dyball, '29

This young lady—she is one altho she doesn't look it—enters the room in a rather carefree but energetic manner. After "parking" her books, she rests herself and looks around for somebody with whom to chat or something at which to laugh.

While she is thus engaged, we shall look at her more closely. She is short and rather heavy set. A few more pounds would make her look stodgy, but now "she satisfies." Her auburn hair is curled in the approved "cannibal" style. As we go from hair to face a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched on a saucy nose claims our attention. Behind them are a pair of pretty blue eyes. A mouth that quirks at the corners and a little chin complete her rather rotund countenance.

As to dress she wears what she terms "kid clothes." She complains, "to get a thing that fits me I have to buy some kiddish thing." Nevertheless she looks very neat. A bracelet or two, several rings and perhaps a necklace complete her attire.

Altogether she seems to be energetic, carefree, intelligent and neat. Who is she?

There is a young man named Jim,
Who is neither too tall or too thin.

Never fails at the mark,
At ball he's a shark,
He aims his apponents to trim.

—Herbert Yengling, '29

This boy I am describing should be easily guessed because, in my estimation, he is the most prominent boy in Salem High school. He is of medium height and clean cut, has dark hair and eyes, also a dark complexion. He is not what you would call handsome but he is very neat and his disposition is attractive. As the saying is, "handsome is that handsome does." He is

the most studious boy in our school. He took part in the Junior play last year. This boy is a companion or friend to everyone and treats everyone the same. The office he holds, as a Senior, does not affect him as it would some other people. He is kind, courteous and modest. I think if we were to pattern ourselves after him, our school would be easily controlled and would be a happy, pleasant place to be.

There is a young man named Fred,
Whose hair is a little bit red.

He captains a team,
He has a great scheme,
He's a marvelous player 'tis said.

He enters our school not as a slow, bashful stranger who is afraid to go ahead, but rather as a warm friend whom we have known all our lives and wish to continue to know. He is of medium height and rather heavy build, but this makes him look all the more fatherly and invites our confidence. If we study his face, we find a pair of light-blue eyes with tiny laughing wrinkles at the corners, a well shaped nose and a mouth whose corners are nearly always turned up in a pleasant smile, disclosing two rows of perfectly even teeth. But alas! his light hair is already rapidly turning grey with the worry we have caused him. He is faultlessly dressed and of perfect manner. He has gained our respect by his quiet dignity and courtesy. He speaks kindly to everyone unless one has made the situation so unpleasant that it is impossible for him to do so. He takes an interest in everything that is going on in our school life and does his best to make the school progressive. I feel justified in saying that he is well liked by everyone.

There was once a boy called Jack,
Mental power he surely did lack.

But he studied so hard,
That his good report card
Was signed and sent cheerfully back.

—Vera Weaver, '29

A small but energetic figure goes quietly about the work assigned her by her classmates. She bears the responsibility with a smile and does the work well. She is a very charming little person with soft, brown, wavy hair and large, luminous brown eyes. Nature seems to have intended her lips to be curved in a smile of cheer and encouragement for everyone. Because of her capability and pleasing personality she will be greatly missed in Salem High school when she graduates.

I know a young boy named Bill,
He hates school; he can't keep still,
In Latin he flunked,
So he packed his trunk,
He said, said he, "I've had my fill."
—Roland Thomas, '29

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Who is he? That person who appears quite often among the prominent figures of High School? He is an extremely active fellow. One reason may be because his name spells activity while another may be because he teaches activities. He is as straight as an arrow and rather broad shouldered. He is slightly above medium height and of medium weight. His energy and ability have been proven by his successful work. One may characterize him as a friend to all and a brother, rather than an instructor to the boys. His tall, athletic figure is set off by dark, wavy hair and sparkling blue eyes shadowed by long, black lashes. His eyes laugh when he laughs, lighting up his cheery countenance. He radiates nothing but kindness and good will to all.

There was a young lady named Kent,
Who so much of her energy spent,
In caging the ball,

In the basket so small,
That no one knew just where it went.
—Martha Reeves, '29

This person I am about to describe is tall and slender. In football he played end and in basketball he played forward. He did not get into every game because earlier in football season he was handicapped by having his arm broken. He is a good shot and a good passer. He is always happy and when he gets into a game he fights hard. When you watch him shoot you will see that he can make a basket from nearly any angle of the floor.

There was a small boy in Salem
That went to his school a sailin'.
He feared he'd be late
For the clock had struck eight,
And his teacher would give him a
whalin'.
—Clara Barber, '29

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Rewards

Shouts and hurrahs rose up from the huge crowd. The Yankees were being escorted to a hotel to await the opening of the World Series. The superiority and chances of the opposing teams were argued by many, but particularly by two small boys. Jimmy Jones, a small office boy, was loyally supporting the Yankees but Sammy Brown, his chum, took the negative side and a heated argument ensued.

"Aw, your old Yankees is no good!"
"Go on, they're lots better than your old team."

"Y' don't know what you're talking about!"

"You just wait and see day after tomorrow."

With a pang it came to Jimmy as he uttered the last sentence that he couldn't see the game for he had no money.

In low spirits Jimmy walked home after work. It seemed that above all else in the world he wanted to see his team go to victory. Walking ahead of him was a fat richly-dressed man. As Jimmy absent-mindedly watched him, a flat, square object fell from the man's pocket. "Oh," thought Jimmy, "here is a chance for a good turn and I'll do it for probably he'll give me enough money for the game." Jimmy had the wrong idea; a good turn is not done for a reward but is done out of kindness. Jimmy's selfish thot was disappointed for all he received was a curt "Thank you."

In still lower spirits Jimmy continued on his way. In the heart of the city a shabbily-dressed, feeble, old man was trying to cross the street. The cars whizzed by and the rushing pedestrians took no notice of him. As Jimmy came to this crossing his better self told him that here was a chance for a real good turn. But why try this, the old man most probably had not the price of the game himself. Jimmy started to go across but when in the middle of the street his right senses came to him. He returned and piloted the grateful, old man gently across the busy thoroughfare. The thought of the kindness somewhat renewed the boy's spirits.

The morning of the great game came and still Jimmy was without a ticket. Trying the best he could he managed to keep a forced grin on his face as Sammy told of his seat, "the best one in the place."

Great excitement prevailed in the Jones' home when the youthful heir of the family returned for his lunch. A letter had come for Jimmy, an exceptional event. With his heart thumping wildly he hastily tore open the envelope.

Mr. Jimmy Smith

Dear Sir:—

The enclosed ticket for the game this afternoon will I hope repay you, in a small way, for the service you rendered me Thursday afternoon.

I, a spectator, saw you hesitate, continue and then your true Boy Scout spirit overcoming you, you helped the old man across the street. I realize

you felt in no humor to do this but did it as one who is faithful to his duty as he sees it.

The fair, true spirit of the act conquered an idea of mine, crooked I am afraid, of a business deal which would benefit me financially but, if revealed, would tear down my reputation of honesty and fairness. The less said of this unworthy purpose the better.

I sincerely thank you for this aid. May you wait with as much enthusiasm and then play with as much fairness and honesty as you now have, the great game of life.

Sincerely,

A grateful friend.

Wildly Jimmy broadcasted the good news. The Yankees played and were perhaps cheered on to their victory by Jimmy's hearty applause. Now Jimmy does his good turns with no thought of material reward but rather with the thought that by his good example he is probably helping some one else walk the straight path.

—Elizabeth MC Kee, '29

Is It Possible ?

Patrolman Joe Humphreys was quite excited. Why shouldn't he be? He was to be on duty at Saturday's game. He had heard much of the great American sport but of the game itself he knew nothing.

After a period of impatient waiting, during which the hands of the clock seemed to crawl along, as clocks have a habit of doing when we anticipate something pleasant, the afternoon arrived.

Joe was very "spruce looking" as he strolled leisurely about Memorial field. For this great event—his first football game—he had donned an entirely new outfit. His uniform was without a wrinkle, his hat was set on at a jaunty angle and he swung his night-stick with a bit of a swagger. Truly, it was a proud moment for him. But comically mixed with his pride was a childish anticipation of the coming event.

At last the officials took their places, the teams trotted into position and the game began. My! how the crowds did yell.

All the while Patrolman Humphreys had been watching proceedings with keenest interest. "What clumsy suits! Look at those awful pieces. What's the game like? Wonder if I'll like it." All these thoughts were rushing thru Joe's brain.

"But look! Why are they piling right onto each other? Why don't those officials stop them? And he rushed pell mell down the field.

Reaching the heap of players, he dug in and began throwing them right and left. So absorbed was he that he did not hear the dull roar emanating from the direction of the bleachers; he did not notice the angry, curious and pitying glances cast on him by the players; in short, he was oblivious of everything but his duty as he saw it.

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It is a good thing we do not all see alike, as so many see so poorly.

At length one of the officials came out of his trance and painstakingly explained to him that the "fight" was a part of the game.

At first Joe was skeptical but a little later a chagrined and disconsolate patrolman sneaked out the gate and wandered away.

—Florence Davis, '29

"An Experience With a Gasoline Cultivator"

One day last summer, as I was visiting my uncle's farm, I wandered into the barn. As I entered I was attracted by a gasoline cultivator. After studying it for several moments I grew bold and started to crank it. After cranking it for a few seconds, it began to puff louder and louder till it sounded like an army bombarding a glass palace.

My next thought was to try to stop it but this was in vain. It could not be done. I tried to extract the spark plug and got a terrific shock. I was afraid after this and did not know what to do. I finally decided to go to the house for help. As I turned toward the door, my eyes fell upon my uncle. He was laughing so hard he could scarcely get his breath. I felt very foolish and began to apologize.

My uncle went to the puffing, banging cultivator and with ease shut it off. This was a lesson never to be for-

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gotten. "Never start a thing you can't finish."

—John Park, '29

A Lot of Bunk

The sun was shining brightly
'Tho 'twas twelve o'clock at night,
For all of this happened in Eskimo
land
Where everything is clothed in white.

A polar bear in galoshes
Was shinning up a bamboo tree,
And an igloo hut, just out of sight,
Could be seen as plain as could be.

The Chili Con Carni was boiling
In bright blue granite pans,
And swelting in this coldness
Stood a Hindo selling fans.

"Ah, welcome to your Majesty,"
He said to the Austrian King,
Just then a kangaroo sprang in sight
And began to sing, by jing!

Ye have seen the wonders of the day
And of the starry night,
But the baboon threw an oyster at him
As Napoleon came into sight.

And now here ends this silly tale
I quit not without a pause,
And yet, I hesitate to tell you
There is no Santa Claus.

—Herman Litty, '29

When We Were Very Young

Continued from Page 2

The following account will enlighten us as to what heroic measures must be taken to acquire the much coveted dimple:—

"I had been visiting my aunt's home for a week. I found there many things of interest. One thing attracted my attention especially; it was a new high-chair with a peculiar face on the back of it. My aunt, who saw that I was studying the face, said, "How do you like the lion?" So that was the face of a lion that had been engrossing my attention! I next wanted to find out what it felt like so I sprang upon the seat. The chair evidently could not stand the strain for every joint squeaked and moved. I next stood up and stretched my hand over the back to see how the lion felt, but alas! my hand never reached it, for at that instant the chair lost its balance and I found myself in midair and then on the floor. My aunt, who had left the room, came running back. Her face was white and her mouth was open as though she were gasping for air. I was too frightened at the appearance of her face to consider my own plight but I suddenly felt something in my cheek. I reached for it and when I grasped it, gave it a pull. To my astonishment it proved to be the old oil can I had used to oil my wagon early that morning.

My aunt called a doctor and after he had dressed the wound, it soon healed. It healed so well that one can only see the scar when I smile and then it appears as a dimple."

She is ever trying to please both by good work and courteous manners. Here is an example of how this Freshman began and with what results.

"Then there was the time that mother became sick and had to go to bed. We could not get help until the next day so I valiantly asserted that I would get the evening meal. Now I didn't have the faintest idea with what to fry the meat. Mother told me the place where I might get the "stuff." I got it and, although it looked rather queer, I used it anyway. Then I proudly called my father for dinner. Everything was all right until we reached the meat course. Father took a taste and I saw that he had a hard time swallowing it. No wonder, for I had fried the meat in strawberry jam. To make matters worse, Father couldn't resist laughing a little. That broke my heart. After all my work and then to have it turn out like that! It was many a day before I saw any joke connected with it."

This Freshman learned little by little, through experience after experience. He ought to be fairly wise by this time.

"My first experience was when I burnt my finger on the stove. From that time on I knew what fire is and did not bother with it any more. My next thrill was when I was learning to swim. I went under the water twice when a strong arm grabbed me and pulled me ashore and then I knew what water in large quantities is. My next daring feat was to climb on a shed from which I promptly fell,

breaking my arm, and so I discovered the law of gravity. In the winter I was sliding down a long hill when a large boy on a sled ran over my leg cutting a gash in it. By this time I knew what misfortune is. And so through life we go until through experience after experience we grow in wisdom."

This young man says that he cannot help acting foolish at times. After reading the following, we shall understand why:—

"As you all know, April is the fool's month, so naturally I was born then. On the twenty-eighth day of April I began my career of bravery, etc. Ahem!

With the help of "Ma" I have been able to recall a few interesting things connected with my early life.

First of all I had a younger brother who was given Horlick's Malted milk in his bottle, while I, being the oldest, was given plain milk. One day I traded and liking his much better kept it up. "Ma" "got wise" though and put up the sides of my brother's bed, and as they were high, I could not get over them. Thus were my plans thwarted and early signs of initiative inhibited. Cruel, cruel world!"

One of our doughty Freshmen showed pugilistic tendencies early in life. We are not surprised to find in him the makings of a wonderful football player in future years.

"When we were six years old, respectively, my brother and I would box every Sunday in the front yard. Neighbors always wished us to and would give us a dollar or two for this performance. Although I was very fat and my brother very slim, every time I would aim a blow at him I would fall over. On scrambling to my feet, he would hit me and invariably on the nose. That is why my nose is so flat today. My brother and I had many good times, however, even if he is indirectly the cause of ruining the beauty of my physiognomy.

Says one young man, "We are now Freshmen doing Freshman work in a Freshman way. Of the years before our birth and during the two or three years following, we must credit what we are told as we have no other means of knowing what took place, of the events which have taken place since then we are living witnesses, but of the future, who knows?"

"Lives of great men all remind us
We should make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Kindness

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hand that toils to aid
The great world's ceaseless need;
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

—Herbert Yengling, '29

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Dreams and Reality
I stood at eve on the mountain side,
And wished at once that I could ride
On the moon as it came sailing
by,
All gilded with gold in the evening sky.

I watched the sky, as it darker grew,
The stars came out on a field of blue.
And I wished again that I could sail
Up in the sky with the stars so pale.

Then I thought of the valley, where
flowers grew,
The lilies white and the violets blue,
And I knew it was better to be content,
And live serenely the life God meant.

—Lois Coffee, '29

Do Some Studyin'
When you're laggin' back a bit,
Do some studyin'.
When you feel inclined to sit,
Do some studyin'.
When you're failin' in your math,
And you know you ought to pass,
And don't want to be the last,
Try some studyin'.

How do some "guys" get ahead?
They try studyin'.
Bet they think that you are dead,
Not a studyin'.
When you're havin' lots of fun
In the classroom, where's begun
Lesson that you'd ought to have done
By some studyin'.

And in later life the "guy,"
Who tried studyin',
Is the fellow way up high,
Still a studyin'.
He got his lessons as he went
And he found his time well spent,
Now he sure knows what was meant
By a studyin'.

—Jim Wingard, '29

Mr. Iman Adviser's Column

Dear Mr. Iman Adviser:—

Tell me where I can get a job. I haven't worked for ten years.

Yours truly,
Lazy Bones.

Work house.

Dear Sir:—

Why has the term, "Girls will be girls" never been used?

Ima Simp.

I don't know what else they would be.

Friend Iman:—

I would like to know what would happen if an irresistible force should hit an immovable object.

U. R. Wise.

I am very soory but if I were to be there to find out the only thing left would be the monument as a result of the coagulation of the collison.

Dear Iman:—

Why are Don Ward and Homer Eddy not brothers?

Longan Short.

I don't know but what they are because Burn's said "And man to man the world o're sha.l brothers be for at that."

Socrates says "If that kid is my brother I'm his."

Dear Imam:—

Tell me where did Robinson Cruso go with Friday on Saturday nite?

Nut Tee.

To the Barber Shop.

Mr. Imy:—

Which is the most appropriate way for eating soup with a knife or a fork?

Iva Pain.

The way you sound—you need a bottle with a specially contrived nozzle.

Dear Mr. Iman:—

Why do the upper classman call us green when we are the same color as they are?

Freshie.

You're just so young and fresh.

Dear Imie:—

I am taking Latin but, due to my being too busy to study, I am not getting along well. Name some way of getting along in it with out studying.

I. M. Silly.

You're doing fine keep it up and you'll get as far along as I did.

Dear Mr. Imie:—

What is the best solution for working Algebra problems if you do not know the methods?

Imount Allnight.

They are sure to solute in a mixture of winegar, together with a consecrated solution of diabolical gehossafate.

Dear Iman:—

Tell me quick. What makes Latin sharks?

Ima Dumbell.

Extra large teeth, mouth and eyes. A very thick shull, and a vocal berry that no one under the falling stars can understand.

Dear Iman:—

I read about a man being hit in the East End. Is this true?

Sombud E. Plum.

Yes and he fell on the south side and died in his boots.

Dear Ima:—

This question has been asked me many times. I wish you would help me. Who's Who, What's What, and Why's Why?

Thanking you, in advance,

Less Hope.

When my pen came to this it just made a blot.

Dear Ad:—

What would happen if Bill Smith quit chewing gum?

Al Falfa.

The world would stop revolving.

Dear Ima:—

What became of the indoor circus commonly called the Girl's basket-ball team? I've missed my daily laugh lately since they disappeared.

Lo. N. Some.

It has changed its name to the "Detour."

Dear Iman:—

On behalf of the Freshman, since they are now studying Julius Shakespeare's nursery rhymes by William Carsar, I ask you, what made Humpty Dumpty fall off the wall?

I. M. 2. Rious.

Since Julius Sees Her and Bill Shakes a sphere where else could he fall but off.

Dear Iman:—

As I sit here looking around the room, I see (8) girls gently patting their faces, and mostly their noses, with fluffy pieces of something or other. What does it all mean?

D. Pressed.

They are so used to a soft caress that they can't wait until they are out in the delicious moonshine to receive it.

Dear Mr. Iman:—

If "Mississippi" wears her "New Jersey" what will "Delaware.?"

Slight Lee Krazee.

Drop the ware. There will be a crash. Have her try it on.

Dear Mr. Adviser:—

If a burglar broke into a celler would the chimney chute, and, if not, I wonder if the kindling wood?

X. Sited.

Yes he would be sure to be caught because the bull rush is out, the grass shoots and the flowers all have pistils.

Dear Mr. Iman:—

Please aswer if possible the following question:

Why do black cows give yellow cream?

Imso Foolish.

Because we need it, I don't know what I'd do if they didn't, that is what makes me so fat.

Dear Ima:—

Why do we have to go to school nine months and only have three months vacation?

Fifty-Fifty.

You are going to need Candy for Mother's Day

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That is long enough to forget all you've learned.

Dear Ima:—

Is this the right definition of a Freshman?

A Freshman is a body of energy entirely surrounded by ignorance. If not what is?

Ima Nother.

Yes or a revolving mass entirely at a loss as to know where the next room and period is to be found.

Dear Mr. Imy:—

Please advise a cure for, window panes (pains.)

I Min Agony.

T. N. T. pebbles, stones, tombstones, Diana Mite, Hail storms, sand storms, infatuated until results occur.

Dear Mr. Iman Adviser:—

This question has been published in many papers and has not been answered, so at last I submit it to you. What is the force of a wedge?

Imin Ernst.

Don't let such a little thing bother you; that is just paper talk. The wedge really has more force than your question.

Dear Imy:—

Would you please tell me where Mr. Wherry purchased his red necktie?

Cury Us.

I am pleased to inform you, after an interview with the heretofore mentioned gentleman, that it was purchased at the School for Blind. No one but those totally blind could make a cravat of such a blinding color.

Dear Mr. Advisor:—

Why do you shoot a horse with a broken leg? Isn't this a long and painful process?

Not Quite Clear.

Don't accuse me; I never did such a thing. To make it sure, short and snappy use a gun.

Dear Doc:—

If it takes a woodpecker with a rubber bill and a wooden leg, 7 months 5½ days to eat a telegraph pole, how long will it take an old woman with a crutch and no teeth to chew up a railroad tie?

Inn Quisitive.

Just as long as the tie—8 feet.

Dear Ad:—

What is electricity?

I Gotta Shock.

That is just exactly what it is.

Dear Iman:—

Who got the idea of school and why didn't he keep it a secret?

Aug Shus Tono.

By the looks of the grades I don't think and one really has the right side of school altho it is about the best way to entertain children.

—Elizabeth McKee, '29

SOCIETY

Friday night, April 23rd, at 7:30, the Sophomores met for their second party. The gymnasium was prettily decorated in purple and white, these being the Sophomore colors.

The entertainment began with a contest to guess the identity of twelve baby pictures of the faculty. This proved rather difficult as you may suppose, and it was also a very interesting exhibit.

Following this there was a pop-drinking contest, the pop being in

nursing bottles, then the race of blind-folded trios, then the paper race, the talking contest, and the suitcase race. All these were amusing and interesting. After these, there was a play, "The Tragedy of the Alphabet," acted by five members of the Sophomore class. Then there was dancing; for those who did not, there was a lively Lotto game progressing in one corner of the gym.

The party closed, after a pleasant evening, with delicious refreshments.

JUNIOR PLAY PROGRESSING WELL

"The Detour" promises to be a real success.

Preparations for the Junior Play, "The Detour" which is to be given May 6 and 7, are progressing rapidly and well. Under the capable instruction of Coach Drennan, this promises to be the best dramatic production that Salem High has ever put on.

In choosing "The Detour," Mr. Drennan is striving to keep up the high standard of plays which are characteristic of Salem High. We may well be proud of the plays we put on, and they compare favorably with those of any other high school in Ohio. "The Detour" has an element of humor which is very delightful to the opera going public and which makes this play doubly interesting. The amusing Jews, Weinstein and "Jakie", the gruff Steve Hardie, the ambitious Tom Lane, and the hopeful Kate whom you will see in this play, are some of the characters that will amuse and interest you.

Ticket reservations will begin May 3, so plan to buy your tickets early. The Juniors are in charge of ticket sales and there will be a ticket salesman in every class room. Don't miss "The Detour."

Advice

There was once a downy chicken,
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew.

As he was walking in the yard,
He had a forward way
Of telling the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
That, your children, you should
let
Go out wading in the water.
It will kill them to get wet."
—Virginia Severyn, '29

There was once a clock on the wall
Which was so exceedingly tall,
A mouse ran up
And the cock it struck
And the poor little mouse got a fall.

"Tick tock," said the clock on the wall.
"Tick tock," said the clock that was tall.
"I knew you'd come up
And that's why I struck"
But the poor mouse said nothing at
all.
—Marie Harbaugh, '29

Did you ever hear tell of the Freshie,
Who tried a poet to be?
He racked his brain till he shook his
long frame,
And that young poet was me.
—Albert Lodge, '29

Here lies a young man named
McGuire
Who touched a heavily charged wire.
The two thousand volts,
Gave him some big jolts,
Now he sings with the heavenly
choir.
—Joseph McNichol, '29.

There was a young fellow named Jim
His body was long and so slim.
He wears a red sweater,
Has earned a large letter
And now he looks handsome and trim.
—George Konnerth, '29

I know a young girl named Lorene,
She plays on the basketball team,
Her hair is jet black,
It hangs down her back,
Don't tell me that this you've not seen.
—Adele Treat, '29

There was a young lass named Louise,
Who tried to experiment with bees,
But the bees they stung;
And Louise had to run,
And she took to the woods and tall
trees.
—Marion Zeppernick, '29

There was a young girl from Fall
River,
Who was sent to buy some liver.
She went to a show
And spent all her dough,
Now her parents will never forgive
her.
—Ruth Eakin, '29

Across the wide meadow they plow,
For clover is thick, you see, now.
He thinks her quite fair,
But let us stop there
With a boy and a fine Jersey cow.
—Louise Kuehnemund, '29.

There was an old man from Terenten
Fell on his false teeth and he bent 'em.
When asked what they cost
The old man said, "I'm lost,
I really don't know, I just rent 'em."
—Ruth Eakin, '29

Mary had a little beau
Who always stayed too late.
He seemed to think he owned the place
Till Dad showed him the gate.
—Wade Loop, '29

For May 9th, Mother's Day



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BUNN'S

Grades

(With apologies to Bayard Taylor)
From the classroom they come to us
On grade sheets, black and white;
Ah! how the blow descends on us,
Swift as the wings of night.
All round us flow the bitter tears;
We hear the students cry,
I hate it, I'll always hate it
With a hate that will never die,
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old;
When the leaves of our teacher's
grade book unfold.

From thy elevated station,
O teacher, see my pain.
Can't you view my consternation?
Think of my beaddled brain.
Ah! Teacher, think it over;
Is there hope for such as I?
Don't you know that I do hate it
With a hate that cannot die,
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old;
When the leaves of the old green
grade book unfold?

Yes, faithful will I labor,
I'll answer thy behest,
If thou'lt but give the signal
That word that'll give me rest.
Dear teacher, have some pity,
Let compassion light on me,
I'll do my utmost, teacher
To earn at least a B,
When the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old;
And the leaves of your old green grade
book unfold.

—Florence Davies, '29

The Chipmunk Hunt

The tree majestic seemed to stand,
But now it's brown and hollow.
Into it's hollow a chipmunk ran,
But there we could not follow.

"Let's smoke him out," my brother
said,
I gathered the leaves so dry.
Roy handed Fred a match to light,
We each had a hand in the pie.

Next morning the tree lay across the
road;
The wires it broke as it fell.
The trunk, it was still aburning low,
And a story we had to tell.

Of our punishment next I will tell you,
Oh dear! It was not much fun;
The fire was quenched by bucketsful,
That's how the work was begun.

The tree we chopped into fire-wood,
For the broken wires had to pay.
Our punishment for that chipmunk
hunt,
We remembered for many a day.
—Elvira Ressler, '29

Poets Are Born and Not Made

I've a tablet before me and on it
I've been told I must write a sonnet,
But the words came so slow.
And the results. Oh!
But poems aren't made in this way,
So I guess I must throw it away!
I'll ne'er be a poet, I'm afraid,
For "Poets are born and not
made."

—Adelaide Dyball, '29

Don't Give Up

Never give up and never give in
To that little expression "I can't."
Tackle hard work with new vigor and
vim,
Say, "I will" and not, "I can't."

Difficult tho your task may seem,
That shouldn't lower your spirit.
Just dig right in like a football team,
Hard work is harmless, don't fear
it.

—Katherine Hess, '29

When I Recite

My mind was in a turmoil,
My features pale and white;
I could not think a single thought,
When I tried to recite.

My hands were damp and clammy,
I could not see aright;
My feet seemed large and awkward
like,
When I tried to recite.

But now all this is different,
My teacher set me right;
I don't prespire or squirm a bit;
When I try to recite.

The cause for this I'll tell you;
The cause that came to light,
The rule that everyone should know,
Is, to study every night.

—John Floyd, '29

Composing A Poem

(With apologies to Thomas Hood)
With fingers stiff and weary,
With brain too heavy to think,
A young girl sat, far in the night
Plying with pen and ink;
Write! Write! Write!

Until she fell into a sleep,
And still wove poems on into her
dreams;
That assignment she surely must keep.
—Martha Reeves, '29

Spring

Spring is the happiest time of the
year,
For all of our hearts are brim full of
cheer.

The robins are singing, the good
news they're bringing,
For people who listen to hear.

The trees that were once so bare,
That stood in the cold winter air.
Are now to be seen,
All fresh and green;
And their beauty we're ready to
share.

—Minnie Shunn, '29

Weather

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret.
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold.

When the weather is warm,
We must not storm.


But to be thankful together,
Whatever the weather.

—Virginia Severyn, '29

Quite lazy was Johnnie McGurk,
His passion was always to shirk.
But when the judge said,
"How's your family fed?"
His reply got him six months hard
work.

—Florence Davis, '29

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The Storm

The fire shone brightly, the logs were
piled high;
Out side it was dark 'neath a lowering
sky.

There came a long howl, then all
was so quiet
Just like a calm after a riot.

Then, in less than a minute, there
came such a roar,
It blew down the trees and blew open
the door,

It rattled the pans and broke up
a cup,
I lit on my head and quickly woke
up.

—Dean Smith, '29

Poetry

Of course you've heard about metre
and feet,

And you know that a poem must
have rythm,
But I hope you won't meet the girl in
this seat,

That doesn't know what to do
with 'em.

—Adelaide Dyball, '29

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"HOUSE OF SATISFACTION"

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There was an old man named Will,
When sick he would take no pill,
"You'll be sorry some day,"

So his wife would say,
But he paid no attention until
He got sick one day very bad,
This made his wife feel very sad.

Said she, "So you see,
You didn't mind me,
'Cause you wouldn't be sick, if
you had."

—Marion Zeppernick, '29

Playing to Win

Note—Mr. Alan has kindly added to the Freshman course a new book on manners and morals. This book is entitled "Playing to Win." It tells in a simple, interesting way how to play the game of living successfully with one's fellows. We, the Freshman, are finding this book both profitable and enjoyable. It is "Playing to Win" that inspired the following story:—

"Oh, come on, Ted, be a sport."

"Nope, Gee its the best I ever tasted."

These were the words that came over a high board fence. It was a spring day and in that empty lot near Bailey's Corner, one greedy little fellow seated on a soap box, hungrily devoured a large, juicy, red apple. Not more than three feet away stood a chap green with envy for just one bite of that delicious fruit. "All right for you, Ted." And off across the vacant lot Ted's companion strode.

Both boys were unaware of the pair of eyes peeping through a wide space in the fence. These eyes belonged to none other than little Lucy Grey who was Ted's chosen playmate.

Lucy drew away from the fence very much displeased. Leaving Ted alone with his selfishness, as Bobby Black had done, she walked slowly for a short distance and then broke into a skip. The pennies in her pockets clanged together at each step.

Into Baileys' candy shop she bounced purchasing two all-day-suckers. Out of the store she came thinking which color she would like best, when suddenly across the street she spied Amy Mills, a school chum.

She called to Amy and gave her half of what she had purchased. "Oh, thank you, Lucy; you are so kind. I haven't had a sucker for a long time." With cheery good-byes, the girls parted.

Sunday came and went in the little village of Shady Nook and the school bell rang as usual on Monday morning. Only one sleepy boy in the place. This honor, or disgrace rather, fell on Ted Harington's shoulders.

Although late, Ted got to school that morning. All the girls and boys were very studious, but Ted had only three words in mind. They were, "What's the use?" Ted's attitude added greatly to poor Mrs. Harington's daily worries. Mrs. Harington thought her boy careless in personal appearance as well as, at times, most disobedient.

At last it was recess time and Ted rushed to a corner of the playground and made quick work with two sugar-covered cookies. Then he ran back to the rest of the girls and boys.

From ring to ring he went but there was no room for Ted. Now he came to Lucy's circle. One little hand pulled away from her partner's. "This ring isn't nearly big enough," and Ted entered. As the game proceeded Lucy became very much discouraged with Ted who knocked boys, smaller than himself, to the ground and was very discourteous to the girls.

Back in school they flocked and there was one little creature whose mind was crowded with thoughts. "Why was Ted Harington the boy he was?" This was the big question. She

really liked him and yet he was everything but what a boy should be at fourteen.

As the days passed by both boys and girls began to shun Ted. Even Lucy and Bobby skipped away as he made his appearance. At recess he tried in vain to enter the circles. They were plenty big enough this time. Poor Ted was beginning to realize that there was something wrong, but where?

Lucy watched Ted closely. She knew what it was. Why within the last two months Ted had virtually become an outcast.

Saturday came. This was clean-up day at the Grey's. Lucy was up in the attic straightening things. Here she came across a chest of books. Glancing thru them, a tiny grey book made its appearance. After carefully reading it over, she saw the sun burst thru that big black cloud. With the book under her arm, she made her way down stairs, too happy to tell her mother of her plans. She care fully laid the book away.

As time speeds in Salem so it did in Shady Nook. Monday morning dawned a beautiful day. Lucy hurried to school with an overflowing heart. Into the room she crept. No one was in sight. Very quietly she tiptoed over to the desk belonging to Ted Harington and placed, face up, that marvelous book. Then back to her seat she hurried just as the teacher entered.

Poor Ted was late again. A sad and discouraged look had crept into his face this morning. He took his place as usual. No one seemed to notice him as he entered; not one raised his head. But two eyes were keeping constant watch. Ted flopped into his seat and much to his surprise found a little book on his desk entitled "Playing to Win." He glanced thru it, looked at its pictures and then began reading. At recess he took with him the little present left by some unknown friend. Seated on a huge stone in the playground was Ted. Lucy saw that her down-hearted friend was quite interested—too interested to raise his head as she passed.

The bell jingled. In ten minutes the dropping of a pin could be heard. Everything was silent. Everyone was working hard.

Little Ted Harington was pushing back his hair and straightening his tie, all unconscious of the eyes that were surreptitiously watching him.

That evening, going home from school, Ted ran up to Lucy and offered to carry her books for her. As the two went on their way, Ted related to Lucy the story of the little book called "Playing to Win," which some kind person had left him, and from which he vowed he would never part, for from it he had learned the only source of happiness and that there was and is a use.

—Louise Kuchnemund, '29

There was a young man named Dean,
Who owned a rattly can.

To start it, he battled,
When it started, it rattled,
He wept, though he was a strong man.

—Harold Hannay, '29

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A Complaint

Always down south where the banan
grows,

A mouse stepped on an elephant's
toes.

The elephant said with tears in
his eyes,

"Next time, please pick on some-
one your size."

—Forest Dye, '29

A Fliver

One takes a sheet of flinty tin,

Immerses it in paint,

Then puts a little engine in
And calls it what it ain't.

—John Alexander, '29

Smile

Smiles are welcome things to see,
Oh! help the world to prove it;

Smile and thus you'll do your bit,
Keep smiling friends, keep smiling.

Others too have much to bear;
And yet you never know it.

There's work to do, nor idly sit,
Keep smiling friends, keep smiling.

—Mable Freeman, '29

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Caught in the midst of that terrible
act!

Oh see that stern teacher's eye!
As it rests on me with an expression
of scorn,

I heave a deep sigh in reply.

Dark and impressive her eyes meet
mine,

(I wish I were in my casket.)

The terrible sentence she then does
pronounce,

"Sir, put your gum in the basket."

—Florence Shriver, '29

Vacation

In summer, when the school is out,
I like to romp and play about;
To make a raft of great big rails,
And put on top some flying sails.

I like to play with ball and bat,
Or rake the hay and chase a rat.
But best of all I like to cool,
Down yonder in the swimmin'
pool.

—Wilbur Coburn, '29

Guess Who?

Continued from Page 3

He has a word or a smile for everyone. He is straight as an arrow, brisk, snappy and apparently happy. His voice is deep and he can use it to good effect. His hair is black and is always neatly combed. Keen, black eyes look out from under long, dark lashes and nothing seemingly escapes them. When he smiles one catches a glimpse of two rows of even, white teeth. His clothing, in part, usually consists of a dark blue suit and neat tie while his feet are carefully shod. He is most popular in Salem High both for his genial disposition and his thorough knowledge of his art. We have more than enjoyed his carefully chosen and well-directed plays while all will attest to his skill in putting out well organized, capable, successful, debating teams. A together he is an alert, brisk, business-like, capable, happy, nice fellow to know.

She is nearly five feet and a half tall and has a fair skin. Her hair is about as pretty as any I've ever seen. It is black and very heavy. She has it bobbed and it curls naturally around her head. It is hard to tell just what color her eyes are. She insists that they are green, but they look brown to me. She is slim and has a very dignified bearing when she gets up to recite in class. She is always prepared and has quite a large vocabulary at her command. Like Joseph she wears "a coat of many colors." Who is she?

His figure is gaunt and tall, his hands and feet are of mammoth size. His eyes — piercing and if he looked at you, you would "surely get cold feet" and run. You might call him "Sherlock Holmes." If you set your eyes from every angle on him you could not perceive a sign of a chin. He has a large mouth which was given to him for his boasting and a pug nose under which grows a mustache. He is as bald as a base ball and has oversized ears. Guess who?

A whispered remark seems to have settled on the funny side of —'s brain. The muscles in her face are quivering, doing their best to keep straight and make those features seem solemn. But it seems they will not obey and wish to curve toward her shining blue eyes under a mass of fluffy hair. She is of medium height and her clothing is very becoming. Those bright eyes see the sunny side of everything. While you wonder who this person may be, glance about and you will probably find her.

Among the best known students of

Salem High, I chose this boy as one of the most popular. He is of little more than medium height, and of athletic build. He has a dark complexion, dark brown eyes, and black hair. His smiling face always appears in the gym or at Reilly Field if any sports are to be held. When not in athletic uniform, our character is dressed in dark trousers, light shirt, and a black sweater, without any collar. I wonder who he can be?

The person I am describing is about as tall as the average Senior girl. She walks erect and carries herself well. She has medium brown hair that is wavy and sometimes hangs over one eye. Her face is well featured with dark blue eyes and a determined chin. Her nose is well shaped and her lips are dark red. She is a player on the girls' basketball team and does her work well. This girl has a very cheerful disposition and always sees the sunny side of life.

If, by chance, you should come early into our seventh period English class, you might see a jolly, happy-go-lucky, well rounded boy come strolling into the room in his characteristic care-free way. He is just a little fellow, brimming with energy and willing to try anything once.

Mr. So-and-So is short, fat and heavy set, wears a gray suit and as yet has not grown out of short trousers. He wears a four-in-hand tie, black oxfords and stockings. In regard to his countenance, Mr. So-and-So has brown eyes, a turned up nose and might boast of clear complexion if it were not for the many freckles that adorn his face. They are becoming to him, however, since freckles are common to his fair skin. This is topped by a fine specimen of fiery red hair worn pompadour fashion. In short, he is a true Irishman.

The face of this person is seen every day about the school. He has brown hair and brown eyes, and is dressed well for his work. He is seldom seen in the corridors during school hours. He is cheerful, honest and skillful. He does very well and without him the school would not be as efficient. No, he is not a student but one all have seen. He is very good-natured and nearly always happy. He always works and is one of the important factors of the school.

Have you ever noticed a tall, slim fellow dressed in a suit of beige around this school? He is very good-natured and very easy to become acquainted with. His face is not handsome, neither is it homely, but the

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longer you know him the more handsome he becomes. One can not miss the wavy red hair that towers above all else as the owner of it moves down the halls. He has a keen sense of humor. If you don't know him, you are missing a jolly, good friend.

A mistake has been made by the pupil reciting and a girl quickly springs up to refute the point. No mistake of which she has knowledge passes uncorrected. Her recitations are made intelligently. She is of medium height. Her hair is straight and brown, cut in a Dutch bob. Her rosy cheeks remind one of a person pictured in a health advertisement. Over her straight, well-proportioned nose are scattered a few freckles adding charm to the owner. Prominent features are her clear, dark-blue eyes which betray each mood. We may consider ourselves most fortunate in having such a classmate.

This boy whom I am about to describe is an all-round good fellow. His visage is broad, his hair is brown and his cheeks are full and rosy. The eyes of this young fellow are dark and blue like the skies. His face is always wreathed in smiles, and his chin is decorated with a large dimple. He is of medium height; a heavy, healthy, happy, athlete always ready for work or fun.

He's small but you can't miss him. He has light hair, and a round, jolly face. He wears a red and black lumber jack's sweater. His voice is rather loud and deep. He is short and stubby. Sometimes he is called "Zev" at others "Fat" and still other times "Patsy." I think he has lots of Irish in him.

The girl I am going to describe is light complexioned with large, blue eyes. She has straight, dark hair which she parts at the side. She is tall and well proportioned for her height. She looks exceedingly well in blue. She has a good profile but the one thing that gives her away consists of two fascinating dimples, one in either cheek. Who is she?

This person is of medium height, has black hair, which is parted on the side, and usually wears a gray sweater. He seems to be very bright in his studies. He was our substitute teacher in Latin one day. He is a good sport and takes part in all activities of the school. He speaks Spanish fluently and a shining star in Latin. He writes articles for "The Quaker" every once in a while. He wears a pair of glasses which have black rims on them.

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I will try to describe a modern Rebecca. She possesses black hair which is unbobbed, and dark eyes over-shadowed by black lashes. She has a laughing mouth which covers a row of even white teeth. We see her as an athlete and a good student. She occupies the job of referee at some of our basketball games. She is a popular and cheerful Senior. She is liked and respected by all, from the smallest Freshman to the tallest Senior, both for her kindness and courtesy.

The boy I am describing is four feet, in stature. His face is round, while in the neighborhood of his rosy cheeks are two bright eyes which are constantly moving in all directions and seldom anything escapes them. Between the eyes there is a short nose which has a peculiar turn on the end. His hair is dark and neatly combed. He wears a dark blue pinstriped suit. He has a black bow necktie which is fastened to the collar of a white shirt. He must be very happy for whenever you meet him he is either laughing or smiling.

He is a very slow fellow. His voice is as gentle as a girl's. If he should speak above an undertone, he might scare himself or wake himself up. He tries to be conscientious in his studies but sometimes he doesn't know his lesson very well. He wears a sport sweater and dark trousers. His hair is neatly combed and parted. He is very bashful among girls, but when with a crowd of boys he can outdo any of them. He wears a dark green four-in-hand tie always neatly tied. When in school he looks rather sleepy but outside at a game of some sort his eyes flash with interest. He is very jolly. If you do not believe me listen to his laugh. It would be hard to imagine him a crabby old grouch in later life; but who can tell? Let us hope he will be the same jolly fellow thru "rain or shine" as long as he lives and after.

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