

NO  
DEFEATS

# The Quaker

JUNIOR PARTY  
TONIGHT

VOL. VII NO. 3

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 12 1926

Price 10 Cents

## TEAM NEARING COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

### Hi-Y Will Edit Football Annual

Publication to Be Greatly Improved

The Hi-Y Club is preparing material for the edition of a football "Annual," which will come out shortly after the Thanksgiving game. This publication will be in the form of a magazine and will contain thirty-two pages. Robert Garrison, managing editor, plans to have write-ups by all Columbiana county sport writers and coaches. Alliance and other nearby schools that are not in the county will also be represented.

Complete data on every team near Salem that we played will be furnished. Another feature of the magazine will be a numerous selection of cuts, each team being represented.

#### New Members Chosen

The club recently enlarged its membership by its choice of Lamoine Derr, Lee Christian and Thomas Schafer. With the addition of these new members the club has now acquired a large force of go-getters. The Hi-Y is greatly aiding the churches in celebrating Father and Son Week, and plans for a city-wide observance of this week have been completed and will be put into execution next week.

The first social meeting of the year held at the home of Walter Deming, resulted in an enjoyable evening and even the rain that followed failed to dampen the members' enthusiasm.

### No Defeats

Team Hot on the Trail of a Clean Season's Record

After defeating Liverpool High's crack grid representatives, the entire team drew a deep breath of relief. The hardest part of the 1926 season is now all history. Only three more games remain between Salem High and the county champions, not to mention the fact that this will mark the first year that any Salem team romped through a whole season without suffering a defeat.

Leetonia is the first team that must be whipped. Tomorrow's game ought to be just a good scrimmage for the team, as Leetonia has been losing with the same regularity as Salem has been winning. Next week East Palestine comes to Salem and they will present the only obstacle in our way. Palestine must be beaten if we are to claim the championship. On Thanksgiving Day the team journeys to Lisbon High to wind up the season. Here's to an undefeated eleven, the first to represent Salem High!

## Red and Black Swamps Liverpool

### Passes Destroy Pottery City's Championship Hopes

Surprising even the most optimistic fans of the overflowing crowd at Riely Field, the fighting Red and Black wildcats continued ripping up everything in sight by giving East Liverpool its worst drubbing in years. Incidentally the win just about cinched the championship for Captain Older and his gang, and brought the string of victories to seven.

Shining as brilliantly as the brightest August sun, the sure-footed and true-armed Ed Sidinger again did things on the dirty floor of the field that will securely enter him into the fans' Hall of Football Fame. Pass after pass was placed perfectly into Rush's hands, passes being responsible for all of the touchdowns. It

was his pass to Herbert in the first five minutes of play that enabled him to score two plays later. (Chick here, by the way, was hurt after a splendid run of forty yards and forced to withdraw.) Passes to Rush scored two more, and one to Konnerth accounted for the final. His dropkick made it twenty-five.

Konnerth and Harsh again did themselves proud with their excursions around the ends and off-tackle. Many were the times that Patsy was so inconsiderate of Ceramis' feelings that he skirted the ends to start the ball on its scoring journey. So much for the offensive. It is enough to say that they did their part.

Turn to Page 3

## Juniors! Coming to the Party?

### "Cooties" Dancing and "Eats"

The several members of the Junior class decided not to mask for their party this evening. (This decision is probably due to the feeling, prevalent in the Class of '28, that their looks can't be improved upon.)

One person was the lone margin by which the Junior class voted down the masquerade idea. We don't know who that person is, but we'll bet he feels proud over his ability to "sway the issue."

At 7:15, pronto, the party begins. From this time until 7:30 will ensue a "thawing-out" period, in which it is hoped that some of the male members of the class will forget the size of their hands and that the girls won't mind if their nails aren't manicured just right.

Then, at 7:30, "cooties" will be the most absorbing item of interest. (Some of the faculty guests who were "over there" will probably be "among

the missing" at this time. They still retain painful memories.) But, maybe if we'd explain that the "cooties" are under control they will listen to reason.

After one hour has elapsed, the orchestra will tune up and the several musicians will "do their stuff." The "light, fantastic toes" will occupy the floor for the rest of the evening with the exception of a few busy minutes when the dancers will take time out to wrap themselves around some real food. This will probably be as far as some of you will read, as you have probably decided to come to the party anyway.

If any of you Juniors are loaded down with a sense of dignity and reserve, relieve yourselves of that burden and come prepared to have the best time of your youthful careers. Be there at 7:15 on the dot, so that you can enjoy every minute of the evening.

### Salem Schools Observe National Education Week

ALL SCHOOLS RESERVE ONE  
DAY FOR VISITORS

This week has been nationally observed as Education Week. The Salem schools have cooperated in making a success of their various educational programs. At each school the parents were told of the "Aims and Methods" of that school.

Tuesday was observed as Visitors Day in High School. In assembly at 2:30 teachers and parents listened to an address by Dr. McMaster of Mount Union College.

Following out their usual program, the Junior High School conducted classes from 7 to 8 o'clock in the evening. The visitors were entertained by musical programs and listened to an address by Rev. C. A. Roth.

The grade schools observed Wednesday as visiting day. Mr. H. L. McCarthy addressed the parents of Prospect School pupils, while visitors at Columbia Street School listened to Mr. R. W. Hilgendorf.

Mr. McConkle was the speaker at the McKinley avenue school and Dr. Collier will address the visitors at the Fourth Street school this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

### Mr. Alan Elected President of N. E. O. T. A.

Succeeds Miss Monroe of Akron

Mr. J. S. Alan, superintendent of Salem schools, was recently honored at the last meeting of the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association by being elected as president for the following year, to succeed Miss Belle M. Monroe of Akron. The "Quaker," in behalf of Salem High, wishes to offer Mr. Alan heartiest congratulations and to wish him success in his very important undertaking.

Mr. J. W. Moore of East Palestine was chosen as vice-president, the position which Mr. Alan occupied this year. B. F. Stanton of Alliance will assume the duties of executive secretary and the following were chosen on the executive board: C. W. Batherick, Cleveland; O. L. Reed, Youngstown, and J. R. Williams, Painesville.

The faculty of Salem High will visit other schools in this vicinity Wednesday of next week.



## THE QUAKER

VOL. VII NOV. 12, 1926 No. 3

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Editor-in-Chief ..... Joe Marsilio  
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Faculty Advisor ..... Miss Woods

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## Editorial

Luck seems to come in large bundles this month. First came that awful walloping we handed Liverpool and now, to cap the climax, we just missed another Friday the thirteenth. So don't feel bad if you made a fool of yourself before the home folks on Tuesday: just think how much worse it might have been.

Yesterday was observed as the 8th anniversary date of the Kaiser's chastisement. Eight long years have not lessened the patriotism which, in November of 1918, made possible the greatest victory of the civilized world. The columns of marching men, now veterans of a gigantic war, the beating of drums, the waving of banners, have not lost their appeal.

Tomorrow the team goes to Leetonia to subdue the Iron City's gridders. Leetonia High seems to be the county's scrub team and cheerfully gives every team that comes along a good workout. They don't look much like the champs of '24, the year they nosed out Salem by one point to gain the title.

Speaking of football, you can't afford to go without one of those big football Annuals that the Hi-Y is putting out. You'll want to read everything that's inside those bright red covers.

Tuffy Howell, Max Caplan and Mary Schmid are all feeling pretty chesty because they claim to have developed one of the best rooting sections in this part of the state. (Max would say, this part of the world). They'll have to make a noisier boiler factories if they want to beat that cheering crowd at making noise. It is a noticeable fact that not one of the rooters suffers from tuberculosis. It doesn't take a doctor to tell that; just come to the next game.

That pep has started the team on one of its best years and is steadily shoving them toward county championship and the first undefeated season in our school's history.

—Q—

Sweet little inquisitive Arlene gazed pensively at the peaceful rural scene. "Why are you running that steam-roller thing over the field?" she asked at last.

"I'm raising mashed potatoes this year," replied the farmer.

Honor Roll  
First Six Weeks

Persons who have had no grade below B for the first six weeks of school are as follows:

## Seniors

Ruth Bolen  
Dorothy Foltz  
Freda Headley  
Anna McLaughlin  
John McNicol  
Joe Marsilio  
Wilda Mounts  
Clara Patten (all A's)  
Julia Patten (all A's)  
George Rogers  
Evelyn Shepherd

## Juniors

Walter Coy  
Walter Deming  
Edith Flickinger  
Gladys Fults  
Bertha Mae Hassey  
Luelva Hoopes  
Wayne Morrion  
Thelma O'Connell  
Louise Smith

## Sophomores

Martha Beardmore  
Virginia Callahan  
Ruth Chappell  
Marion Cope  
Florence Davis  
Adelaide Dyball  
Dorothy Fuller  
Keith Harsh  
Jane Hunt  
Betty Moss  
Elizabeth McKee  
Anna Occpeck  
Kathleen McDonald  
Dorothy Lieder (all A's)  
Lois Pottorf  
Elvira Roessler  
James Patten  
Martha Reeves  
Florence Shriver  
Helen Williams  
James Wingard

## Freshmen

Hunter Carpenter  
Nila Hofman  
Isabel Jones  
Philip Leider  
Rudolph Linder  
Nick Nan  
Alta Moores  
Mary Roessler  
Margaret Rockwell  
Mary Roth  
Mildred Ulitchney  
George Windle  
Kathryn Winkler

—Q—

Rotary Offers Prize  
to Senior Boy

The Rotary club in Salem is offering a prize of twenty-five dollars to the Senior boy who does the most for his school. This will include extra curricular activities and general interest in the class progress.

Mr. R. C. Garrison, chairman of the Boys' Welfare committee, brought up this issue at a recent club meeting and the Rotary sponsored his plan.

—Q—

## Says Pop

Man may learn to fly like a bird, but he'll never learn to sit on a barbed wire fence!

Famous American  
Ace Speaks

The Salem High School students considered themselves very fortunate indeed, in being able to have Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, American Ace of Aces, with them Tuesday morning, October twenty-sixth.

The students expressed their admiration of Captain Rickenbacker and their appreciation of his speech by their hearty applause and by rising at the beginning and end of his speech.

This famous American Ace told the students some of his many thrilling experiences during the World War, enlightened them with a general knowledge of the various methods of attack.

He told of the death of Officer White, who heroically gave his life in an effort to save a comrade, and aviator of less experience.

"I hope that your generation will not have to pass through a war as did the present generation, but that they may devote their energies to a less destructive form of achievement," stated Captain Rickenbacker.

He closed his speech with an appeal to the students to not be satisfied with what has been done by men of the past, but to set a high goal and strive to surpass all others in whatever line of endeavor we may choose to pursue.

—Q—

## Quaker Ought to Improve

The editor's and business manager's journey to Cleveland ought to be of great help in making the Quaker a better publication. The most enjoyable part of the whole trip was the banquet given Friday evening. There were about a hundred and fifty other representatives gathered there. Max was almost broken-hearted when the waitresses cleared away the last plate. From that time on the convention lost all interest to him.

Several of the leading newspaper men in Cleveland addressed the convention and told how the different departments of a newspaper are operated.

The next morning the journalists took a trip through the News building and saw in operation the many departments of one of Ohio's greatest publications.

—Q—

Lo Caplan Active in  
Akron U. Circle

Lozeer Caplan, whom most of his friends know as "Lo," is certainly coming through with a vengeance at Akron University. This marks his second year as a varsity debater. Last year he received a first speaker's berth, and he still retains it. He was the only Freshman to be chosen into the National Honorary Debating Fraternity of which he is now secretary-treasurer. Lo is another hustler from the Class of '25, which has so many members who are making good.

Another activity in which he is taking part is the school journal, the "Buchtelite." He is assistant business manager of this publication.

Mr. Gibson Peps  
Up Team

C. C. Gibson, an enthusiastic football fan and hearty supporter of the Salem team, spoke at the rally held for the Alliance game Friday, October 29.

He stated that faith in themselves and in their comrades, lots of pep and energy, and a keen desire to win were the qualities essential for the winning of the game.

"The business men of the whole town will turn out to see you boys," said Mr. Gibson. "A larger crowd gathers to witness the Salem High school football games than to witness any other single function in the town and you owe it to this crowd to win."

Mr. Gibson urged that we play the game fairly and squarely and be true sportsmen on all occasions.

—Q—

Mr. Springer to gym class: "When I was a little boy," sweetly piped the director, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost those soldiers and I cried very much. But my mother said: 'Never mind, Wilbur, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.' And believe me, you bunch of wooden-headed dumbbells, that day has come!"

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## Sports

### Grid Warriors Crush Alliance

COMPLETELY OUTCLASS THEIR  
ANCIENT RIVALS

That flame of brilliance which has marked the Red and Black gridironites as one of the fastest, cleverest and "fightingest" elevens in the game was still burning after meeting their ancient rivals, Alliance, in one of the best football games seen in Salem for years. With a running attack that was as powerful as it was effective, with their passing game working beautifully and with an almost impregnable defense, Alliance was completely outclassed, the final counting being 15-6.

#### Superior Strategy Wins

But to say that Alliance was completely outclassed does not mean that their hosts had an easy day of it, by any means. Every inch or yard they gained was by working, every pass completed was completed only by the excellent field generalship of Siding-er, who mixed the plays up in a bewildering manner while the line, opening up holes in the beefy opponents' line, continually allowed Konnert Harsh and Herbert to gain consistently. Alliance had a powerful aggregation, but was defeated by a brainier and better coached eleven. They were played completely off their feet at the start and were never given the opportunity to get set again, being placed on defensive throughout.

#### Hi Presents Impregnable Defense

Again the locals' defense was the deciding factor of the fracas. Mathews and Campbell continually pounced on the Hollobaughonians to throw them for losses, while Bob snared an accurately directed pass from Siding-er for the second counter of the game. Schmid's tackle of Firth back of Alliance's goal for a safety gave Salem its final point. Alliance's lone marker came by a march thru a team of reserves, after a penalty of fifteen yards had put them in a scoring position, Firth carrying it over.

#### The lineup:

SALEM	ALLIANCE
Campbell.....	R.E. ....Smith
Older.....	R.T. ....Hively
Liebschner.....	R.G. ....Negley
Mathews.....	C. ....Boyle
Jacobson.....	L.G. ....Lower
Schmid.....	L.T. ....Debee
Rush.....	L.E. ....Schaffer
Siding-er.....	Q. ....Firth
Konnert.....	L.H. ....Dickens
Harsh.....	R.H. ....Gligore
Herbert.....	F. ....Jones

Touchdowns — Siding-er, Campbell, Firth.

Points after touchdown — Konnert, (pass from Siding-er).

Safety—Firth.

—Q—

#### Mose Utters a Riddle

Farmer: "Here, colored boy, come out of that hen house."

Mose (badly frightened): "How's I comin' out, boss, when I'se not in here?"

### Juniors Upset Frosh Eleven

Gain Championship Title

The Juniors are the Class Football Champions of 1926. They obtained this supremacy by winning from the Freshmen, 6-0, in the play-off for the title, after a hard and fast contest, full of thrills and good football. The solitary touchdown was made by Roessler, Junior signal barker, by a fifty yard run after intercepting one of Whinnery's passes. Jones' twenty yard end run was the only other long run made in the game. Alexander and Deming shared the Champions' defensive honors while Whinnery, Pasco and Horne were the yearlings' best men.

—Q—

#### Black Team Wins

Hockey Title

Miss Tinsley's hockey maids whacked and battered away in the muddy confines of Centennial Park to decide the hockey championship of the school. The Black team, captained by Bertha Kent, marched off the field triumphant, having upset the Reds by a 1 to 0 count. For two fifteen minute halves, Captain Melba Barnes' aggregation kept the Black team scoreless, but Mary Older at last smacked the ball across the goal with about two seconds left to play in an extra three minute period.

The girls came off the field of battle covered from head to foot with a rich, luxuriant mud, the result of a very rainy season. But a touch of powder and a dab of rouge restored the Amazons' complexion. The Blacks feel mighty proud over their achievement.

—Q—

#### RED AND BLACK SWAMPS LIVERPOOL

Continued from Page 1

Not once in the initial half did the Pottery City aggregation garner a first down, showing what a powerful defense we had. Our skipper, Older, was never gained thru, while the gains thru the other sections were microscopic. Schmidt alarmed and banged his opponent in an All-County manner, while Liebschner worked with his captain to plug up his side holes very successfully. Campbell was kept under cover throughout the game, but East Liverpool's offense knew that he was there.

Every one shared in the win; they all did their part. The victory was greeted with great enthusiasm by the entire student body and for hours after the game a group, led by Mary Schmidt, went thru the main streets cheering.

Truly, revenge is sweet.

Touchdowns — Rush 2, Siding-er.

Konnert, Bromby.

Referee—Barrett.

Umpire—McPhee.

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## Pat

By CHARLES WILHELM

Followers and students of Perry College often wondered why Patrick Elias stuck to Perry's football team. Pat had been out for the team for the last three years and in all that time had played in what amounted to one full game. People wondered why Pat worked so hard for such small rewards.

Patrick Elias was Irish. (Perhaps the reader has guessed that already.) Again, in some ways Pat was not Irish. He did not possess the hardy build, the ruddy complexion, characteristic of the Irish. Still, the Irish fight was there—the never-say-die spirit had prevailed for three years. But his size and weight kept him from being a regular.

Pat had a brain and a natural keenness for errors. On many occasions Coach Nosseck had consulted him on football matters; many times Elias had corrected defects in Perry's team and had humbly offered clever formations and plays.

Coach Nosseck liked Pat but he did not allow personal prejudice to enter into his work. Pat knew his failures and did not pester Nosseck with useless pleas. He went out night after night, toiled with the best of them, and then went home to map out new plays. Yet poor Elias received very little praise. The stars occupied the limelight and not one little ray reached Elias, resting patiently in the darkness of unrewarded effort.

Pat was a Senior now. For the past six weeks he had repeated his actions of the last three years. So far this season he had played in half a game. It became a sort of tradition to see little Irish Pat sitting huddled in his blanket, watching the game with keen eyes. Sometimes a look of pain appeared in them as he wished that he could be out there fighting for good old Perry.

Today Pat took his place on the bench for the last time. Perry was playing Johnson College in the last game of the season. As he watched the teams line up, Pat silently prayed that he might be given a chance in this last battle.

Play started. Johnson received and began a steady march down the field. Before they were stopped a field goal had been scored against Perry. From then on Perry and Johnson played a nip and tuck affair. Both gave all they had and still no further score was made. Perry fought to overcome that three point lead; Johnson fought to keep it.

During the half both teams received severe reprimands from their respective coaches. The latter knew, however, that their teams had given the best that was in them. Both feared the coming half.

Pat helped as trainer during the intermission. He tried to jolly the team along with good Irish jokes, although he himself felt far from happy.

Twenty-two worn players trotted out to start the last half. Perry opened up with a swift aerial attack, but it failed. The quarterback, Burt, was a fine passer, one of the best in fact,

but the receivers were of the worst. Once again the game settled down to a monotonous grind. Plunges and punts, punts and plunges.

Nosseck was nervous. He knew his team had played their last trump and that unless something radical happened, the game was lost.

Perry again attempted to open up. Johnson intercepted a pass and the attack failed. Johnson began an attack, but it, too, failed. Both forward lines were gone, literally; the backfields were in no better condition.

Suddenly Pat jumped from the bench. He ran to the coach and whispered to him. Nosseck shook his head, Pat insisted. Finally the coach gave in. Pat, with one strangled cry, dashed across the field as fast as his legs could carry him.

A muddy, worn player detached himself from the group and limped from the field, crying like a baby. Perry called for time out. Pat eagerly outlined a plan for the team.

On the first play Pat, as halfback, swung away on a wide end run. He reached the opposite side of the field before he was tackled for a five yard loss. Then Burt started another wide end run. He was tackled in almost the same spot that Pat had left. The Perry team quickly lined up and Burt called only one signal. As he did so a cry went up from the opposite side on the field. Too late. Too late, the Johnson team saw the trick. They tried to rush the pass, but the effort was too great.

Pat on the last end run had quietly eased himself down in the mud. Small and muddy as he was, Pat was not seen by the Johnson team. When the crowd saw the trick they cried out, but it was too late. The ball had been passed. Burt put all his remaining strength into that pass. The ball curved across the field and into the waiting arms of Pat. As he was on the opposite of the field, Elias had but one man between him and the goal. As Pat and the safety man drew together, Pat lowered his head and went into a head-on collision. The would-be tackler doubled up like a punctured balloon; Pat turned a complete somersault and was on his feet! He crossed the last chalk mark five feet ahead of his nearest pursuer.

The crowd went wild. The rest of the game was of no importance. Pat had brought a 6 to 3 victory to Perry.

Over on the bench the coach was yelling to an innocent bystander, punctuating each word with a vigorous slap on the fellow's new hat; blows were entirely ruinous to that article of man's apparel.

"Talk about your unknown soldier! There's a fellow that has been an unknown hero for three years!" And Nosseck completed his declamation with one last blow that completely demolished the aforesaid chapeau.

—Q—

"I'd face death for you!"  
"Why did you run from that dog?"  
"It wasn't dead."

—Q—

Young Hopeful (very): I think I'll shave.  
Mother: You will not.  
Father: Go ahead. She'll never know the difference.

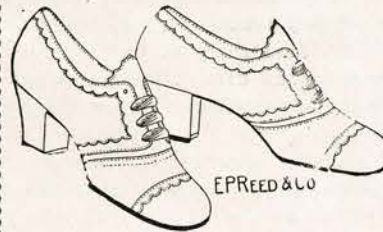
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## King Arthur's Spree

A Hysterical Novel

Away back there in the Sixth Century there bounded around a chap by the name of Arthur, no other than King Arthur himself. As a personal friend of Art, I feel the necessity of putting across a good tip to our posterity on the sort of a fellow he was. Now, to show you, I'm not going to tell you about the battle he had with two aces, Bero and Plot. This squabble all developed out of some domestic affairs of Arts. It wouldn't help the battle any to know what the cause was, anyway. Needless to say Art was warned by the old court humbug Berlin. Now Berlin was the first court magician; least ways he had the title, but as far as I'm concerned he was only a second-rater with a few pretty fair card tricks. Anyhow, due to some marvelous coincidence he happened to give us the straight shoot on this battle in which Art was to feature. Believe me Art had some boys who were passing fair with the sword and spear and so did Bero and Plot, so it was bound to be a good scrap. Some how or other Plot wasn't stick-in' as close to Bero as he should have been and some of the boys went out and slew vast numbers of Bero's men while Plot sat behind the scenes playing solitaire. One of Plot's henchmen busted in on the game long enough to tell Plot that maybe since Art had had a hard scrap, maybe he'd be still kind of tipsy and, being so, Plot could maybe have the odds. Well, Plot kind of took to the idea and the next day the fray was on. 'Twas a marvelous fight and I wouldn't have missed it. The two hosts came together with a noise like a dreadnaught going through Woolsworth's china department. There was old Plot in the front row hackin' away like mad with a beautiful big sword which I reckoned must have cost him a few shekels. All of a sudden one of Art's boys, Telimore by name, forged to the front and squared away for a crack at Plot. Either his aim was bad or someone bumped his arm for instead of dividing Plot he cut off the horse's head. The horse, unused to such treatment, sank to the ground to think it over and at the same time old Telimore got set for another swing. This time he had more success for it came to pass that he smote Plot hard enough to divide Plot's head to his eyebrows. Plot suddenly seemed to lose interest in the battle and slumped into a heap of crimson-colored hardware beside his noble steed. Well, let me add that right there old Telimore made a bad play for Sir Aw-go-on, Plot's son, nursing the spirit of revenge, socked Telimore for a row of haircuts some ten years hence. Well, when Plot's gang saw their leader was taking the count they all remembered something they forgot to do at home and immediately they all started thence. Well, Art and the boys got the spirit of the chase and our good king and his knights showed a little more speed than Plot's bunch and so, many were slain; but Art soon tired of this sport and came back with his boys to count the points. After doing this he found

he'd gotten a pretty fair score. Plot's side lost 12 kings. It leaked out afterwards that it was a sort of family affair for Plot was once a knight of Art's and a husband of Art's sister so that accounts for the fact that Art caused tombs to be built to house the remains. Now you know things as they really were so you can judge for yourself that Art was a pretty good man after all.

—Clarence Frethy.

—Q—

### OUR TEAM

"I've never seen a football game!"  
Said a little girl one day.  
"I've never seen a football game!"  
Will you take me, brother—say?"

"Those games are not a place for girls,"

The big boy frowned and said.  
"Each player gets all over mud,  
From his feet clear to his head."

"They come out all dressed up,  
With their pads and everything,  
And as they come the school goes wild—  
Some yell and others sing.

"Oh, it's great the way they fight—  
The way they pass and play;  
Well, maybe I'd better take you, too.  
Will you come along? What say?"

"It's not just 'cause I want to,  
But you ought to see and hear  
Such a dashing, fighting team  
As Hi can boast this year."  
—Clara Patten, '27.

—Q—

### The Fountain

A thirsty student trudged through the hall,  
With the fountain as his goal;  
Imagine his displeasure when  
He found chewing gum was in the bowl.  
Would you enjoy drinking gummy water,  
Every time you quench your thirst?  
"Of course not," you'll reply,  
"I'd rather go thirsty first."  
—The Red and White Review.

—Q—

### "Some Job"

"Getting out a paper is no joke.  
If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.  
If we don't they say we are too serious.  
If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.  
If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.  
If we are rustling news, we are not attending to the business of our department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them the paper is full of junk.

Like enough some fellow will say we swiped this from another paper. We did."—Louisville H. S. Mirror.

—Q—

Our heart goes out to the man who joined the navy to see the world and then spent four years in a submarine.

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**Noah Lott**

Seize All

Dear Noah: How do you say "dying beast of burden" in Latin?

Ans: "Sic orsus."

—Q—

"O Adeline," sang the editor as he told the poet that his verse was too short.

—Q—

Dear Mr. Lott: If the railroad would the moonlight?

—Cure E. Us.

Ans: No, but the dogwood.

—Q—

"Et two, Brutus," said Caesar in explanation of his indigestion.

—Q—

Dear Noah Lott: Can you tell me what is wrong with me? I feel as cross and irritable as a bear.

—"Ike" Taylor.

Ans: That's what comes of seeing "Red" on the slightest excuse.

—Q—

We'll all hand the cotton tooth paste to the absent-minded golfer who kissed his golf ball goodbye and socked his wife with a mashie.

—Q—

Dear Noah Lott: Through what stages does the average high school boy pass before he receives his diploma?

—Les Quit.

Ans: First, the candidate for advanced knowledge enters the verdant stage. In this stage, the patient asks many foolish questions and discovers how really ignorant he is. Next is the reactionary state in which the student, now a Sophomore, proceeds to display this lack of knowledge. As a Junior, he enters the speculation stage and begins thinking about how many credits he needs to graduate. In his last year, he enters upon the expansion stage, where his head grows to alarming proportions and makes necessary the repetition of the foregoing process in college.

—Q—

Wife, you are always piping about the length of your nails?" is the latest mechanical song.

—Q—

Dear Noah: What is a radio bug?

—Stat Tick.

Ans: This insect is very dangerous to family peace and harmony. It is also a major cause of insomnia as it causes queer squawks and squeaks to issue from a queer-looking machine at all hours of the night. These bugs are fast becoming a pest and a menace to public and order.

—Q—

Dear Noah: Could you tell me who the best looking fellow in High school is? I like big, handsome men.

—Ane Tie Cute.

Ans: Young lady, I have no time to spend on women.

—Q—

"Laugh and grow fat" is the miser's motto. It saves food.

—Q—

Dear Wise Man: Who is the world's most ignorant man?

—Knotso Brite.

Ans: Izzy Groggy. He is so dumb he thinks Les Older is an English mistake.

**O. Water Sapp**KING OF SPORTS WRITERS  
Tells**Red Onion's Aspirations**

1.

Red Onion was an athlete  
Of more or less distinction,  
Who took hard knocks and bruises  
And came very near extinction.

2.

Each year our daring hero tried  
To play some major game;  
But failure met each brave attempt,  
Each year left Red the same.

3.

But Red's pathetic effort,  
At last made real his dream:  
Miss Phitt, the female hockey coach,  
Chose Onion on her team.

4.

Unmindful of the hoots and jeers,  
Each night our hero played;  
And the women chose him captain  
Of their shin-busting brigade.

5.

A gang of girls from Ruffville  
Asked Red's team for a game;  
The place was chosen, the hour was set,  
And the Ruffville players came.

6.

The day of days had come at last,  
The flame in Red's breast sputtered—

Here was his chance to show his wares:

"I'll do my best," he muttered.

7.

From the referee's first whistle,  
They socked and battered Onion;  
He stood the gaff and bravely smiled,  
'Till they stepped on his pet bunion.

8.

Then Red let out a mighty yell,  
That folks in China heard;  
His hands grew numb, his head spun 'round,

And the whole mad scene was blurred.

9.

The doctors gravely shook their heads  
And gave up every hope,  
But Red somehow recovered  
And spilled their gloomy dope.

10.

Red ne'er again played hockey,  
Or any other sport;  
He frowns with disapproval  
On games of any sort.

—Q—

**Beat Apollo**

The Physics class seems to have developed a strong bunch this year, as some of certain experiments have proved. A few of the members have measured the horse-power that they are capable of exerting and they all found that it's possible to work at a rate of over a horse-power. Indeed, by certain methods such as carrying a weight, almost two horse-power has been registered. So it really looks as if the class is doing to develop into strong men instead of great scientists.

—The Oak Leaf.

—Q—

The football player is honored,  
They treat the track man jake;  
The debater, too, comes in for praise,  
But the flapper takes the cake.

**A HARD TACKLE**

For thirty years  
We have always tried  
To make some gain  
Whether we used  
The FORWARD PASS  
Or the HARD LINE PLUNGE  
And the principles used  
Have been much the same  
As the football team  
Has to employ.  
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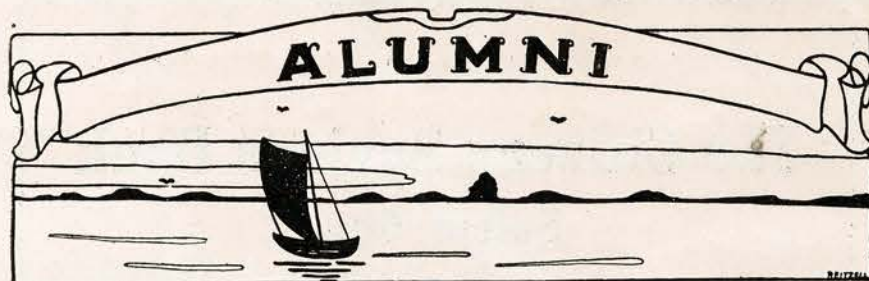
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Miss Grace Windram of '26 has returned to her home on the Ellsworth road after spending four months at the home of her sister, near Philadelphia.

\*\*\*

Miss Alice Heckert of '26, who is attending the Cleveland School of Art, spent a few days at the home of her parents last week.

\*\*\*

Among the many alumni who came to witness the Alliance-Salem game were Bill Miller of '26, who is now residing in Akron; Florence Muntz of '25, who is attending Kent State Normal; Charles Coffee of '26, who we all know is making a success at Ohio State University; Henry Yaggi of '26, who is studying at Mount Union.

\*\*\*

Miss Betty Jones of '26, a student at Western College for Women at Oxford, returned there after spending a few days at her home here. Betty has

made herself quite well known at her school, having been chosen Freshman cheerleader and given a position on the Freshman basketball squad.

\*\*\*

Mary Ellen Smith of the Class of '26 and our basketball captain of that year, attending Battle Creek College, Battle Creek, Mich., has been elected president of her dietetics class there.

\*\*\*

Arthur Yengling of '24, who is attending Mount Union College, entertained a group of his college friends at a house party at his home on Tenth street last week-end. Florence Jane Tolerton, '25, was among the guests present.

\*\*\*

Miss Helen Smith of '25 spent the week-end at the home of her parents and attended the Liverpool-Salem game. Helen is a Sophomore at Mount Union College this year.

## Society

In celebration of her birthday, Miss Sara Schropp entertained a group of thirty young people at a masked dance at the Memorial building. Costume prizes were won by Blanche Anglemyer, Mary Older, Ethel Bodo and Leo Beall. Games and dancing were the diversions of the evening and the hostess served a typical Halloween lunch. Mrs. Hannegan and son Harry and Miss Margaret Kuhn of McKeesport, Pa., were out-of-town

guests.

\*\*\*

November 1, Miss Douglass entertained her bridge club. Prizes were won by Mrs. Sharp and Miss Kelly.

\*\*\*

Thursday evening, November 4, Mr. W. H. Dunn entertained the football squad by showing motion pictures he had taken in Mexico and at football camp.

### Radio Fans, Attention

This is a story of a young bride who asked her husband to copy a recipe given over the radio. He did his best but got two stations at once, one of which was giving the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale naturally, sift into a bowl.

"Attention! lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with soup."

### "Saul" is Theme of Address

Each time Rev. P. H. Gordon has appeared before the school assembly he has made it his aim to inspire the students to read some worth while books.

Tuesday, November second, the subject of his speech was "Saul," the great poem by Browning. He read to the students parts of the poem and outlined the life of Saul. He also mentioned various other examples of talented and gifted men who, like Saul, through wrong living on their own parts or on the parts of others, sank to the very lowest depths of humanity and consequently did not give to the world the best they had.

He urged that we do not follow in the footsteps of these men but rise to something higher and better.

—Q—

We'll Say So!

This Week's Hero: The boy who helped to look for his medicine, which had been mislaid.

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Hassey: "He kissed me and I told him to tell no one."

Short: "And what did he do?"

Hassey: "Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it!"

—Q—

She doesn't like a shady joke,  
She doesn't hike, she doesn't smoke;  
She doesn't swear, she never flirts,  
She doesn't wear those shortened skirts;

She doesn't dance, she doesn't sing,  
And goofs in pants don't mean a thing;

She doesn't use those beauty salves,  
But doesn't refuse to show her calves;  
You ask her name? Well, that's a wow—

She's not a dame: she's just a cow!

—Q—

Schuller: "How do you get to the cemetery?"

Fat Older: "Don't stop at the railroad crossing."

—Q—

M. Konnert: "Will you please give me some dates?"

Mr. Drennan: "It is very embarrassing to me to be asked that."

—Q—

Si: "Say, how did you get that black eye?"

Pete: "O, I happened to have my eye on the ball and that big tackle fell on it."

—Q—

Mr. Simpson: "Herman, I shouldn't slide down the banisters like that."

Litty: "Wouldn't you? Show me how you do it!"

—Q—

Miss Mooney (one very hot day): "My room is so stuffy I'd like to buy a fan, please."

Clerk: "What kind of a fan?"

M. M.: "Why, I'd like a radio fan."

—Q—

Mr. Winter: "Bill, why are you not writing?"

William de Chalfonte: "I ain't got no pen."

Wr. Winter: "Where is your gran-mar, Billy?"

The Frenchman: "She's dead!"

—Q—

Jane: "Do you file your finger nails, Bob?"

Bob: "No, I just throw them away after I cut them off."

—Q—

Max: "Do you know what kind of ship that one is 'way off there?"

Joe: "No; what kind is it?"

Max: "It's a Scotch ship."

Joe: "How can you tell?"

Max: "No sea gulls following."

—Q—

Durn Brief Story

Roses are red,

Violets are blue;

A poor dead nag—

Le Page's glue!

—Q—

She Needed Help and Needed It Bad

Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady, use your noodle."

Miss Tinsley: "My goodness, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car!"

—Q—

So We Just Won't Tell It!

We'd like to tell the joke about the traveling man's bed—but it's the bunk.

—Q—

Max (at convention in Cleveland): "Four dollars for a bed! The extravagance. I cannot sleep for thinking o't."

—Q—

Kind Lady: "Poor little fellow. Are you lost?"

Don Ward: "No—boo—hoo. But me muvver is!"

—Q—

The bird who wears goggles probably got that way from looking at the bright side of things.

## Exchange

### Our Purpose

The purpose of this department is to give every one a chance to read about the activities in other schools. We send the "Quaker" to other schools and in return they send us their school paper. The "Quaker" is sent to the following schools, and we hope we will receive an exchange.

Spokane, Washington.

Quaker City, Pennsylvania.

Uniontown, Ohio.

Wooster, Ohio — High School and College.

Norwalk, Ohio.

Mansfield, Ohio.

Oakmont, Pennsylvania.

Ashtabula, Ohio.

Warren, Ohio.

Waterloo, Iowa.

Alliance, Ohio.

Louisville, Ohio.

Galion, Ohio.

Smithfield, Ohio.

Coatsville, Ohio.

Wellington, Ohio.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio.

Corry, Pennsylvania.

Salem, Oregon.

Monongahela, Pennsylvania.

Shaw High School—East Cleveland.

Amherst, Ohio.

Gatesmell, Ohio.

Willard, Ohio.

East High—Cleveland.

Glenville High—Cleveland.

Cathedral Latin School—Cleveland.

Elyria, Ohio.

Maple Heights Village, Ohio.

Lorain, Ohio.

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