

THANKSGIVING ISSUE OF

BEAT
LISBON

The Quaker

RESERVE
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SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER, 24 1926

Price 10 Cents

RED AND BLACK SET FOR FINAL CLASH

HIGH WILDCATS CLAW EAST PALESTINE

Red and Black Forced to Limit

Another very successful step was taken by the Salem gridironites toward the County title when they forced East Palestine to bow before their superior playing in a hard fought game on a very slippery field. The up-state aggregation forced the near champions to the limit and never gave them a chance to "lay down" after obtaining the lead, a factor of the local's playing that has been so noticeable in previous battles. The Brown and White had a powerful defense and an aerial attack surpassed in the county only by Salem's, and one that continually kept the local defense on the look-out. East Palestine started out like a flaming oil gusher, but was forced to go down to defeat before a team which takes the back bench to none.

It would be unfair to the squad to accuse them of false or over-confidence and undeserved "cockiness" for there was not a man on the squad but who realized the importance of the combat and who was not ready for the worst. The team expected and was ready for the stiff opposition that Coach Ward's cohorts gave and whatever mistakes that were made were those that come to all teams and Salem is not exempt from those fatalities of all games known as breaks. The team must be given credit. For eight games they have been keyed to the highest pitch possible and it was almost impossible to play in that mid-season form that has so securely enshrined them in our Hall of Fame.

Fumbles were frequent on both teams, while that famous pass attack of Salem's was not the successful attack of other games. Misplays on both sides were very frequent due to the over-anxiousness of both teams, and the elusive condition of the oval.

Salem's defense outshone their offense, tho neither were up to the standard shown in other games. Capt. Older as usual was the local's best on defense, pursued closely for that honor by Schmid and Liebschner. There was no outstanding star on the Red and Black offensive, Konnert and Sidinger perhaps leading the others in ground gaining, while Ed's passing and kicking also deserves mention. The scores were made by Konnert,

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Team Faces Last Foe At Lisbon Tomorrow

Seniors in Farewell Appearance

When the Red and Black lines up for tomorrow's game, some of our grid warriors will be hitting the line, or tackling opponents, for the last time under Salem High's colors. Let's take a look first of all at that line that has made possible so many victories.

There is Captain Les Older, looking fierce enough to scare the opposing tackle into whooping-cough. By the way, here's a valuable suggestion to Coach Springer: You've often heard of the "hidden ball" trick in baseball. Why can't it be pulled in football? If you find that the Lisbon line is holding a little too strongly, call Older back, hide the ball in his whiskers and all is Jake.

My glance shifts to Campbell, the rip-roarin' end with a thousand hands. I happen to know this lad personally, so don't be misled by that bashful look on his face—it's all a bluff. Ask any grider that he's had occasion to tackle.

Then there's Don Mathews at center. It can be said to Don's credit that a person wouldn't know he owned specs. He never wears them in a football game. This is probably because there are enough stars in that backfield of ours to light up a pretty fair-sized area; and Don, too, moves in a circle of shining light all his own.

See that hungry look on Gus Jacobson's face? A little bird told me that there's a nice big gobbler waiting at home after "Jake" is done tearing down Lisbon.

Speaking of hungry looks, just glance over at Bill Leibschner. The guard opposite him looks worried, haunted. He can't quite figure out Bill's intentions. On the next play there's a hole as big as a bureau between center and tackle. Bill pats himself on the back. "Psychology," he says.

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JUNIORS TO CLASH WITH SOPHS FOR TITLE

Cancellation of War Debts Will Be Debated

November 30 is the date set for the title match between the class forensic artists. The Sophomores earned the right to meet the Juniors by defeating the Freshmen, Tuesday.

The Juniors conquered their elder opponents, the Seniors, in the first of these verbal clashes. Edith Flickinger, Walter Coy, Charles Wilhelm and Harold Hurst, alternate, upheld the negative side of the question: "Resolved: That the United States should adopt the parliamentary form of government," while the Senior class was represented by Mary Bodo, Vila Stanciu and Freda Headley, speakers, and Irma Bonscina, alternate.

Freshmen Defeated

The second argument featured Nathan Caplan, Mary Roth, Bertha Marsilia and Virginia Harris for the Freshmen and Florence Davis, Florence Shriver, Virginia Callahan and John Floyd, alternate, for the Sophomores. Coach Caplan's outfit maintaining the negative of the subject, "Resolved, That the United States should grant the Philippines their immediate independence," set down the yearling team in the second encounter. Coach Drennen judged both debates and awarded the second to the Sophs because, in his opinion, the affirmative had failed to prove that independence for the Philippines would result favorably for all concerned.

Winners Will Meet Nov. 30

The right to call themselves Champions will be determined November 30, when the Juniors meet the two-year team. They will debate the advisability of cancelling the Allied war debts. By the way of spilling a little dope, the Sophs will have to travel some to keep step with the crack Junior team. Captain Wilhelm and his word-slinging debaters have a powerful forensic machine that will cause the Sophomores grave concern.

—Q—

Laugh This Off, Cashier!

Mary Jane, in handling the Seniors' money, went to the bank and asked for a new cheque book. "I've lost the one you gave me yesterday," she said. "But it doesn't matter. I took the precaution of signing all the cheques as soon as I got it, so, of course, it won't be any use to anyone else!"

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Editorial

Thanksgiving Day and the Lisbon gave have become the all absorbing topics of discussion about the school.

What have we to be thankful for? Tomorrow, Salem High sends over to Lisbon a bunch of clawing, fighting wildcats, undefeated thus far, to put the lid down tight on any hopes of victory that Lisbon may have. Not only for the victories won on muddy, cold fields, nor for the thrills we derived from long end runs or forward passes; but for the clean, fighting spirit, the unstained sportsmanship which Salem High has always fought for, we ought to feel a vast debt of gratitude. Our business men of Salem, our fathers and mothers, people everywhere, will remember Salem High as an up-right institution that marked out for itself a path of honesty, of tasks, numerous and wearying, and from that path, emerged to the wider, more pleasurable path of glory.

Tomorrow has been decreed as a day of thanksgiving. Let us not forget the real purpose of this occasion; let us not be carried away by an overstrong desire to win, merely for the sake of winning, but let us thank God that we can win and win fairly, or, losing, lose like true men and women.

I don't believe that is asking too much of any of our students to set apart a certain portion of tomorrow and think of the many blessings that have been showered upon us. Pause in the day's pleasure and enjoyment and think over the countless examples of God's good will and favor. Make tomorrow Thanksgiving Day in spirit as well as in fact.

— Q —

Reserves Lose to Deerfield

The Varsity Reserves lost their second start of the season by a single touchdown when they succumbed to the attack of the formidable Deerfield regulars, 6-0. Scullion and Litty were the Reserves' aggressive luminaries, while Moving Van Blaricam shared defensive honors with Deming, the center. Litty in this fracas received a broken aroma-detector for his troubles with a strange shoe, while Moving Van is nursing a fully closed optic with beefsteak as a relic of the game.

Seniors to Stage "Show Off"

Salem High School and the townspeople have a wonderful treat coming to them in the form of a Senior play to be given Thursday and Friday, December 9 and 10. It is a famous George Kelley production entitled "The Show Off," a three-act comedy in which appear Arlene Coffee, Lester Older, William Leibschnor, Freda Headley, Clara Patten, Robert Campbell, stars of last year's play, along with Lamoine Derr, Chester Kridler and John McNicol. The play has been secured by special arrangement and promises to be as great a success as all of our other plays. It was produced by the Ohio Wesleyan play production class and was among the best ever put on by this group. With this play, our new curtain and scenery will be used for the first time. Remember now, the 9th and 10th; arrange your plans so you can see this great production.

— Q —

Sophs Have Full Evening

"Movie" Is the Entertaining Feature At Party

The Sophomores arrived bright (?) and early for their party last Tuesday, some wearing their best clothes, others wearing a very polite "society" smile that gradually gave way to a look of satisfied pleasure as the entertainment began.

First, there were a few contests requiring skill of the most delicate sort, and prizes were given that equaled the skill put forth.

Then everybody dragged a chair from its resting place and put it where the best view of the "movie" could be obtained. The audience was thrilled, horrified and tickled to death by turns as the naughty "Injuns" dragged away the heroine and, later, as the heroine was dragged back to safety.

Then the collective assembly went through a series of contortions known as the "Grand March." The fellow who wrote the "Big Parade" for the movies could have received some valuable hints.

After some of the fellows went through some queer motions, interpreted as an attempt at the gentlemanly art of dancing, Peggie Horton a child marvel, stepped out to the middle of the floor and executed a ballet dance.

Everyone was feeling fine when the tender strains (not referring to coffee) of "Home, Sweet Home" hinted that it was time to leave.

— Q —

Mount Union Head Gives Address on Patriotism

Tuesday afternoon, November 16, Dr. W. H. McMaster spoke to the student High school assembly and their parents, having as his subject "Patriotism."

"There is nothing else in the history of the world so wonderful as the American government. It is the first

Turn to Page 5

Juniors Enjoy Novel Mr. Alan Addresses Hi-Y Club
Affair-'Cooties' Add Kick to Party

The Juniors sure did get a kick out of their party—no reference to the cider intended. The class started a new idea by omitting any sort of program.

The boys and girls became acquainted by playing a letter game. From the excitement shown, the game was highly enjoyable. Evan Jenkins romped off with the prize, a genuine, guaranteed ten-cent baseball.

Next, a brand new, side-splitting contest was on. Four lines, two of boys and two of girls, were formed and then the fun began. A small matchbox lid was passed from nose to nose without the use of the hands. If you have never seen a feat of this kind, ask John VanBlaricom to demonstrate it. A girls' row won and each member received a handsome prize.

Then came the game of the evening—Cooties. Two couple were seated at each card table and at a signal the game began. The idea was to get a complete cootie by throwing a dice, each number on the dice having a certain significance. When someone had a complete cootie the signal was again sounded. Everyone was in a high state of excitement and grabbed that dice as though a life depended upon it. Mr. Simpson succeeded in making the first cootie, thereby demonstrating his "seven-come-eleven" ability. However, Dean Philips and Margaret Atkinson ran up the highest scores and received the prizes.

After an hour or so of "cootie," dancing began. Some of the male contingent had to conquer their initial bashfulness before going on the floor. However, they finally took courage and bravely asked their lady fair. Soon a goodly number were stepping—on each others toes. The orchestra furnished very fine music.

At about 10 o'clock eats were served. Doughnuts, sandwiches, pumpkin pie and cider served to brace up the spirits of the Juniors. The football men were restricted, but somehow they seemed satisfied. (Ask Judge about that doughnut.) A few more dances and then home to bed. The party was "gone but not forgotten."

— Q —

Movies During School Hours

Science Club To Have One Movie a Month.

The Science Club, following out the course it mapped out for itself at the beginning of the year, will run one movie a month. The pictures already shown are "A Century of Progress" and the "Life of Thomas Edison." The people who saw these pictures enjoy-

The Hi-Y held a very interesting meeting in 107 Thursday evening. Mr. Alan gave a very entertaining and instructive talk based upon the quotation, "Thoughts produce action, actions form habits, habits crystalized produce character which may lead to crime." The speaker pointed out the importance of doing the little things well and also the importance of forming the habit of punctuality.

A report was given concerning the progress of the Hi-Y Annual, which will be the best of its kind ever produced. Practically all of the coaches of this county have promised to write an article for it. Some newspaper clippings from old papers are being looked up which promise to be quite interesting.

The State Hi-Y convention will be held at Lima, November 26, 27 and 28th, and it is desired that Salem send some representatives.

— Quaker —

ed them greatly, but not as many went as desired to go. For this reason, we would like to have these pictures during school hours if it's at all possible. As long as the movies are of educational benefit, the entire school ought to have a chance to see them.

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Sports

Red and Black May Moleskin Warriors Claim Northeastern Ohio Title

Romp Away With Leetonia

The local gridders, at this writing, are in an excellent position to claim the Northeastern Ohio title, if a comparison of scores should mean anything. Akron East, by their win over Massillon, climbed to the head of the eastern schools, but they were in turn decisively drubbed by Youngstown South, who previous to this, was given little thought as to district honors. Struthers gave South the beating that eliminated them from any honors, while Struthers in turn was licked by the Red and Black, who up to the present writing are undefeated. Salem is the only team that is eligible to honors that is undefeated and therefore, the most logical claimant to that supremacy.

— Q —

TEAM FACES LAST FOE AT LISBON TOMORROW

Continued from Page 1

Now let's look over at Special Delivery—I mean Rush. This blushing youth has made so many excursions to the opponents' safety zone that its become quite a habit. But Coach Springer smiles forgivingly upon such habits.

We almost forgot Joe Schmid. See that great big grin on his face? He's thinking about that "feed" that's coming his way some time in the early part of December. Joe's an optimist. He'd clap his hands if you told him we were going to have a good speaker at a June assembly.

Then there's that backfield. The best part of it is, they are only a bunch of kids. There's Patsy Konnert, slashing half, who just cut a tooth last week. Konnert has two more years to play for Salem High.

Eddie Sidinger, signal barker, is another Soph who's burning up the gridiron. He heaves that oval as straight as a kite string. While Ed's been getting an education his foot has been listening in, and now Si's educated toe elevates the pigskin over the bar with monotonous regularity.

Well here's Fred Schuller! This fellow's in an embarrassing situation. Besides being a ball-carrier of renown he also slings a mean pen. Consequently, he's sports writer for the Quaker—so he's never been given a square deal in the football writeups.

That streak of lightning you see is "Pifer" Harsh. He hits the line as though he's in a hurry to get back to the locker-room and once they had to call him back. He'd forgotten to put on the brakes after skidding through the opponent's entire defense.

"Chick" Herbert has probably been wondering when we'd get to him. This Junior lad has a kick that would make a mule go into the confectionery business where there isn't so much competition.

Completely Crush Spunky Blue and White Gridders

Salem veritably crushed their old rival, Leetonia, in a game featured by innumerable long runs by Salem's offense, and blocking of punts and interception of passes by the defense. The team indulged in forty-eight minutes of welcome entertainment as a change from the hard season's grind. A good time was had by all, ten touchdown and six points after touchdowns being totaled for the sum of the final 66-0 score. Incidentally this brought Salem a step closer to their season's ambition, that of winning the championship and finishing the season without a blemish on their record.

It is impossible to give a running account of the fracas, but it is no exaggeration to say that the Red and Black first downs numbered close to twenty, and that the score, had the first team been kept in the game, would have gone into the hundreds. However, to have given the Blue and White such a trouncing is no great feather in the Red and Black bonnet, as that aggregation had nothing whatever except spunk. Lisbon, the Etheopian in Salem's fuel supply, will have ability coupled with more fight, as the annual war cry of Logtown is "Beat Salem."

Of the Leetonia game it is enough to say that almost all shared in the point-getting. Rush played his best game of the season, and there is no reason why he shouldn't play the same brand of ball against Lisbon. Mathews, Older and Liebschner were again best of the defensives, while Older and Mathews also shared scoring honors with those of the offensive, each scoring a touchdown. Debnar played excellent ball in his time of service while Day showed that the team of 1927 will have a splendid end.

— Q —

MYTHICAL ELEVEN CHOSEN

(By Fred Schuller, Sports Editor)

The Inter-Class race being at an end, bouquets to be handed to the various team luminaries are in order via the choice of the All-Class selections. The team was chosen with positively no partiality towards any team or individual. 'Nuf sed, here's the team:

Alexander (Junior)—Left End.
Tolerton (Senior)—L. T. (Capt.)
Smith (Senior)—Left Guard.
Deming (Junior)—Center.
Sheen (Senior)—Right Guard.
Pasco (Freshman)—Right Tackle.
Judge (Junior)—Right End.
Roessler (Junior)—Quarterback.
Porter (Soph)—Left Half.
Neverduski (Soph)—Right Half.
Schaefer (Senior)—Fullback.

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The Blessing

The wind, vengeance-like, swept down from the huge, friendless mountains bearing with it a driving, stinging snow. It swept through the chimney of the little cabin, discouraging the weak, timid fire that flickered hopelessly. The sturdy pines about the cabin bent beneath its powerful strength as saplings beneath a March wind. The dark and clouded sky, as though to encourage the cruel winds, grew darker.

In the cabin, one candle stood burning. It was wisely placed on the crude mantle where the wind from the chimney could not reach it. It sent its doubtful glow upon the meagre furnishings: the pine table with its Holy Bible; the few uncomfortable chairs about it; the settle, the scanty curtains, the only reminder that there was other than poverty in this world, and it shone upon a slim, shivering figure bent over the table, her head buried in her arms.

The tiny figure in the cradle beside her slept peacefully in the gay land of baby dreams, unaware that it lay in a poor little New England cabin. The hopeless and fatigued mother beside it too seemed asleep, so long had she lain thus. At last a sob broke the silence. "Oh, God—I can't bring her up here." Silence again.

Patience Worth had borne her part bravely. How long, long ago, yet just eight years since she had left the mother shore. How wildly as a girl of sixteen she had dreamed of the land just a little ways distant, where there would be no fear of soldiers—where there would be no need to have their prayers and meetings in a darkened room for fear of discovery. But her young heart almost broke when she found her dream land peopled with great Dutch burgers. Yet it had quickly healed as a young girl's heart is wont to do.

How well Patience remembered the little sweep of doubt that went over her heart when her stolid, faithful older brother told her that they were to leave for a new land. The voyage was long and hard and sorrow and joy intermingled throughout it. And then there was John Worth, a gallant lad who had dreamed such dreams as Patience had. The day they sighted land Patience promised him. It was wonderful to start out in an unknown world with a new, vast love. The wedding was simple and sweet. The Indians supplied the bride with fish and food and gave her their blessing.

As that first winter wore on the food grew scarcer and the climate harder. But the Pilgrims had learned the value of faith and one's hardships were never mentioned to another. Three years had passed and brought this dismal evening. Tomorrow had been decided upon as the day for Thanksgiving for the crops had been a little better. John had gone with a band of men to gather the food for the morrow. The women had stayed at home, each to count her blessings.

Patience had lit the candle, seated herself and opened the Bible. Her first and greatest blessing, beyond a doubt, was little Hope. She looked cradle and silently thanked God. But

down at the little member in the tears filled her eyes as she took off the rough homespun cloak she wore to put upon the baby, for its features showed of cold. She revolted as she gazed at her daughter, born here, destined to live the life, the hard life of the pioneer. Patience had dreamed of a little cradle of fine wood, a warm room and a soft, fluffy cover. This last thought was the hardest to bear—that her child could not even be kept warm. Was it worth it all—would the people after her appreciate it? Would they ever think of all the trials that their ancestors went through? No, she would not, could not stand it. Then in the distance she heard the shout of John and the returning men. She must bear it. With a hurried little prayer she sprang up—she, Patience Worth, must stand all these trials. They would! They must.

She took the candle to the window to serve as a beacon for the returning men. The shouts increased as they recognized her. Stomping off the snow and taking his share of turkey, John stepped into the cabin.

"Is Hope all right, she isn't sick?" was his first inquiry.

Smilingly she released him while helping him take off his wet coat. She hurried off to the little shanty, called the kitchen, and made him a strong cup of coffee from burnt grain. The weak fire under John's careful attendance sprang up roaring and sending its bright and cheerful glow to every corner of the room. He carefully drew the cradle beside them.

"Tell me about it," Patience reminded. And such a tale it was, of the unknown Indian tribe who took them to be gods and worshipped them.

He drew a package from his pocket and handed it to Patience. Wonderingly she opened it. There lay a beautiful soft fawn skin which the Indians had given "the white god."

"Why, it's just what we need," thankfully exclaimed Patience, a bright mother's smile shining over her face.

John helped her lay is over little Hope. Then kneeling beside the tiny figure, hands clasped and face uplifted, a face radiant with renewed faith, she prayer, "Oh God, how many, many blessings thou hast given us."
—Elizabeth McKee.

—Q—

Basketball Maids Begin Season's Training

About forty girls answered the call for basketball candidates issued by Coach Tinsley. This year ought to be a very successful one, for most of last year's varsity is left and a lot of promising material is at hand to chose from. Captain Groves, "Mitz" Konnert, Mary Schmid, Sara Hanna, Bertha Mae Hassey and others are right back on the job again this year and it looks as though their opponents will have to step to get ahead of this aggregation.

—Q—

Si: I hear your friend Schuller choked on a chestnut burr.

Fat: Yeah, I told him it was a porcupine egg and the darned fool believed me!

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That Thanksgiving Dinner

Well, folks, here it is nearing Thanksgiving again; hardly seems more than a month ago that I had to chop the turkey's head off, but failing to do so the first time had to play stoop tag all over the back yard trying to catch a runaway corpse. That turkey sure lost its head in that mad dash around the old back lot. But I guess I over-exaggerated the passage of time somewhat. I guess it has been a year since then.

Let's see; yes, Sis was married three months ago and dad licked me three weeks ago, and if I'd get down to brass tacks I'd find I've taken 52 baths since then. No, hold on—Mom went away two weeks and left us in dad's care, so that only makes it 50.

Well, to get back on the straight and narrow path where I started from—it's nearing Thanksgiving. I can always tell Thanksgiving is near because all the chickens and turkeys have a haunted look in their eyes. They don't seem to appreciate our kindly regards for them.

You know a lot of people say they like Christmas, and others the Fourth of July; but all in all, give me Thanksgiving. Of course I'm not saying I don't like Christmas and the Fourth of July, for I do. But twelve o'clock rolls around and Mom opens the kitchen door and you just have to grab hold of the arms of your chair to keep from tearing things up in general, and then two weeks later (in reality five minutes), she announces that dinner is ready. Then the fun begins after the enormous growling and the clang of knife upon fork and the low, distant thundering of working jaws have died down and the smoke and fog begins to settle, showing quietly pleased and satisfied looks on shining faces, and then desert is served. Of course that's understood; there would be a regular Boxer rebellion if there wasn't. Then we all retire while mother takes out the remains and Oh, what a change in the turkey! From a plump, well-stuffed bird it looks like a row of parentheses.

Just think, we owe all this to our forefathers. If some bright fellow back there who liked to eat had not looked into the future and had pity on us and suggested it, we would be living today in a country that never knew what a good feed it. Or, going back to Columbus, if he hadn't wanted excitement and hunted a new route to India, we just wouldn't be, that's all.

—William Smith, '27.

—Q—

Typists Receive Honors

For the purpose of creating interest in the East Palestine game, a peppy assembly was held Friday morning, November 19. Yells and singing were led by the cheer leaders, Mary Schmid, Tuffy Howell, and Max Caplan.

The principal, Mr. Simpson, made various announcements and gave a short talk on "Over-Confidence." "We can't rest on the eight games we have won," said Mr. Simpson. "Remember

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O. WATER SAPP

KING OF SPORTS WRITERS
Tells

How Lumpa Saved the Day

1.
In a little one-horse village,
By the name of Rubbersoul,
Lived a youth, in height a pigmy,
Whom they called A. Lumpa Coal.

2.
Now Lumpa had ambitions,
The same as other boys;
And 'tho his height was scarce two feet,
He made a lot of noise.

3.
He went to school at Barvard,
Where football was the rage;
And when he showed up on the field,
They clamped him in a cage.

4.
"You can't play ball," the coaches cried;
"You shrimp, you're just a baby!"
But Lumpa begged and pleaded,
And the coaches said, "Well, maybe."

5.
Then every night our hero practiced,
And every day he drilled;
He grinned and took his bruises,
'Tho he came near being killed.

6.
The football season lingered on;
Not yet had Lumpa played;
But still he kept on trying,
By hardships undismayed.

7.
The game that closed the season
Came on Thanksgiving Day,
When Barvard played a nearby school,
Known as Aloada Hay.

8.
Aloada Hay played hard and rough,
Their fighting hearts inflamed;
They knocked out most of Barvard's men,
Till only ten remained.

9.
The coach then turned to Lumpa:
"Go in the game," he cried.
A football suit ran on the field,
Our Lumpa was inside.

10.
In the fast and furious battle,
They battered Lumpa Coal;
The Barvard quarter picked him up
And kicked him for a goal.

11.
The Barvard fans went daffy;
They cheered for Lumpa Coal.
When he'd gone sailing o'er the bar
He'd scored the winning goal!

—Q—

MOUNT UNION HEAD GIVES ADDRESS ON PATRIOTISM

Continued from Page 2

government of real tolerance, the first government which separates church and government completely; it is the first nation that recognizes each and every one of us as humans who are worth something," said McMaster.

Dr. McMaster advised the parents to read more and keep themselves mentally alert. "Americanism is Democracy. Democracy means the rule of the people. If the rule of the people is to be wise and just, every individual should be educated."

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Noah Lott

Seize All

Dear Noah: What is a debate? Coach Drennan tells me that we're going to have a good debating team this year, so I'm naturally anxious to know something about it.

—Than Cue.

Ans: In a debate, a perspiring, panic-stricken individual detaches himself from among a group of the same specimen, and addresses a few insulting remarks to the presiding officer which that worthy person manages to smile away. Then he begins to vent his wrath and misery on the audience who politely grin and bear it for the first twenty or thirty minutes. By that time, their amusement changes to a strong desire for rest and repose, and presently, the snores of the audience mingle with the debater's lament. Then follows an argument between the time-keeper and the debater, after which the latter sits down, and another miniature model of Dan Webster takes the floor. The same process is repeated for several hours, after which the judge gives his decision and hops a train, leaving the debaters to fight it out among themselves.

— Q —

We wonder if Æsop was thinking of the high cost of living when he said: "What goes up must come down."

— Q —

Dear Noah: I have been eager to find out just what kind of a person you are. Won't you tell me some of your experiences with your Senior classmates?

—Reese Pecked Phully.

Nose All

Ans: That question seems to me back to the days when I was a Young lad, sitting on the back porch and Patten my old Brown Shepherd dog. I still recall the Eakin pain I had to cope with when our family Taylor got too Klose with his needle. When I let out a Harsh Howell, the Taylor raised Cain and told me to Kuhl. As I grew Older, I learned how to smoke a corn-Cobb pipe. One day my Auld mother sent me to the Baker to buy some Coffee and Kampher. On the way I saw a Campbell near the black Smith shop. I was frightened and tried to Rush away. I ran until the break of Don. But I ran in Wayne. The Harry brute kept on chasing me and I either had to run Homer get killed.

— Q —

"Let's have some Turkey," England cried,

"This is Thanksgiving day."

"Not Hungary," said Portugal, "There's no Greece, anyway."

— Q —

Dear Mr. Lott: What is Spanish for "lofty trees"?

—Cast Netts.

Ans: "Tal timber.

— Q —

"Hawaii, Miss Virginia?"

"Quite Chile, Mr. Cork."

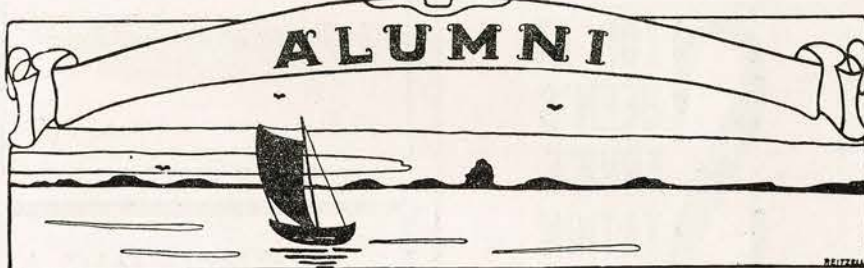
"Here's a New Jersey you may wear; "They Salem in New York."

— Q —

Dear Mr. Lott: Why is a hickory nut like a nervous football player?

—Chris Santha Mum.

Ans: Because it cracks under pressure.



At a prettily appointed wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Buck, Garfield avenue, at noon, Nov. 10th, Miss Anna Buck was united in marriage with Glen E. Grim of Columbiana, Ohio. Mrs. Grim graduated from Salem High in the class of 1926 and was a member of the varsity basketball squad. Mr. Grim is engaged in the dairy business with his brother on a large farm south of Columbiana. The young couple left on a trip to Washington, Philadelphia and other eastern points and upon their return will live on the farm.

— Q —

Kenneth Fultz, '26, who underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Central Clinic hospital, is improving.

— Q —

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Betty Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cooper of Wellsville, and Eugene D. Leipper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leipper

of Salem. Mr. Leipper is a graduate of Salem High in 1918 and was a student at Ohio State university. The young couple will reside at 106 East Sixth street.

— Q —

Cloyd Reynard, '25, who is attending Western Reserve at Cleveland, spent the week-end at the home of his parents on East School street.

— Q —

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Weingart, the former Salem High graduate of 1920, and Mr. and Mrs. Hobart M. Butcher, Mrs. Butcher being also a graduate of Salem High in 1924, spent the week-end in Delaware and Columbus. They visited Lee Weingart, '24, who is attending Ohio Wesleyan, and attended the Ohio State-Michigan game. On Saturday evening they attended the Altha Zeta fraternity dance at the Neil House, Columbus. Roland Weingart is a member of this fraternity.

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Ed. Harris, motoring (to pedestrian): Goin' my way?
 Jupiter: No, I'm walkin'.
 —Q—
 Lamoine D. (over phone): I bought a new car from you several weeks ago and you said that you would replace any broken parts if anything went wrong.
 Dealer: Yes?
 L. D.: I'll take a new nose, a shoulder blade and a big toe!
 —Q—
 Once upon a time a boy graduated from college. He went to an office one day and was hired immediately at a salary of \$20,000 a year. But that was twenty years after he graduated.
 —Q—
 Kiss her first—then argue about it.
 —Q—
 Chet: Bill Bodendorfer's a brilliant fellow.
 Frethy: Why?
 Chet: He took the screens off his house to let the flies out!
 —Q—
 Max C.: I ordered strawberry short cake. Where are the strawberries?
 Waiter: That's what its short of!

Two halves make a whole, and the fullback goes through!
 —Q—
 A kiss in time saves nine efforts.
 —Q—
 Lila: Well, what is my pulse beat?
 Bill Smith: Normal—that is, it's 82, but I deduct 10 for my personality.
 —Q—
 Max: And what did you make to-day?
 Bob: Ah, a sixteen on the first, a fifteen on the second, a fourteen on the third and then I blew up!
 —Q—
 Janet: Coach Wiffler says he has no prowess.
 Evelyn: Well, his father's rich; why doesn't he buy him one.
 —Q—
 Ribby: Have you a date tomorrow night?
 Short (hopefully): No, I'm not doing a thing.
 Ribby: Fine; I'll give you a good book to read!
 —Q—
 We never yet heard of an absent-minded professor who forgot to flunk anyone.

Society

All the teachers this year live some place in Ohio and many of them are planning to go home for Thanksgiving. Miss Mooney's and Miss Stahl's home is in Belair, Ohio; Miss Woods, Alliance; Mr. Kessel, Peebles; Mr. Winters, Steubenville; Miss Douglas, Wellington; Mr. Simpson, Kent; Miss McCallum, VanWert, and Miss Workman, Poland, Ohio; Miss McCready and Miss Strickler expect to take separate trips to Pittsburgh over the week-end.

The Junior Music Club, reorganized under Mrs. Haden and Mrs. Dyeball,

had its first meeting Tuesday evening, Nov. 16th. It was held at Dorothy Bodendorfer's. The business for the new year was discussed and the hostess served lunch. Miss Ruth Moff sang several songs. She was accompanied by Betty Moss.

Miss Dorothy Cobb attended the Ohio State-Michigan game November 13th.

Gus Tolerton and Robert Garrison expect to go to Cleveland this week-end. They are keeping their motive quite a secret.

"Into The Dark There Cometh Light"

Seniors have had occasion to observe how dark the days are becoming, since this fact has been vividly impressed upon them. It was one of those typical, dark, autumn days, when Don Mathews, carrying his specs in his hands, entered 206. A sudden flare of light from within, contrasting strangely with the gloom without, startled Don. With hand extended to protect his eyes, he advanced to the raised platform from which emanated the light. "Miss Mooney," he said, "please dim the lustre of that new diamond engagement ring. My eyes are bad."
 Now, we wonder, who can he be?

TYPISTS RECEIVE HONORS

Continued from Page 5

we have two more to play." Mr. Simpson also awarded double honors to Paul Howell for being the speediest typist. His record on the Underwood typewriter was 35 words per minute for 15 consecutive minutes while on the Remington, his record was 37 words per minute. Doris Cobb was awarded second prize with 33 words per minute. Doris used the Underwood typewriter. Mary Bodo received second prize on the Remington, with a record of 32 words per minute. Anna McLaughlin received third prize. Anna used the Remington. All four of these students deserve much credit, as typewriting speedily and accurately is no easy task for the amateur.

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Junior High News

8A

The following names appear on our Honor Roll with 100% in spelling for the second month: Albert Baltorinic, Leila Beck, Barbara Benzinger, Ruth Cosgrove, Rulolph Bendik, Gurella Dan.

Serafin Buta of 8A gave a cornet solo on Parent's night. It was much appreciated.

The Eighth Grade Girls' Glee club appeared on the program also in two numbers. The teachers of Junior Hi were extremely proud of the work of this group.

8B

In 8B on Parents' Night, Wesley Davidson read the Bible. Then the class saluted the flag. Mary Ann Hunt took charge of the History recitation. They recited on our War with Mexico." Many parents came to our class.

August Corso, 8B, was elected captain of the Eighth Grade football team.

Mary Ann Hunt, 8B.

8C Civics Club

On November 18, 1926, the 8C class of Junior High organized a Constitution club. This club will hold meetings at the regular class period twice a week. These meetings are opened with the salute to the American flag.

The class elected the following officers:

President, Henry Reese.
Vice-President, William Luce.
Secretary, Susie Lutch.

The following committee was appointed by the president to draw up the constitution: Henry Reese, Robert Eddy, Russel Jones.

—By Forrest Paxson, 8C.

8D

We observed our Annual Parents' Night Tuesday evening, November 9, at the Fourth Street school.

At 8D we had thirty-one visitors, which was a fairly large number considering the rainy evening.

Our period began at seven-fifteen and came to a close at eight o'clock.

First of all we had a Bible reading by Glenn Shaffer. Next we had a thrift speech by Anna May Painter. Elsie Slaby read a law about fire prevention. Robert Paxson gave a speech on fire.

We had our arithmetic class, which was conducted by Steve Mileusnic.

8D has a new pupil whose name is Donald Miller, from Wellsville.

—Glenn Shaffer.

8E

Parents' Night

A great many mothers and fathers visited the 8E's on Parents' Night. We worked hard to show our parents what we could do. We made Health Posters and exhibited them along with specimens of work from other classes. Before we began our recitation we had a brief program which consisted of the Twenty-first Psalm read by Dale Wilson and the Flag salute, led by Scout Wilbert Webber. Robert Ward then took charge of our physiology recitation and conducted it in a very interesting manner.

The 8E's were indeed glad for an

opportunity to show the parents our school for we are surely proud of it.
—Frieda Ulrich, 8E.

7A

7A's had three weeks of perfect attendance this month and are striving for the fourth week. There were twenty-five or more parents here on Parents' Night.

Thanksgiving comes on Thursday of next week. We are thankful for the nice building we go to and the good teachers.

7B

On Parents' Night, Tuesday, Nov. 9th, the 7B class recited a lesson in history. Mary L. Miller read the Twenty-third Psalm. The Flag Salute was given and Lois Fetters recited last month's poem. There were about fifty parents present.

7C

On Parents' Night we had about thirty-five guests. We first sang songs and had the Bible read. Raymond Moff gave a talk on "Fire Prevention." Harriet Izenour had charge of the literature recitation. After the recitation period the parents had a meeting in the study hall.

7D

Jack Seeds from the 7D class was badly hurt while riding his bicycle.

Kathryn Knepper was absent for three days on account of sickness.

Rhoda Miller, Elizabeth Wingard and Esther Partlow were absent on account of sickness in their homes.

7D's and 7E's have one perfect week of attendance.

Charles Meeks is the editor of the Quaker for 7D's.

7E

On Visiting Day, Miss Arthur saw Paul Snyder, who moved to Warren.

Billy Cope has been transferred to 7D from 7E.

7E has had one perfect week.

There is much competition in the study hall between the 7D's and 7E's having the most perfect weeks.

Parents' Night there were one hundred and sixty in the study hall.

—Q—

HIGH WILDCATS CLAW
EAST PALESTINE

Continued from Page 1

Campbell and Herbert, each counting a touchdown while Sidinger counted a point with a dropkick after the final touchdown.

This game was the crisis of the local's schedule, and if there was to be a break in the team's stamina or morale it would be seen. But there was no break; and the boys came thru with flying colors. I repeat, readers, we have a team we can all be proud of.

Lineup:—

SALEM	EAST PALESTINE
Rush	L. E. Mollenkopf
Schmid	L. T. Kolera
Jacobson	L. G. Leill
Mathews	C. Gorby
Liebschner	R. G. Hall
Campbell	R. E. Orndorff
Capt. Older	R. T. Kook
Sidinger	Q. Ryan
Konnert	L. H. B. Dolan
Harsh	R. H. B. C. Fleming
Herbert	F. Harvey

Salem—6-6-0-7—19.

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