

Junior Issue -OF-

LET'S KEEP
THE CUP

The Quaker

WIN COUNTY
MEET

VOL. VII NO. 13

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAY 13, 1927

Price 10 Cents

CINDERMEN CLASH FOR COUNTY TITLE

COOKS? SURE, WE HAVE THEM

Domestic Science Classes Making
Real Progress

The Home Economics course, under the direction of Mrs. Englehart, has received very little attention for the amount of work the students have ac-



Mrs. Englehart

complished. (In speaking of students I mean members of the fair sex, for there are really no boys enrolled in this course. Some should be, however!) The girls are really doing some fine work and should receive no little praise.

The first half of the term was spent in sewing simple little things, such as aprons and—oh, you know what I mean. They gradually advanced in the art of "thread and tie" and ended the first half of the year with harder projects. The second semester was and is being spent in learning how to cook, (Step us, boys) and how to plan meals (don't rush, fellows!)

For the more advanced girls the first semester was spent in meal planning and serving. (All right, Caplan.) They had practiced in breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. The second semester is being spent in sewing. The girls have taken up House Decoration in its many phases, studying color schemes, different styles of furniture and types of houses. They have chosen their favorite house and are furnishing it by means of diagrams and pictures in a note book. This model home has very appropriately been called "The Ideal House."

Both new and advanced classes have made many useful as well as pretty things. They expect to have a display of their wares this year and surely the entire student body will be interested. These girls are learning things which will certainly benefit them in later life. Ask any mother and she will tell you what savings a good

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JUNIORS MUST STEP NEXT YEAR

Seniors Leaving Big Gap In All
Activities

The year of 1927 has undoubtedly been one of the greatest years in Salem High, in so far as athletics and other extra curricular activities are concerned. The football team easily captured the county title; the basketball quintet romped off with the North Eastern Ohio championship; the track team—well, Salem has great hopes, founded of course on sound judgment. As usual the Senior class holds the majority of the athletes, and there certainly are some fine ones. But let us consider the Juniors, the nucleus of next year's teams.

In football the Juniors boast of Herbert, captain-elect of '28, Seeds, Allen, Roessler, Harwood, Talbot, Deming and Lee Christen, all of whom will mold next year's team.

Basketball claimed Allen, captain-elect of '28, Day, Herbert, Jones, Fogg, Harwood and Christen. Most of these boys have plenty of experience and should help make a fine team of '28.

Track has among its members, Allen, Roessler, Seeds, Day, Herbert, Orasham, Cosma, Drotleff, all of whom are "going great guns."

And the girls also are not missing (Pardon us for putting them last), Bertha Mae Hassey takes charge of the basketball team next year with Hazel Beck as a mainstay. Other Junior girls show promise also.

The debaters will have a stiff time next year; most of this year's team will be lost. Wilhelm, Morron, Coy and Deming are the Juniors expected to bear the brunt of the forensic attack in '28.

The Juniors have already shown what they can do in the way of dramatics. "Grumpy" has been considered one of Salem High's best productions.

All in all, the Junior class has been very active in extra curricular activities. This is a good test of the initiative and the zeal of any class. If they can keep up the good work they will be a model Senior class. Let's go, Juniors!

—Q—

Janet: "How many?"

Max (absent-minded): "Two, standing room-to-gether!"

—Q—

It's dangerous to put up mistletoe nowadays, considering what happens without it!

TRACKSTERS NEED ONE MORE WIN AT LISBON

Victory Means Permanent Possession
of County Cup

For the first time in the last three years the field and track supremacy of Salem High school in Columbiana county is being seriously threatened. The field meets of both '25 and '26 were one Salem triumph following another; that the locals will capture many firsts in the meet this year is questioned, and real competition between Salem and East Palestine, the looming dark horse, is predicted with Salem winning by a toe-nail.

It was East Palestine's strongest outfit since Ward, the versatile all-around man, made them a serious contender. Strongest in the weights, they have also a good miler and half-miler in Fleming, who recently stepped the 1760 in the astonishing time of 5:09, and regularly brings in 880 wins in 2:10. Both Lock and Collela heave the shot around 43 feet, while the team is also well fortified in high and broad jumpers, Salem's weak events.

Man for man, Palestine cannot win; Salem would walk away from them in a dual meet, but exceptional strength in several events in a county meet means that the team having that strength will be a contender. Perkins will leave Fleming so far in the rear that the man will think the Red and Black imported Nurmi. Allen will tuck in the pole vault and is a

serious threat in the other two jumps. The hurdles also look like sure things as do the dashes, javelin and discus. While Palestine has been accumulating non-record breaking victories over North Lima, Youngstown East, Struthers, Leetonia and other select class "X" teams, the local knights of the cinder path have finished poor third in the biggest meet of the tri-state district, licked Akron Central and Canton McKinley in a triangular meet and defeated Akron South for a fair record. That's all Salem has done.

Lisbon is given the same chance as a celluloid collar in 307 to win the meet; Wellsville's and Liverpool's supremacy is just not there in any special events; and unless "Chalk" Gaines is still going to school in Columbiana that school is "out." Leetonia, by scoring a point at the Palestine meet should be strong (in 30 years or so.) All in all, it looks like Salem and East Palestine might as well have a dual meet to settle the title, but then the other coaches have to earn their money, too.

Unless the fates deem otherwise, Salem will appear at the county metropolis as sure-winners, and a place is already being cleared in the trophy case for the wine glass signifying Salem's field and track superiority.

117 ENTRIES IN BROOKES CONTEST

Oration Entries Set New Record

Once again the Brookes contest has come and gone. Once again a selected few are richer, financially and intellectually. A few have been rather disappointed, but the losers deserve a great deal of credit for making the contest such a success. Even those who failed to get into the finals deserve praise for they helped to make the winners. Some one must lose; a good loser deserves commendation. The losers have received a lesson of life; failure must inevitably come to everyone at some stage of life, the earlier the better. Good sportsmanship now means greater strength in life's struggle.

The winners, however, are to be congratulated. They have been chosen out of a total of 117 entries as the nine best and most representative

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OH YES, THE PROM

All Set For May 27?

All right, boys, get out the old "soup bone," polish those shoes, wash behind the ears and straighten that tie. Here girls, put on that best dress, take that shine from your nose—he's coming for you. Yep, you guessed it. The Junior-Senior Prom is at hand.

The Juniors have cleared enough on their play to put up a good feed for the Seniors. Everyone is promised lots of fun and lots of eats. The Juniors are going to become generous and fill the Seniors to bursting.

So call her up, boys, and get that date. Take your best girl, not somebody's else!

—Q—

"The next person to interrupt the proceedings will be sent home," declared the irate judge.

"Hurrah!" shouted the prisoner.

THE QUAKER

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Editorial

FAREWELL SENIORS

The Juniors take this opportunity to bid farewell to the class of '27 and to congratulate them and wish them success in the future.

The Senior class is a remarkable one in many ways. The scholastic standing is exceptionally high, the athletes many, the spirit fine. They have set an example that is to be recommended to classes to come. They have ever been cheerful, loyal and diligent. The Juniors have enjoyed the companionship, the guidance of the Seniors. It has been a pleasure to co-operate with them and to see the fine work they have accomplished. They have loyally supported all school activities without grumbling, without fuss. In short they have been true, honest American citizens.

We urgently hope, we know, that when they start out upon the road of life, that they will have a lofty goal before them and that by strife, by sportsmanship, they will attain that goal.

We may not now appreciate what they have done, but some day we will, and it will be too late perhaps. But so it goes, class by class. Two months and the class of '27 will be but a memory, a sweet but fleeting memory.

Seniors! take your burden cheerfully and strive on as you have in the past year and success will crown your efforts. Seniors! farewell, and may God bless you and guide you.

—Q—

MY TYPEWRITER

I've got a new Typewriter,
And I love to makd it go.
I have nOt had it lzONg,
AnD so I8m kind of slow.
tTe firSt tiMe that I wrote on it
The wRitNg was a ziht;!
bUt now im getTing uSed to (c?toi
My tuoch IS gettinG ! &light \$
I stick ()) "zone paper inth role
And mAke it nixe and slick
ThenN i go tap?" tap) tsp
And it gos Click) cliCkIilk.
whEn i firSt started uSSing5this
My flingerss always hAd thatches)
i broke offF all my finGer naillsee
And used paper by the blaes,
B7t now I've gotten over that,
HavE i madany Mistakes)?
—Exchange.

MATH MADE EASIER

Miss Douglas Introduces New System

This year Miss Douglas has attempted an innovation in the mathematics curriculum. It is an entirely new method of procedure, a sort of



Miss Douglas

laboratory method.

Each math class is divided into three sections; each section has a student teacher, appointed by Miss Douglas. These teacher jobs are not, however, permanent; the office is changed every so often, when Miss Douglas sees fit.

Now these groups go ahead and work as fast as they possibly can. Of course, they must thoroughly understand the work in hand, but they may progress as rapidly as their intelligence permits.

The groups alternate in "board work." If there is some difficult theorem or problem on hand, the whole room or two groups may tackle that dilemma. (If you have taken Math you know what that is like!)

Written lessons are in vogue at the discretion of the student teacher. He or she may order such tests to be taken at board or at desks.

Regular assignments are explained and when everything is clear, extra work is usually done at the board. This is very handy and very adventurous.

One of the tests of any new school system is the opinions of the students concerned with that change. As a whole Miss Douglas' math classes are satisfied with the change. Several interviews revealed the following: One new pupil likes the way the classes are conducted because it is a different, and, to him, a better method.

Another likes the method because it gives other pupils a chance, thereby enabling the teacher to tell just how much the pupils really know.

Another stated that it gives pupils a better chance to cooperate. This is, indeed, one of the great advantages of this new method. The students come into closer contact with each other, they work together and often by such a procedure solve difficult problems and clear up some little point.

Again, by dividing each class into three parts, the more brilliant student has a better chance to go ahead. With only a few in separate classes, the student is thrown more upon his own initiative and may advance as rapidly as he can.

This method does away to a certain extent with the monotony, the grind of study. In small groups there is more chance for companionship, more chance for competition between groups which instills a love of work.

ARE YOU ON THE HONOR ROLL?
THESE ARE!

Seniors—

Julia Patten
Clara Patten
Myron Sturgeon
Mildred Stoffer
Emmor Schneider
Evelyn Shepherd
Irene Slutz
Viola Stanciu
Gladys Zimmerman
Joe Marsilio
Lamoine Derr
Dorothy Foltz
Marjorie Fultz
Margaret Klose
Eugene Young

Juniors—

Dorothy Cobb
Alma Fleischer
Edith Flickinger
Letha Hoopes
Wayne Morron—All A's
Louise Smith
Charles Wilhelm
Bertha Mae Hassey

Sophomores—

Martha Beardmore
Marion Cope
Virginia Callahan—All A's
Ruth Chappell
Florence Davis
Lorene Jones
Kenneth Headland
Katherine Hess
Jane Hunt
Catherine Hirtz
Keith Harsh
Dorothy Leider—All A's
Anna Ospeck
Elvira Ressler—All A's
Florence Shriver—All A's
Harriet Percival
Martha Reeves
Helen Shelton
Helen Williams
James Wingard
Betty Whitacre

Freshmen—

Harry Ball
Florence Binsley—All A's
Mary Filp
Lois Greenisen
Charles Greiner
Nila Hopman
Laura Hovermale—All As
Isabel Jones
Harry Leider
Philip Leider
Olin Muntz
Ernest Naragon
Bertha Marsilio
Winifred Miller
Newell Pottorf
Mary Frances Ressler
Mary Roth
Bertha Ryser
John Solomon
Mildred Ulitchney
John Williams
Kathryn Winkler
Anna Zelle
Celesta Fultz

—Q—

MAY

Splash of yellow, pink and white,
On a background green and bright—
That is May!
When it fills us full of vim,
Makes us want to dance or swim—
Who can say?
Haven't learned to sing like birds;
Don't quite understand their words—
But we may.
—Eva L. Humphreys, '28.

118 STUDENTS AT WORK

Of late we have heard much about "working your way through school." Books have been published, articles printed and talks given upon this subject. Students who work mentally and physically should receive special commendation. Salem High, too, has its hustlers.

A survey made by one of the classes in Occupations reveals the following facts about the "working class" of our school: There is a total of 91 boys and 27 girls who are earning money as well as attending school. Thus a grand total of 118 or, roughly, one-fifth of our student body put their spare time to some financial use. Of the 27 girls, thirteen are clerking in the various stores; twelve are doing housework (boys, there's your chance) and two teach music. Martha Krauss gives twenty-one music lessons a week—a fine accomplishment.

Of the ninety-one boys, forty-one work at local stores; seven deliver papers, ten work on outlying farms, six are delivery boys and twenty-seven have miscellaneous jobs.

These statistics are only approximate, but they are accurate enough to show just what Salem High students are doing.

These students deserve praise; do not neglect to give it to them. Encourage them a little instead of teasing or laughing at them. They are accomplishing something.

Are you?

—Q—

A FLAPPER'S LAMENT

I think the best thing I could wish
Would be to transport all the men—
The reason is they are such fish,
And we can't get along with them.
They think they know so awful much,
And try to tell us what to do—
If they would only try just once,
To do some things we want them
to!
But then at times they are all right,
And life would be a funny thing
Without a man to make us cry,
Or change our tears and make us
sing!

—Jane Strawn, '27.

—Q—

SOLOIST ENTERTAINS

The student assembly and faculty were delightfully entertained at the assembly Tuesday, May third. At this time Mrs. Oderan sang several numbers, among which were the following: "Just a-Wearying for You," "The Cuckoo Clock," "Oh to be a Turtle" and "The Last Rest."

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HI TRACK STARS WIN TRIANGULAR MEET

—Weak in Several Events—

Showing weakness in quite a few events, the Red tracksters emerged victors in the triangular setto with Canton McKinley and Akron Central. The most outstanding weak spots were in the 100, the shot, broad jump, 220 and 440. For the latter event, Captain Perkins is Salem's best bet, but he cannot handle it along with the 880 and mile, not to mention the relay. That is too much for one man. Campbell is also an exceptional quarter-miler, but he, too, excels in other events and is needed more in them. Rush seems to be the best prospect, outside of these two.

In the 100 it was just a case of the Canton and Akron boys being too fast, while in the broad jump and shot, Salem's two premier men in these events had an off day, Tolerton failing to get a good heave, while Mathews was too tuckered out from other events.

Salem High led throughout the entire meet, but never by a big margin, and it was only after Allen had conquered in the high jump and pole vault that victory was actually assured. His victory in the vault was conceded before the meet, but his high jump win was quite a surprise. Other firsts were won by Perkins in the mile, Mathews in the high hurdles and Seeds in the low sticks. Fry of Akron Central was the meet's high point man with 11½ points, Allen being second with 10; Perkins and Kern of Central finished third with 9. Les Older helped out with a second in the discus, Pasco and Sidinger with second and third in the javelin. Tolerton finished third in the shot, Campbell second in the high hurdles, Mathews second in the low hurdles, Schilling third in the broad jump, and Harsh third in the high jump. Roessler was second in the pole vault.

Work is being centered on the county meet at Lisbon, where Salem tracksters hope to bring home the Cup for permanent possession.

ALLEN BREAKS TILT RECORD

That Salem High's track team of this year can be compared to the teams of previous years, was clearly shown in the Carnegie Tech field and track meet at Pittsburgh. This meet was the biggest and most important meet of its kind to be held in the tri-state district, calling together over fifty schools and over a thousand athletes. Of this fifty-odd group of scholastic contestants, Salem High school finished third-best, a real accomplishment. Columbus Central, perhaps the strongest scholastic F and T organization in eastern United States won, Washington, Pa., finished second, with Springer and company third.

Salem's lone first place was won by Allen in the vault, who broke the meet record with 11 ft. 7½ in. Points were also garnered in the discus by Schmid, the vault by Roessler, the 880-yd. by Captain Perkins and in the javelin by Pasco. It was many of the boys' first experience in collective competition and although others did not score points, a good account was given of himself by every local competitor.

O. Water Sapp

King of Sports Writers Tells Bone's Boners

"Come on, boys, sock that onion! Hit Jupe Pluvius on the beak; Smash that apple. Make those planets Think they've sprung a leak!"

Words like these made high ambitions Soar to heights as yet unknown: They fired the heart of one brave lad Known far and near as Skinnan Bone.

Now Skinnan went to Eggie Tech Where baseball men were heroes, And youths were lauded to the skies Who kept the foe's down to zeroes.

Our Bone had high ambitions, His hopes were ever set On pitching for the Eggie Nine— He'd be their twirling bet!

The Tech team's first opponent Was a bunch of hay-seed clowns; Their name in baseball circles Evoked a million frowns.

These hams—called Skillet Handles, Were soon a mile behind; The coach sent in the substitutes To carry on the grind.

Our Skinnan Bone at last allowed The player's bench to cool: "Go in and win," the coach had said; "And don't blow up, you fool."

The first ball Skinnan Bone let loose Did fourteen dollars' damage— A pair of horn-rimmed specs departed From their owner, Eggs N. Hamage.

Next Mr. Bone zipped one across That smashed into the bleachers. "Nobody hurt," said Skinnan. "Just a couple o' my old teachers."

But by this time the ump steps up, A deadly quiet falls— "This game will have to stop," he says, "We ain't got no more balls!"

SAY "HULLO!"

When you see a man in woe, Walk right up and say, "Hullo!" Say, "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do? How's the world a-using you?" Slap the fellow on his back, Bring your han' down with a whack. Waltz right up an' don't go slow, Grin an' shake an' say, "Hullo!" Say, "Hullo!" and "How d'ye do?" Other folks are good as you. When you leave your house of clay, Wanderin' in the far-away, When you travel thru the strange Country 'tother side the range, Then the souls you've cheered will know Who you be an' say, "Hullo!"

—Exchange.

A convenient way of blowing out one's brains is by a continued use of the saxophone.

"Come on," muttered the condemned convict, as the executioners seemed in no hurry to spring the trap. "I can't be hanging around here all day."

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SENIORS WIN FIRST BALL GAME

Older Hits Home Run

In their first base ball game, the Seniors defeated the Cope Brothers, 13-4. Despite the fact that it was the season's opener, the upperclassmen played faultless ball in both field and at bat. The big feature of the game was the circuit clout by second baseman Older, who also accepted nine chances at second without an error. Older, Howell, Schuller, Caplan and Campbell featured at bat for the winners. Earley pitched a brilliant game, striking out 11 and walking only one batter.

Score by innings:

	R	H	E
Copes	003	000	001 4 6 4
Seniors	200	315	011 13 17 0

Batteries—Copes: Scott and Cope.

Seniors: Earley, Schuller and Konert.

—O—

"W, X, Y, Z" Left

Only four more initials W, X, Y and Z, and then the Senior speeches are over much to the regret of the Seniors and all others concerned.

During the past two weeks the following senior speeches have been given:

"The Pipe Organ,"—Homer Taylor
 "The Outdoors"—Mary Thomas
 "Highway Engineering"—Donald Ward
 "The Romance of Communication"—
 Esther Stewart
 "Katheryne, The Great"—Edith Webber
 "Movie Censorship"—Viola Stanciu
 "Break Between Harvard and
 Princeton"—Jane Strawn
 "Service"—Mildred Stoffer
 "Presidential Possibilities of 1928"
 Myron Sturgeon
 "Chivalry"—Christina Sutter
 "Track"—Gus Tolerton

—Q—

Sunset

The day is dying in the west;
 The sun is sinking down to rest;
 And night, the earth will hold within
 Her folding arms.

The sky o'er head is cast with light
 Of golden clouds and limpid night
 And sleepy song birds shelter in
 Her lulling arms.

The moon appears beneath a cloud,
 A cuckoo calls the hour aloud
 And weary toilers leave the din
 For peaceful dreams.

—Irma Boncsina, '27.

—Q—

COOKS? SURE, WE HAVE THEM!

Continued from Page 1

cook and dressmaker can make. Every girl in high school should have at least one year of domestic science. It gives one a foundation for the very practical side of life. How many time have you heard some one say, "Oh, if I could only sew or cook!" Yes, they realize that they have lost a point in the game of life. Have you, in this respect? Don't. Here's to the success of the girls in the Domestic Science class. Don't burn those biscuits, girls!

Poetry

The Class of '28

To show you our mighty capacity
 We Juniors are doing our best.
 We've stuck with the greatest ten-
 acity
 And have endeavored to rise to the
 test.

Having proved our undoubted ability
 As to dramatic enterprise,
 We turn with the greatest facility,
 To show our hands otherwise.

Let us hope we do not shirk,
 As before we have not done,
 To Carry out all coming work,
 Though it might not be fun.

So now in this new issue
 Which the Juniors have put out,
 We have surely tried to show you
 All that Salem High's about.

—Louise Smith, '28.

—Q—

Mother

I sit by the open window;
 I bask in the summer sun.
 I am thinking of my mother
 Whose life's work is nearly done.

As I glance through the open window,
 I see her among her flowers.
 Her back is bent; her step is slow
 As she wanders among the bowers.

Her hair is white as snow, now;
 Her fingers are stiff and old;
 She notices our slights and jokes now;
 She feels the heat and the cold.

Long she has worked for me, now;
 Long she has toiled and slaved.
 Many things I could have done;
 Much of her strength have saved.

I do not try to excuse myself
 For making her life more drear.
 I'll only try to save her now
 And enjoy each numbered year.

—C. Patten, '27.

—Q—

Dreaming

How I love to sit alone,
 When there's no one around but
 me;

Then I can think and think—
 And just let my thoughts run free.
 And I dream of days gone by,
 When life seemed like a deep blue
 sky;

So full of hope and pleasure, too,
 Because school days meant work
 to do.

So onward o'er each passing day,
 And all the things I'd do and say,
 My lonely thoughts run many a way,
 For this is Spring and sunbeams

—Eula Bonsall, '27.

—Q—

Razors pain you;
 Divers are damp;
 Acids stain you,
 And drugs cause you cramps.
 Guns aren't lawful;
 Nooses give;
 Gas smells awful;
 You might as well live.

—The New Student.

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SALEM, OHIO

PAST AND PRESENT

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon in late May and Mandy, who presided over the kitchen at the Harding home, was busily polishing the silverware. All the while she was humming to herself, when she was suddenly interrupted by the present owner of the Harding estate.

"Say, Mandy," called Dick Harding, "do you know where I can find my fishing tackle? I can't remember where I stored it last fall."

"Ah presume it's up in the attic, Marster Dick," replied the good-natured Mandy.

"Thanks, Mandy," Dick called over his shoulder as he proceeded on his way to the attic, taking four steps at a time.

After rummaging around the corners awhile, his attention was called from one thing to another until he became tired, and after slouching himself down on a dilapidated easy chair which was placed near a chest of old books, began thinking of the next possible place that he might look for his fishing tackle. Unmindful of what he was doing, he reached over and took from the top of the old chest a very dusty old album. As Dick slowly turned the pages the faces of some of his old school chums smiled at him once more. Among them were "Fat" Burke and "Tuffy" Parks. These he remembered best. Next came a host of others. "Sissy" Anderson, commonly termed "teacher's pet," "Red" Lanthrop, otherwise "Preacher's Kid"; Kate O'Mally, who supplied the "Irish wit" of the class, and last but not least came Marjorie Palmer.

By this time Dick had forgotten about his well planned fishing trip and with the rest of his school chums he was once again a scholar in the little red school-house over the hill.

Foremost in his memory of the readin' and 'riting and 'rithmetic days was an incident which had occurred at the close of the school year. Miss Benson, who was the principal, had planned a very elaborate program for the last day of school. Dick had called for Marjorie, who came out of the Palmer gate all curls and ruffles. Upon arriving at school they found the room crowded with visitors and Miss Benson beaming upon everyone in a very dignified manner.

The program began at two o'clock, sharp. The entertainment consisted of songs, recitations and a playlet. Dick remembered that his recitation had ended the program. His piece had been a long historical poem and he could remember now that at that moment he felt like a prisoner going to be hung. He started out bravely thus: "When Greece to her allies gave—"

Here he stopped.

"Go on," whispered Miss Benson encouragingly.

"When Greece to her allie gave—"

A momentary silence. Then from "Tuffy Parks" direction came a hoarse whisper: "Greece 'er some more and mebbe she'll slide."

A giggle and then a general gale of laughter crossed the school-room. This was too much for Dick, and making a dash for his seat he called out in a threatening voice:

"You just wait, 'Tuffy' Parks; I'll get you after school."

Miss Benson tapped sharply on the

desk.

"You boys will please remain after school," was all she said.

The program thus ended, the class was dismissed and finally the room was emptied of both visitors and pupils. Miss Benson, after severely reprimanding "Tuffy" Parks told him he might "leave now." So while Dick received an hour's lecture on good behavior from Miss Benson, "Tuffy" Parks walked gaily home with Miss Marjorie, carrying her books under his arm.

This scene faded out when Dick turned a few more pages of the album and came upon the picture of the cast in the play which his class had given in its Senior year. Dick remembered that by some queer trick of fate "Tuffy" was the hero, while he himself had been the villain. Marjorie, of course, had been the heroine.

"If I dont play my part well it won't be my fault," Dick had said one evening to Margy as they were backstage getting ready to rehearse the play.

"Why not?" asked Margy, off-handedly.

"Because," Dick promptly answered, "since you're the heroine of this play, I'd rather be the hero than the villain."

At this point Dick's reverie was suddenly broken by a step upon the stair, the door was softly opened and his wife was standing there.

"Oh, here you are; I've been looking for you everywhere," said Margy, who was now Mrs. Harding. "You know how cross Mandy gets if dinner is late." So together they descended to enjoy the evening meal which Mandy had prepared for them.

—Eva Humphreys, '28.

—O—

117 ENTRIES IN BROOKES CONTEST

Continued from Page 1
writers. The fifteen finalists should receive special mention, for they represent the best in Salem High school.

All entries this year were good. The Senior class carried off the honors with seven finalists; the Juniors had five, the Sophomores two and the Freshmen one.

Out of the thirty-seven entries in the essay division, the five winners were: Eugene Young, Freda Headley, Irma Boncsina, Wayne Morron, and Margaret Bartholomew.

The 66 short stories were weeded out until only five remained. Edith Flickinger, Elvira Ressler, Victoria Piticar, Walter Theiss and Martha Reeves were the lucky five.

Of the 14 orations these five finals: Elizabeth McKee, Fred Schuller, Lewis Platt, Joe Marsilo and Max Caplan.

Picking over this list we find we have many school leaders among the winners. One athlete upholds the reputation of the sporting division. Here we find five debaters trying to prove that they should have the money. The Quaker boasts of six representatives in this contest. The others may be heard from later.

All in all it has been a very successful contest with many thanks due Mr. Brookes whose generosity makes this contest possible. Say, by the way, what are you going to do with that \$18?

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HANDIWORK

By Julia Patten

There can be no doubt in the minds of all men but that this is the greatest age of civilization which has ever yet been exemplified by any nation in any continent on this earth. There can be no doubt that the highest and most extensive accomplishments of science and art are being produced in the present era. But we who are so great in building have taken our ideas and our models from those nations which have long since been laid low in the dust of their own ambitions.

We travel to Greece to gaze upon the ponderous allegorical pillars and classically carved columns which once adorned and upheld walls and roofs of splendor. Today, weathered by fierce storms and half desecrated by unholy hands, they remain but ruins of a once glorious age.

We go to Rome which vied with Greece in splendor of column and cornice. We see that after centuries of vaulting ambition she fell in the dust of her own handiwork. These were but physical expressions of physical beauty and were soon mangled and marred.

We slip into the heart of old Spain where stand those monuments of infinite spiritual beauty—the Missions. They still remain though passed their day of flourishing. Reluctantly will the visitor tear himself from the charm of their roofless arches and somber shadows. They are a dream of the old World; one of the few things spared by a relentless Past whose habit it is to sweep the things of Yesterday into oblivion. Upon Ambition's altar were laid these fires of spiritual beauty which lit the path of men. But the fires have faded and the light is dim.

In America, today, we gaze upon structures of incredible height; we gaze upon a metropolis of unceasing activity, where hourly men's souls are bought and sold for a price, where hourly men's lives are bartered upon the counter of commercialism. We would not build in one thing but we would build in all things. We forget that there is One who can build even greater than man ever has or ever can build. We forget that there are, in our beloved America far greater masterpieces than which we have so far produced. These are masterpieces which man can never imitate.

If it were possible I would that every boy and girl before stepping out into the Great Unknown of the outside World should spend not less than twenty-four hours in one of the Great Garden Spots of America—The Grand Canon of the Colorado. Here, man's petty ambitions fade in the light of a greater accomplishment than any of which all humanity has yet dreamed.

The Grand Canon is a most wonderful work of erosion. God made it but man could not make a name for it. Imagine, if you can, a chaotic underworld, a stupendous gorge, more than two hundred miles long, nine to thirteen miles wide, and a mile deep. Imagine rocks cut in pyramids, temples and peaks, all gathered in an ever-changing panorama of colors.

In reality the Grand Canon is a series of canons, beginning in Utah below Green river and ending above

Needles, California.

Snatched in a single instant glance, the beholder feels himself in a new gash of incredible depth but a broad underworld that reaches to the uttermost horizon and seems as vast as the world itself. Throughout it is studded with innumerable pyramidal mountains of massive bulk, hewn from brightest rock strata, which lift their crests to the level of the eye. It is divided by purple voids; banded in vivid colors; and all controlled by a unity of idea that redeems the whole from the menace of overwhelming chaos.

It is an inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic underworld, unflinchingly real yet spectral as a dream. It eludes all sense of dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement.

A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design; fretted with innumerable devices; festooned with webs formed of the talus from the upper slope and painted in every color known to the palette.

The panorama is the real overmastering charm. It is never twice the same. Although you think you have spelt out every temple and peak and encarpment, as the angle of sunlight changes there begins an advance of colossal forms from the farther side, and what you had taken to be the ultimate wall is seen to be made up of still other isolated sculptures, revealed now for the first time by silhouetting shadows.

Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the feeling of awe; tirelessly intent upon the silent transformation until the sun is low in the west. Then the canon sinks into mysterious purple shadow. The Shinuma Altar is tipped with a golden ray and against the leaden horizon the long line of Echo Cliffs reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty. Then darkness falls and should there be a moon the scene revives in silver light, a thousand. One faces not a mere narrow and spectral forms project from the impenetrable gloom—mountains dream while in their sleep of things eternal.

It is here that I would that Youth receive their inspiration, their idea, their model and not in the strife of a great city or the ways and walks of man. This is the master piece that they should copy that they might produce a handiwork that would not fall in the dust of their ambition; that they might produce a body instead of a building, a mind instead of a machine and a soul instead of a shell.

— Q —

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

With Charley T8 K8 made a d8, for which she w8ed until 8. Then when she heard him slam the g8 her little heart was filled with h8. And I am merely here to st8 (although 'tis painful to rel8. She b8 the p8 of that poor sk8 until he ran at fearful r8. When he his lungs could not infl8, down by the road he sadly s8, And said: "Gosh, how she can berate! She'll never, never, be my m8!"

—Exchange.

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Joe S.—Lived here all your life?
 Tom S.—Don't know, haven't died yet.
 —Q—
 Don—I went to Ceylon this summer.
 Ruth—Well, well, and how was Lon?
 —Q—
 "Willie, if you don't go to bed this instant, papa's going to tell you a bedtime story."
 —Q—
 Sei—May I borrow your red tie?
 Pif—Of course; but why the formality?
 Sei—I can't find it.
 —Q—
 Miss Mooney—Give me a sentence with the word Toboggan in it.
 Nate—Mamma went t' uh boggan sale.
 —Q—
 The "Kelley and Mooney" troupe have perfected a sketch entitled: "Watch us this time."
 —Q—
 There are only about 2,000 more Senior speakers to orate—for the next twenty years.
 —Q—
 The Quaker staff made a vain effort to get away with the \$450,000 diamond last night. Perhaps they will be more successful tonight. They say "no diamond—no banquet." So the Juniors better get some water and dissolve it temporarily, or put it in Mr. Simpson's private vest. Either ought to be equally safe.
 —Q—
 A sweet thing parting from a young man at a railroad station was observed to go into tears. The manner in which she expressed her grief stirred up the sympathy of a passerby.
 "My dear young lady," quoth the sympathetic one, "are you crying because you have to leave your husband?"
 The maiden looked up tearfully. "N-N-No," she sobbed, "I'm crying because I'm going back to him."
 —Q—
 Coach—I had to stop three times one night on account of a flat tire.
 Bob C.—Was she from Salem?
 —Q—
 Alice—Sir, remove your arm!
 Ted—Girlie, that's not wood; it's the real thing.
 —Q—
 Wiffler tells this one too. It happened on the west-bound stage, out in God's country. The coach had rounded a dangerous curve and several passengers were discussing stage robberies.
 "I was on a coach several years ago, and we were held up in this very spot!" remarked the gay little flapper. "I saved my vanity case by sitting on it."
 "Umph!" snorted the hard-boiled traveling man, who had been on the same trip. "I wish my wife had been along. We could have saved our suitcase."
 Ted: "Were there many pretty girls on the boat?"
 Arlene: "No, only five of us."
 —Q—
 Deming: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn."
 Greiner: "What! An' get bit?"
 —Q—
 Rush: "Why is it you always buy a nickel box of matches?"
 Guzz: "Well, we gotta have some-thin' to play the phonograph with!"
 —Q—
 Shorty (as they danced): "I believe in a girl having a mind of her own; I for one am not easily led."
 —Q—
 Rib (between the dips): "So I perceive!"
 Moxie: "Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?"
 Tuff: "Because it is isn't felt!"
 —Q—
 Mary had a little lamp,
 It burned a cheery glow;
 But everywhere that Mary went
 The lamp was turned quite low!
 —Q—
 What this country needs is a collegiate Ford (Shiverlay) that will run!
 —Q—
 Joe, modestly, entirely without egotism, listened to the clamor, the repeated shouting of his name that followed his appearance on the platform. His audience was wildly enthusiastic. Every eye in that vast assemblage was fixed expectantly upon him, everyone waited with intense and eager anticipation.
 Though he could not doubt the character of their regard, he felt odd and uncomfortable, so little he felt he deserved the attention they were so liberal in bestowing upon him. He had a keen wish that he could again regain obscurity. Humble and common as were most of the people before him, high as was the position they offered him he would gladly have stepped down and exchanged places with any man there.
 He had a strong aversion to being lynched.
 —Q—
 Drennan: "My wife is always asking me for money."
 Stratton: "What does she do with it?"
 Drennan: "I never give her any!"
 —Q—
 Mose and Sam had just cut a nice, juicy watermelon. Being courteous, Mose held both slices out to his companion, but to his surprise, Sam ignored good manners and chose the largest slice.
 "Where is yo mannaahs, niggah?" Mose asked indignantly. "Why, if you had offered dem to me, I would have took de smallest piece."
 "Whatcha gripin' about?" returned Sam with a satisfied air. "Dat's what you got, ain't it?"
 —Q—
 Our Early boy says he intends to keep out of Chicago because there the bad die young.

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Junior High News

8-A THE BIRDS

The birds were singing in the trees,
And all around were bumble bees;
The snow was shining very bright,
And all the birds began a flight.
Up in the air they went so high,
They almost flew into the sky;
They went so far you could not see,
That they flew over a large sea.

—Fred Untch.

8-A SPRING

The first little violet of Spring,
You will find in the field today;
And listening to the robins sing,
We know that Spring has come to stay.

—John Balta.

8-B

The 8-Bs had a splendid Arbor Day program. Several pupils recited and read poems. A recitation was given on "The Protection of Forests and Wild Life." Every pupil had a short quotation about trees.

—Ewing Gregg.

8-C

THE BIRD'S HOME

When I am old I will enjoy
A tree I planted when a boy;
And each year as it grows more tall,
It towers over hill and wall;
Sending forth blossoms every year,
To make the song-birds welcome here.

When they all nest in the foliage green,
Never a sight more grand is seen,
Than two red-birds upon a limb
Watching the sun rise over the brim.
All through the summer they live in that tree—
Mother and father and children three.

The birds of the neighborhood love that tree,
And all through the summer there they would be,
Flying and hopping in and out,
Hurrying and scurrying all about;
When I look back how glad I'll be,
Because I planted that tall tree.

—By Forrest Paxson.

8-D

OUR ARBOR DAY PROGRAM

Our Arbor Day program was conducted by Anna May Painter in the morning and Hilda Pietras took charge in the afternoon. Our program consisted of some quotations by pupils, a song by Anna May Painter and several poems read by pupils. We all had a very nice time.

—Editor, Glenn Shaffer.

8-E

We observed Arbor Day by having each member of the 8-E contribute to the program.

It was opened by the reading of the governor's proclamation and followed by interesting recitations and stories about birds, trees and flowers.

I am sure every one of us profited greatly from these.

—Freda Ulrich.

7-A

Friday, April 29th, we celebrated Arbor Day. Games were played about

birds and trees, and several talks were given. LaVerne Minser recited the poem, "A Tree."

Michael Corso was taken to the Salem hospital to be operated on for appendicitis. He is getting better and we hope to have him with us soon.

—Robert Bryan.

7-B

The 7-Bs had a party Friday, April 29th, and every one had a good time.

The 7-Bs had a debate in History class. Resolved, That America should have helped France in the French Revolution." The affirmative side captained by Jack Ballantine won. The negative side was captained by Vera Gorman.

—Editor, Jack Ballantine.

7-C

ARBOR DAY

Our Arbor Day program was as follows:

Constance Tice....."The Blue Jay"
Harriet Izenour....."Birds' Nests"
Virginia Guama....."Audabon"
Raymond Moff.....

....."Birds and Their Value"
Treva Hack....."The Oriole"
William Miller....."The Cardinal"
Clarence Patten....."Curious Trees"

In the morning others told what they knew about birds, trees and flowers.

—Constance Tice.

7-D

Charles Snyder drove their car to Pittsburgh Friday to take his mother to the hospital there. She is to have surgical treatment as soon as she is able.

Selma Kautz has been absent for several weeks. She has pneumonia. Her condition is greatly improved, but she may not be able to return to school this term.

We had a special program in the Study Hall for Arbor Day. 7-D had charge of the program in the morning. Several good reports were given. Charles Meeks played a saxophone solo. Ray Ritchey played a piano solo. We were delighted with the ability of both.

During Music Week we had as our guests the Sixth Grade on Tuesday morning. Miss Tetlow played several of the numbers used in the music contest. We enjoyed her playing very much.

—Selma Liebschner.

7-E

We had charge of the Arbor Day program on Friday afternoon. Raymond Weigand played "Fraumeri" for a violin solo. It was very pretty and enjoyed by all. Anna Schaecker sang "America." Her lovely clear soprano voice was even better than usual. We wish her a successful musical life.

The star speaker, Carl Ulichny, gave the history of Arbor Day. It was quite worth while. A reading by Elizabeth Yoder and a recitation by Dorothy Wildman were enjoyed.

—Leonard Yates.

—Q—

Napoleon said there was no such word as can't. Wonder if he ever tried to scratch a match on a cake of soap?"



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