

Subscribe

The Quaker

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VOL VIII NO. 2

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, OCTOBER 28, 1927

PRICE 10 CENTS

TEAM BEGINS COUNTY DRIVE

Junior Party Big Success Varied Entertainment Pleases

"All I know is what I read in the papers"—except that the Junior Party was just about all right. Take it as you see fit.

The class held its first masquerade Friday evening, October twenty-first in the gym which was decorated with Hallowe'en and class colors.

As decreed by the entertainment committee, everyone tobogganned into the party. This performance caused great excitement for all concerned. For the next half hour everyone was busy getting acquainted until the program was opened with an automobile race. The Packard won by a radiator cap in a hair raising fender to fender race despite the long standing reputation of the Ford. The Buick and Lincoln also ran.

This was followed by two impromptu readings by Miss Tinelsy entitled, "Mince Pie" and "Who'll Blow the Light Out?"

Everyone enjoyed the parody on the late Dempsey-Tunney fight. "Sap" Eagleton and Charles Neverdusky re-enacted the battle for those of us who had only ringside seats in Chicago and therefore didn't see the fight.

Following the grand march, everyone unmasked.

Although we appreciated the loan of the electric orthophonic, nothing is as satisfactory as an orchestra. Miss Wells, Miss Shriver, and Miss Tinsley volunteered their talents on the piano and savophone. Thanks to their good heartedness and versatility the dancing went on as planned.

Fortune telling and table games amused those who didn't dance.

Games of tagalong and swat-the-beetle were played to whet out appetites (as if they needed it)!

Prizes were given out as appropriate refreshments were served.

Ray Fineran high heeled his way to the first prize as a modern flapperette. Everyone agreed that Adele Treat made a quaint little colonial miss and received the prize for the prettiest costume. Nathan Harris slipped about as a Chinese mandarin. His was the most original costume.

The party closed at 11 p. m. with everyone looking forward to the next one.

Warren Triumphs Over Salem 21 - 0 Is Final Score

Although no longer an inexperienced team the eleven boys from Salem were beaten by mistakes. It was a game of mistakes. The Red and Black opposed the Red and White both with individual stars. If each were matched with the exact individual of the opponents, Salem would come out ahead. A team won, a team which outplayed and outguessed the big Red at all times. Passes were not right, therein lay the real cause of defeat. More passes were intercepted than caught by our own players. A defense was laid that even the unbeatable spirit of Salem could not penetrate. Much work is needed this coming week in preparation for the game with the husky Wellsville lads.

Our boy's marched on the field before a crowd of about 3,000 people to the strains of the Warren High band. They were ready to see the wares of their opponents rather than display their own. They fought the line in particular but did not get even the breaks which determined the deciding game. Three touchdowns were made, all directly through mistakes. Two were completed indirectly on intercepted passes and one on a dropped punt. and once again we walked off the field, defeated but not beaten, to the tune of 21 to 0.

First Half

Warren kicked off, literally, to start the game. Salem advanced the ball to the middle of the field where they were stopped. A lack of pep was noted at that early stage but with no result appearing so far. Passes were going wrong at the start. Both teams seemed to be battling evenly and no score was made in that first quarter. The first score came at the last minute of the first half. Salem, fighting with their backs to their own goal, desperately threw a pass into the arms of a waiting half. Five yards were needed. Three plays were called and on the fourth the referee threw up his hands. "Touchdown! his head over the line." Truly a poor decision, but one made by an old timer. Such decisions abounded, but not all in favor of Warren.

Second Half

The second half was almost a repetition. Salem could not get going. Only two passes were completed. Warren made her second touchdown on a nice trick play, for which

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Seniors Enjoy Masked Party Varied and Unique Costumes Displayed

October 14, was a big night for the seniors. Witches and goblins and oh-h everything spooky invaded the gym. Old men, clowns, Spaniards, sweet belles of '87, farmers, etc., were all there doing their worst to make noise and fun. No, don't get excited, it was only the seniors trying mighty hard to disguise themselves.

The effect was truly beautiful. The gym was appropriately decorated to the occasion. Orange and black were the colors with here and there a witches' den, here some corn stalks and pumpkins. The orchestra platform was lined with lighted pumpkins. No, the players were not "lit."

Costumes varied as much as they could. There was Dick Harwood trying mighty hard to look like a girl, but it is doubtful if he succeeded. Walt Deming made a charming damoiselle and had all the boys falling for him. Ed. Harris wore no mask, but he had a good disguise. He laughed a lot. The prizes, however, went to the following: Dorothy Cobb as a Pierrotte won the prize for the prettiest costume; Alice Stallsmith, with a half man, half woman suit was the most original; Bertha Zeller and Winifred Bailey were the best mates; Walter Deming, the most representative.

These prizes were decided during the grand march. After the procession, dancing and refreshments were on the program.

Before the dancing began Mr. Kraus of the orchestra, sang two solos: "Mother of Mine," and "Dawn of To-morrow."

About ninety seniors and faculty members rambled around the gym, ate and so to bed.

Red and Black Anxious to Cop Title

Wellsville First Opponent

Tomorrow on the rejuvenated Reilly Field Salem High's Red and Black gridgers start the race for the county championship. The team is primed and ready to start the first leg of the journey on the right foot. Wellsville is going to prove no soft snap; in fact just the reverse is true. They have a veteran combination that is sure to tax the Red and Black bulldogs to the limit. The Wellsville athletics always fight and it is necessary for every man to be on his feet and going.

To-date the Salem congregation has not had a successful run as far as victories are concerned. In training and development, however, the score is on our side of the ledger. The team as a whole has shown wonderful improvement and the boys are confident that another championship is on the way to Salem.

Coach Springer has had a man's size job this fall in rounding out a capable football combination. Graduation left big gaps that had to be filled with practically green material. That means work, patience and skill. We have not had a winning outfit, but we certainly owe Coach Springer a pat on the back for the wonderful way in which he has confronted and solved his difficulties. Each game has shown flaws which have been pointed out and corrected. The team is not discouraged; the student body should try to keep them in that frame of mind.

The fellows are going out on the field Saturday determined to win their first county contest. Whether they do or not depends to a large extent upon the support and enthusiasm of the student body. Come on folks; out to Reilly Field! Let's beat Wellsville!

Do You Want a Free Annual Big Contest Planned

Without a doubt the answer to the query is in the affirmative. The question is how. Here is how.

In order to stimulate a little interest and competition the Quaker is going to run a contest starting in the next issue. This contest will be along literary lines, but its exact nature will be disclosed later. There will be nothing complicated or difficult; the only things required are

a little time and work. Think of it folks! A Quaker free! No red tape to go through, no strings attached. Come out ahead in this contest, and a year book is yours, gratis. No need to bother with subscription hunters, no embarrassment due to forgetfulness, no need for scraping up 50 cents. Just sit back and watch the others labor.

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THE QUAKER

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Editor-in-Chief Chas. Wilhelm
Business Manager . . . Wayne Morron
Faculty Advisor Miss Woods

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Wanted - More Clubs

One of the first things that strikes a stranger entering Salem High school, is the notable lack of clubs. He cannot seem to realize that a progressive and up-to-date school like Salem, can go through the year's program without more clubs. At the present time we have Science, Hi-Y and Music Clubs.

The Science club has managed to exist for several years on a very skimpy enrollment. It has accomplished some fine work even with a small membership; with proper backing and spirit, it could do many more worth while things. The Hi-Y speaks for itself. It is one of the joys of the school. It has succeeded in developing a fine morale among the boys and has been a great help to the school in every way. This club is firmly established and is doing its work excellently.

The Music club has received little attention. This is uncalled for because it is doing among the girls, as much good as the Hi-Y among the boys. The girls are getting real worth out of the time spent in meetings, they combine work and play in the proportion that is conducive to success.

That comprises our list. And in a school of over 500 pupils! Don't you think it is time to waken up and get in line with the rest of the high schools of the state? Of course we are somewhat handicapped, but real students surmount handicaps. Why not a French club, a Spanish, Dramatic, a Journalistic club? We are getting lots of good out of the clubs we have; they create a sense of friendship, stimulate active interest in present day affairs and fill a vacancy in the life of a pupil that might otherwise be occupied in another less desirable way.

Think it over students. Shall we be classed as a school that is slow in the establishing of clubs. Why not a movement in the right direction with this as our slogan—"More and better clubs."

This is Your Paper

Often the students of Salem High form the impression that the Quaker is run by a select group and that that group is responsible for the running of our school paper. That idea is erroneous and should

My Personal Experience
— Pedro Blanco

Pedro Blanco, a native from the Philippines, told the story of his own experiences while he was securing an education in this country. "No matter how hard we may have to work, don't give up." This is primarily the lesson that may be taken from his talk.

Mr. Blanco was presented to the student body by Mr. Simpson. He said that he was very glad indeed to be here. Even with so many hardships he finally secured a complete college education at Harvard and Oxford.

Take Stock of Yourself

How about taking a little inventory of y-o-u and company? Gather up all the odds and ends into one central heap. See what each little thing is worth and mark it up to your credit; and see your losses and mark those against the company. Take the trash and worthless stuff and throw it away; keep only the genuine, worth while material. Take in all the good new articles that you can; load up for the coming rush so that you will not be left rush so that you will not be left. Count up your goods and see how much you are worth. Display your goods to the best advantage both to you and to others.

be dispelled. The Quaker is run by the students of Salem High; at the top of this page you will see "published by the students of Salem High school."

How many times have you heard people criticize our little paper? How many times have you been guilty of knocking the Quaker? We often hear comments like: "Oh, I don't want a Quaker; it's no good," "the paper sure looks like the bunk," "That article is no good," etc. Say folks, don't you realize that you are the shirkers; the contributors to the Quaker are doing the best they can; if you can improve upon their work, it is up to you to do so or else applaud the efforts of others.

But don't think the Quaker staff wants no criticism. They do. But they object to sarcasm that is flung at their back. Come out and tell the right fellow what is wrong, and he will be only too glad to correct his errors, or improve his work. The staff would feel much better if students would offer suggestions or criticisms that would make our magazine a success.

And how about writing a little thing for the paper yourself? We desire to print a Quaker that truly reflects Salem. Has it occurred to you that we send Quakers to all points in Ohio and Pennsylvania? We want a good showing; we can have a good showing if you will do your little bit.

In a word folks, don't be afraid to criticize, but do it to some one whom it will benefit. Use your talents and give us a little article from time to time; we need it. Come on, don't be a slacker.

Hi-Y Club Starts Innovation

Social Meeting at Springer Home Planned for next Thursday

At their third meeting of the year the Hi-Y club started something new, as far as Salem High's club was concerned in the form of a round table. Each member took his turn in the center of the ring and every other member told him his faults. Contrary to the popular belief none of the members resented the accusations; in fact, they were given in good spirit and taken in the same way. The boys realized that others were trying to help them and acted accordingly. Like true Hi-Y men, the fellows took these things to heart and are going to try to correct their errors.

At the next meeting business was the main transaction. A plan of school boy patrol was discussed, but not definitely decided upon. Pins were distributed by the secretary. New members were discussed and will be voted upon next Thursday. The president suggested a social meeting and Mr. Springer kindly extended an invitation to visit with him Thursday. The club accepted. Mr. Springer also suggested that the club secure a room in the Memorial building for a club room so that the fellows could feel more comradeship and get in closer touch with one another. The meeting was closed with a circle prayer.

Walt Wiffler Speaks to
Student Body

The assembly was opened by yells led by the different cheer-leaders. Mr. Wiffler then gave a talk concerning the game with Struthers on Saturday, "Physical fitness reflects one's character," he said. He declared that part of the true American spirit is that which is displayed on the sidelines. He urged one and all to build up the body so that he or she might have physical fitness.

471 Enrolled In Association

Now that the association campaign is over it might be interesting to review the results of each room. With 471 members the campaign was quite successful. Room 305 had 100 per cent; 206 had 90 per cent. The complete data is as follows:

Rooms	Members	E. S.
107	25	27
109	23	31
200	27	31
201	24	34
202	24	33
203	30	35
204	25	32
205	24	34
206	103	104
208	27	33
300	21	28
301	19	34
304	23	34
305	27	27
306	22	30
309	27	32

Hallowe'en

Don't you get superstitious
When Hallowe'en comes round;
When October winds are howling,
And the fields are sere and brown?

Don't you believe in witches
When Hallowe'en comes by;
When the stars glimmer wierdly,
And upon their brooms they fly?

Don't you believe in ghosts
With their skulls and rattling
bones;
With their musty, floating grave
clothes,
And the hollow broken groans?
Florence Davis

Quaker Staff Presents Wares
In Assembly

The assembly was opened by Mr. Simpson who announced the speaker for Friday, the 14th.

A "Quaker Play" was presented by the various members of the staff in order to start the campaign for subscriptions. Everyone was given a complimentary issue. Charles Wilhelm, the editor, told about the plans for the papers this year and the business manager, Wayne Morron, showed the cost of printing one issue and thus declared that the campaign needed the support of all to have the "Quaker" a success. The students were then dismissed.

Another Club
Doing Good Work

How many of our readers know that Salem has a Junior Music club? To the nays, we may say that it does. The club has had several successful years and promises to have a banner one in 27-28.

Under the capable leadership of Phebe Ellen Parsons the music club is beginning a new year. We have heard from Phebe Ellen before, and know success for the club is ahead. The members will conduct their meetings and programs the same way as they did last year. A committee chooses composers, preferably American, and the members discuss the composer and his works. It has not been definitely decided whether the club wishes to take up a study course or not; that will be decided later. The meetings are held every two weeks on Wednesday night at the home of a member of the club.

The Music club will officially open the year with a meeting at the home of Ruth Moff on Oct. 26. This program will consist of impromptu numbers by each member. The officers for the coming year are: Phebe Ellen Parsons, president; Betty Moss, vice president; Ruth Moff, secretary; Grace Dyball, treasurer, and Mrs. E. E. Dyball and Mrs. Esther Rogers Coy, supervisors.

Holy Fires

"Lew, why do you never tell the story of your trip to Lampan Lake?"

"Why do I never tell the story?—Jim, did you ever have anything happen to you which seemed somehow too—well to holy to tell? something which made you think that the hand of God had suddenly pointed the way?"

"No, Lew, I don't know as I ever did."

"Well, I have—and somehow it has been hard to tell. It seems perhaps that it was not meant to tell—and yet when I look at it in the sane light of civilized life and with the careless attitude with which we as a people look at all such things—that opinion is more or less destroyed."

"So the Great Worth yet instills such strange hallucinations in people. I did not think it of a level headed person like you, Lew."

"No? Well it happens to all men sometime."

"Ha—you believe so? It has never happened to me."

"No but I believe it will."

"Perhaps I had better go to Lampan Lake."

"Yes, perhaps you had, Jim."

A heavy silence fell upon the two men. Each sat in a great chair before a flickering fire. The room was heavily shadowed—the bookshelves showing but dimly, the great table but faintly outlined. An air of richness of quiet and repose pervaded the room. Lew broke the silence. He did not speak loudly or sharply and yet Jim felt as if a crash had shattered the stillness.

"Do you know what the Infernal Fires are like, Jim? No? Well I do. Some honest fool said that he who did wrong did not need to wait for the Hereafter for punishment." (Then in a different voice.)

"You want to hear the story of Lampan Lake. There is a story before that one—a sordid story which explains Lampan Lake. But that is not for tonight.

Men who play with fire will get burned. Five years ago I stepped on a train at Minneapolis with a ticket in my hand for Sapawan, Canada—eighty miles from the northern border of the great forest. Ten days later with a pack of grub on my back I was hitting the trail for Lampan Lake. I did not know where Lampan Lake was, but I wanted to get away—I did not care where and Lampan Lake was nowhere.

Jim there was a little cabin up there, set back in the shadows, of a giant northern forest that was to be my haven of refuge from the gay swirl of the city.

When the setting sun cast her rich, red-glory across the quiet lake swathing it in a crimson glow, I found myself imitating the ancient red man and sending out a prayer to its daily farewell.

How long these things would have gone on, Jim, I never will know; probably would have remained there always for I dreaded humanity and along all I wanted to find myself. I kept arguing, arguing, as to whether or there was a God or not. One day

I walked around the lake, merely to be doing something. I was not paying any attention to my surroundings, but was in deep meditative thought, still arguing against man's religion. I defy any man to show me one proof of God. By this time I was some two miles from camp, and so I began to start for it. But suddenly I noticed that out of the east, heavy and oppressive clouds had sprung up from nowhere, because Jim I swear that before starting to camp I had glanced at the sky and it was perfectly clear.

Knowing that a storm was near at hand, I increased my pace so that I would reach home before it struck, but I was destined to disappointment. Hardly had I gone a quarter of the way home, when the sky became inky black and the forest became as dark as night. I could scarcely see ahead of me.

By this time, I was feeling uneasy and so broke into a run, but the light grew darker until I found myself stumbling over obstacles. I did not know in what direction I was going. Suddenly the darkness was illuminated vividly by a streak of hissing lightning.

A tremendous crash split the quiet surroundings. Hardly had the earth quit vibrating until the black heavens opened and belched forth flames and roaring thunder which took me completely off my feet and flung me upon my back, where I lay, unable to move. Twenty yards from me a streak of lightning blew a tree into matchwood, with another earsplitting crash. I saw things, and I felt right then the wrath of the Almighty."

Then Jim I did a strange thing compared to the way I had felt ten minutes before, I tried to pray. But I could not for I felt I was unworthy.

The fire and thunder continued to shake the world and trees were burnt less than fifty yards away. Yet I was unharmed, and then I prayed. I regretted my rash statements. I arose to my feet amid the fury of the storm, and with a scream ran, (whither I do not know). Just then a burst of hell, landed in front of me and I swear Jim, I saw the devil and I smelled sulphur. Then I fainted. When I came to, a cooling rain was falling which stopped when I had walked a short way toward camp.

I packed up my belongings and struck out for Sapawan. I arrived there late in the evening. My clothes were soaked and I had a crazed look. The ticket man asked me if I had fallen in Lampan Lake. I said I had not, but was caught in the worst thunder storm I have ever witnessed. The man looked at me in a funny sort of way, "What storm," he said, "It has been sunshiny and warm here all day."

Well Jim, I arrived home and went about my work, refusing to answer the questions fired at me about my vacation or anything about it. Nor have I ever told a soul but you. I leave it to you Jim, to judge for yourself. You do not have to believe it and probable you won't. You are thinking that no man could

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TONIGHT AND TOMORROW

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MONDAY AND TUESDAY

"THE CLIMBERS" with IRENE RICH
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"THE RAT"

With Mae Marsh, Ivor Novella, Isabel Jeans
Comedy "JANE MISSED OUT" Also "LONE STAR with Fred Gilman

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

JACK HOXIE in "THE RAMBLING RANGER"
Comedy, SEEING STARS with George Davis. Also First

Chapter of "THE RETURN OF RIDDLE RIDER with Wm. Desmond



**ROYAL THEATRE
SALEM, O.**



Riddle Kid

Br-r-r! Well, folks here I am all ready to work. Gosh, it's cold isn't it? I'm going to test you and see how much you really know. Try to solve these riddles yourself; if you can't just look at the answers. My brain is getting cold; let's go.

Quest. How does one feel who has been kept after school for bad spelling?

Ans.—Spellbound.

Whoa! Folks, I'm deluged with questions. I've decided to ease up a bit on the old brain and allow you folks to ask the questions and I'll do the hard part—answer them. Remember I'm renting this space so only sensible queries will be answered. Yes sir. Here's the first bunch of requests.

Dear Kid—When is a pretty girl like a ship?

I Wanna Kno

Ans.—When she is attached to a buoy (boy).

—Q—

Dear Riddle Kid—Why is a Freshman like a telescope?

I'm Fulla Cheese

Ans.—He is easily drawn out, seen through and shut up.

—Q—

Dear Mr. Riddle—What is it, which the man that made it does not need, the man who buys it does not use for himself, and the person that uses it does not know it?

Ans.—After due consideration and analysis of the above theorem I have come to the ultimate conclusion that the specified object under consideration is of an oblong nature and is used under terra firma—a coffin.

—Q—

Dear Mr. Kid—What animal took the most money into the ark and how much?

I've Gotta Itch

Ans.—After a lengthy conference with Mr. Noah the following has been deduced: The duck had a bill the frog had a green back, all of them four quarters; but the skunk had four quarters and a s-cent—\$1.01.

—Q—

Dear Mr. Riddle Kid—Why was Adam's wife called Eve?

Kickme Hard

Ans.—Pst! Don't let your wife see this. Because man's day of happiness was drawing to a close. Moral—Stay away from the girls.

—Q—

Dear Kid—How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?

Egg Yolk

Ans.—One, after which his stomach was not empty! Ha, ha! I guess that'll hold you for awhile.

—Q—

Mr. Kid—There is a girl that works in a candy store in Boston who is 6 feet 6 inches high, and has a waist measure of 42 inches and wears a number 9 shoe. What do think she weight.

Sticky Gloop

Ans.—I refuse to bite. She weighs candy!

A Letter From Copenhagen

Copenhagen,
Sept. 10

Mine Dere Olaf,

I take mine ink und pen and rite you mite a led pencil. Ve don't liff vere ve liffed befor ve liff vere ve moved.

I am so offly sorry since ve are separated together and vish ve vere closer apart. Ve are having more vedder up here than ve did last yr.

Mine dear Aunt Katrina is dead. She died of New Monia on New Year's day fifteen minutes in vront of five. Her breath all leaped out. The doctor gave up all hopes of saving her ven she died. She leaves a family of two boys & two cows. Dey found two thousand dollars sewed up in her apron dot vas an awful lot of money to leave behind. Her sistre is haffing a svell time mit de mumps. She is near deaths door. De doctor tink dey can pull her thru.

Hans was also sick de other day. De doctor told him to take something so ve vent down town mit a feller and took his watch. They got him arrested und got a lawyer. De lawyer took the case und vent mit the vorks.

Mineb rudder yust graduated from the Cow college. He is an eledration yenginer stenografting. He got a shot in a livery stable. Estonagrafting hay to de horses. De odder day he took our dog to de sam-mill. De dof got into a fight mit a circular saw und only lasted von round.

I am making money fast yesterday I deposited von hundred dollars and today I vent down town und rite my self a check of von hundred dollars and deposited it so now I have tow hundred dollars.

I am sending your overcoat by express. To save Express charges I cut the buttons off. You vill find them inside the pocket.

I can dink of nudding more to rite. Hope this finds you de same.

Your Cussin Ignatz.

Alma Zeck

—Q—

Dear Kid—What well known public singer draws well, but always gives dis-satisfaction?

Dis Gusted

Ans.—From experience I would say a mosquito.

—Q—

Dear Riddle—Why are some girls like old muskets?

How Chew

Ans. I hate to tell you the answer for fear of offending the weaker (?) sex. Here it is—Because they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

—Q—

Dear Riddle—What is the greatest feat, in the eating way, ever known?

Delib Eration

Ans.—That is quite a difficult question. After long research and study I have been able to exhume the following: The greatest feat is that recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

We Go To The Movies

After a long and heated argument as to the kind of movies she wants to see, and the kind I want to see and the theater in which she wants to see them, we start to the movies.

Arriving at the entrance, I hold up the whole line for fifteen minutes trying to give the girl the right change so that I won't have to wait two seconds for her to change a bill.

Entering, we spot two vacant seats and make our way to them through the semidarkness, saying "beg pardon" and "sorry" all along the way.

Trying to remove my coat in a hurry so as not to block the view of the people in back of me, I muss up the hair of a strang man in front and get a very ugly look. I sit down on my new hat which I have carelessly left on my seat.

I soon rescue the hat and spend fifteen minutes trying to get it into the holder beneath the seat. Finding that it is broken, I bring it to rest on my knee, with my folded topcoat.

She immediately begins to debate whether her hat is small enough to remain on her head or so large as to make compulsory removal. Removing it, she asks me to hold it for her while she loostens her coat.

The coat loosened, she requests me to "pull it up over her shoulders, there is such a draft in here." While doing so, I drop her hat to the floor. In picking it up, I drop my own hat.

She then discovers that she has lost her handkerchief; she wouldn't bother looking for any other one, but this was one Aunt So-in-so had given her and it just had to be returned. Dismal groping on the floor followed, with no result except the rush of blood to two heads. She finds the handkerchief in her purse later, where it has been all the time.

She spots two seats four rows ahead, and bids me follow because the people directly in back are reading the sub-titles aloud, and commenting on the picture very audibly. They are eating something. We finally reach the seats, with the loss of only one scarf, and repeat the former process with slight variation.

Clayton Montgomery

—Q—

Miss Workman: Use statue in a sentence.

Student: When I came home last night my papa says, "statu sonny?"

—Q—

Miss Wagner Entertains Students

Mr. Simpson opened the assembly by reading from the Bible. Announcements were made concerning the volley-ball tournament, football pictures, and the "Quaker."

He then presented Miss Wagner who played, for us a group of three numbers, "The Witches Dance," "To a Wild Rose," and "To a Water-lily," all by MacDowell. She responded with an encore entitled "Valse Gracil." Her playing was greatly appreciated and all would like to have her with us again.

Wark's, Inc.

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Come in and hear the
New Columbia Record
by the Two Black
Crows

FINLEY'S MUSIC CO.

"Salem's Music Center"

STRUTHERS DOWNS SALEM

Plunges Feature of Play

Struther's High School ball toters gained revenge for last year's defeat at their stadium Saturday the 8th. The team, composed mostly of last year's men, simply trampled over the Salem forwards in two of the four periods. It was truly a great game, no let up was noticed on either side of the line. Both teams, about equal in weight, fought it out. Salem showed streaks of playing; but those streaks were only in evidence several times throughout the game. Great hopes are placed on the young team's developing before the county issue starts.

First Quarter

Red and Black seemed to be the reigning colors of the day, being seen at both sides of the playing field. Capt. Herbert chose to kick, but the field was reversed when Neverdusky recovered one of the frequent fumbles. This one break was of no avail, just a spark of hope for Salem. Several line plays failed and the passing started. Capt. Herbert received the ball for a 25 yard gain and with a score in sight Struthers held for downs.

Then came the spectacle of the game. The march from the 20 yard line evidenced pretty but not showy football. Two yards were picked up here, 4 here and then 6 for first and ten. Again then six for first and ten. Again and again this happened, Struthers always driving ahead. It was catching and the sidelines began to sense a touchdown. The secondary defense pulled in but even this failed to stop that determined eleven. Six first downs made possible those six points. The hearts of many rose and the hearts of many fell, but the Youngstown team could simply not be halted.

The second period was not a duplicate of the first, but one of lost opportunities. Salem showed a little better style, but lacked the punch in the pinches. Two fine chances floated away both within the 30 yard line. One was on a fumble and one on a missed drop kick. The team battled evenly in the center of the field the remaining few minutes. No one can feel the agony of a lost opportunity in a game more than the players.

Second Half

This third period was a duplicate of the first. Again and again holes were opened through which the backs had only to step to make the necessary yardage. The line rushing methods certainly won the game. Seven points were added at the conclusion of that march, Vines making the point after goal on an end run.

From then on the game was Salem, all Salem. Passes here and passes there, Struthers was dumbfounded. When line plunging failed the unerring arm of "Si" pulled the score from a hole. Allen, Early, Litty and Seeds all received passes in quick succession. The touchdown was over before it was realized, Allen making this possible by a run after the pass. He ran ten yards,

being tackled several times, but finally managed to squirm across the line. The dropkick went wide. Here the game in reality ended, with Struthers being scored upon for the first time in its four games this year.

Again I must add it was truly a good game and one well worth watching. Special mention can not be given to any one but to all our team.

Look 'Em Over

SALEM—6	STRUTHERS—13
Harwood LE	Lucas
Van Blaricom .. LT	Socash
Sartick LG	Gough
Daming C	Loftus
Talbot RG	Loch
Judge RT	Ruzzo
Herbert RE	Harper
Sidinger Q	Repasky
Whinnery LH	Brownlee
Seeds RH	Botsko
Neverdusky ... F	Vines

Substitutions

Litty for Harwood, Debnar for Sartick Scullion for Demfrig, Corso for Talbot, Allen for Whinnery, Early for Neverdusky.

Touchdowns—Botsko, Dolney, Allen.

Referee—Morgan.
Umpire—McPhee.

WARREN TRIUMPHS OVER SALEM

Continued from page 1
Earich is noted. The defensive halves were drawn in and the pass just floated to the end's waiting arms. Warren started the last period with bucks and ended over the line on an end run. Beautiful interference made it possible, not a man touched the runner.

It seems hard to write of four defeats, but let's all back the team and once again let's win the county championship. Watch Sartick, Scullion and Judge tear 'em down.

Line-up

Harwood L.E.	Reed
Judge L.F.	Pardee
Sartick L.G.	Blakley
Scullion C.	Lea
Debnar R.G.	Mills
Christen R.T.	Yager
Herbert R.E.	Pnenger
Sidinger Q.	Boyd
Day L.H.	Pohto
Seeds R.H.	De Santio
Neverdusky ... F.	Laitmer

Referee—Connors.
Umpire—Slark.

Touchdowns—DeSantio, Pnenger, Campbell.

DO YOU WANT A FREE ANNUAL BIG CONTEST PLANED

Continued from Page 1
Isn't that worth a little effort now? Of course it is. Just polish up on your literary talents and wait for the whistle to blow, starting off the big contest of the year. You have as good a chance as the next fellow. Show your fellow students that you are not a back number. Watch the next issue for more details. Let's go!

Minor Teams Get Under Way

Coach Springer has revived the idea of class teams and hopes to see some excellent material. The present Seniors won the title last year and shall try to repeat. A strong team is expected from the freshmen. Schedule will be announced later.

Reserves Lose First

Experience was hoped for and gained when Capt Ballantine's Reserves played Canton McKinley Reserves. There are 40 members of the latter team and they take on smaller high schools. So no one need be disappointed at the score of 37 to 0. Experience must certainly be sought in devious paths.

Practice Game

The senior varsity gridders defeated the under classmen 18 to 0 in a practice joust Friday afternoon. It was something different from just scrimmage.

Wise Cracks

P. E. P.: I'm right handed.
C. W.: Then you can't be right.
She: Lowell you broke my heart.
Allen: Thank goodness. I thought it was a rib.

Hurst: Walking to Warren?
Fisher: Practically.
Hurst: What do you mean by practically?
Fisher: Why I'm going in Chick Herbert's Ford.

The height of nerve: Talbot borrowed Loui Benedict's algebra book and he forgot to put the problems in it.

Another Pep Meeting

The senior cheer-leaders opened the assembly Oct. 12. A great deal of fun was caused by the Junior leaders. Captain "Chick" Herbert was heard from. "The support of this year has not been as good as in former years," he declared. "Chick" urged everyone to attend the games as much as possible and to give the team strong backing. The assembly was then dismissed.

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Salem's Independent Cut Rate

113 Main Street

We Give S. & H. Green Stamps

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KNIGHT

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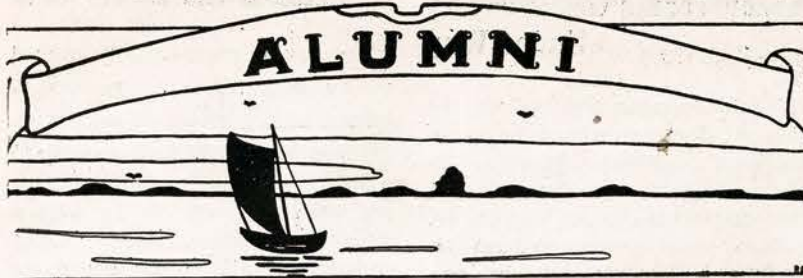
Train your dollars to earn interest and grow bulkier for you through a bank account. Making deposits regularly gives any man the habit of getting ahead.

As your account grows, you will have the benefit of the experience and advice of our officers.

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Farmers National Bank

SALEM, OHIO



Eugene Young, '27, who is attending Denison university, at Granville, Ohio, has been chosen treasurer of the Freshman class, which is made up of 400 members.

Thurlo Thomas, '24, will take part in "The Thirteenth Chair," a play in three acts, by Bayard Veiller, which will be given in the Wooster city opera house on the evenings of October 21 and 22. The play is a thrilling mystery drama, and promises an evening of fine entertainment.

Robert Davis, '25, is in the list of pledges just announced by the Greek letter fraternities at Ohio Wesleyan here. Davis is pledged to Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is a freshman at Ohio Wesleyan.

Miss Betty Jones, '26, has been pledged by the Delta Delta Delta sorority at Mount Union.

Charles F. Beardmore, '26, and George Rogers, '26, were pledged by the Sigma Xi lambda fraternity, Henry K. Yaggi, '26, by the Phi Kappa Tau fraternity.

Fred K. Schuller, '27, fullback on last year's Salem High team, is playing at left end for the Cedarville college eleven of Cedarville, Ohio, and is one of the best prospects among the new men.

Schuller started in school two weeks late, but that has not stopped him from making the varsity squad. He has been switched to the line, and says he finds it new there, but likes it better than the backfield.

He has been named sports editor of the Cedrus, the school paper, a position he held on the Quaker last year. He is taking up journalism, and is to be initiated into the Philadelphia Honorary club for journalists. Schuller also has been initiated into the Philosophical Literary society, has been voted into the Men's Y. M. C. A. association and is prominent in other activities.

This makes Fred's schedule a full one, for he is working his way through college.

Announcement has been received here of the marriage in Washington, D. C., on October 8, of Miss Elsie Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Allen, of 37 Fair street, to Charles O. Gridley, a newspaper correspondent at the national capitol.

The bride is widely known here, where she lived until her departure for Washington, a few years ago. She graduated from Salem High in 1914. Since going to Washington she has been private secretary to several well known members of congress, and is now acting in that capacity to Rep. Bertram H. Snell of New York, chairman of the house of committee rules.

Miss Nellie Groves, last year's basketball captain, was united in marriage to Paul Miller of Lisbon. Mr. Miller is employed in the copper mill at Lisbon, and the couple will make their home there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russi, this city, announced the marriage of their son, Robert A. Wilson to Miss Aloyse James of Hollywood, Fla., and Bold Springs, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will make their home in Tampa, Fla. The groom graduated from Salem High and was prominent in athletics. He also attended Kenyon college and Ohio State university and was graduated from Rollins college, Winter Park, Fla. Mr. Wilson is traveling for the United States Rubber Company.

Miss Ruth Baldauf, '25, was united in marriage to Mr. William Schmidt.

Walter Harsh, '27, who is attending Bethany college, Bethany, W. Va., was home over the week end. He was accompanied by a friend, Mr. Harry Schenck. "Mal" Rush also came back. "Mal" played four quarters Saturday in the game with Duquesne, and certainly played a versity at Athens, has been pledged to the Alpha Xi Delta sorority.

Miss Doris Wisner of Atlantic City, visited relatives here last week. Miss Wisner graduated with the class of 1922.

Miss Erla Clay, '23, who is teaching at Warren, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clay, Jennings ave.

Miss Viola Stanciu, '27, has opened a beauty parlor over Leland's Jewelry store.

HOLY FIRES

Continued from page 3

be so near thunder and come out alive. Jim you are right, because the man that went into that storm was far different than the one who came out.

William Smith

[Editor's Note—This story was handed in by one of our alumni who has not lost all interest in Salem High. We are grateful to him for his interest and work and to any others who may contribute in some way to their old school. Let's hear from more alumni.]

K. Kitty: They say that two people going together get to look alike.
Day: Then you must consider my refusal to go with you as final.

—Q—

He: How did you find him, stubborn as a rule.

She: You mean as a mule.

—Q—

Lady: Say when does the next train come in this station and how long does it stay?

Porter: From two to two to two-to.

Lady: Well I declare, are you the whistle?

HOT POINT CURLING IRONS, \$2.50 and \$7.00
STAR RITE HAIR DRYER, \$9.00

A Complete New Line of Table, Floor, Bridge, Boudoir, Bed, Desk and Reading Lamps. These lamps are of the very latest design and entirely new. Leaded Mica, Parchment, Spun Brass, Silk and Glass Shades.

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Salem's Greatest Store for Men and Boys

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**FOOTBALL
SUPPLIES**



**Salem
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Phone 621

79 Main Street

Society

Theda Justice spent the week end of October 15-16, in Cleveland.

Miss Margaret Tinsley of our faculty, enjoyed October 15-16, in Cleveland also.

Miss Hollett spent a few days from the grind of school life, and visited her home in Lakewood, Ohio.

On October 11, Salem students had a vacation, while the teachers of the city spent Visiting day in reviewing the work of the schools of

neighboring towns. The high school faculty journeyed to Canton and visited the high schools there.

Geraldine Clay, Bertha Mae Hassey, James Scullion and Fred Guilford attended the football game at Bethany, W. Va., Saturday, October 15.

Phebe Ellen Parsons entertained several couples Wednesday, October 19, in honor of her birthday. A theatre party was given and a beautiful luncheon served at the hostess' home.

Patrick's Ad Trick

The Story of a Wife Hunter and his Catch

Jack Patrick took up the morning paper casually, glancing through it in a leisurely fashion. He came to the page he was seeking and read the desired column of ads. Embellished in the exact center was a most peculiar one.

"Ladies, Do You Want A Husband?

Rich, handsome, young ladies under

30

preferred."

Inq. J. Patrick,
32 Trimble Blk.

Jack chuckled, "Bet that'll get results. Ladies from 30 to 40 will probably be 'inquiring.'"

"Lady to see you, sir," said Tom, the office boy.

Jack was not surprised. "What's her name?"

"Miss Jones."

"Well, show Miss Jones in."

A thin, fluttery sort of individual presented herself.

"Are you J. Patrick?" she coyly inquired, tilting her too-be-curved head to one side.

"Yes Miss Jones, I am. I presume you have come after a husband?"

Miss Jones was taken back. She had not expected such devastating frankness. "Well, there was an ad—" she faltered.

"Yes, there was an ad. Well, to get to real business. Are you under 30?"

"Indeed, I am only 25," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Very well, I'll take your word for it. Now, have you any relatives?"

"Why, yes, I live with my mother."

"That's enough, you won't do."

"But—"

"There's no use to talk, you won't do. I'm sorry," and Jack rose to open the door.

She went, red, helpless.

Tommie the office boy, came in grinning.

"There's three ladies outside, sir."

"What are you laughing at, Tom?" demanded his employer.

"The ladies—"

"Never laugh at ladies. It's not polite," Patrick said, turning aside to hide the smile on his own lips. He could easily imagine what the

ladies looked like.

John Patrick was certainly good looking enough to cause the heart of any girl to flutter a wee bit.

He looked at the three cards Tom gave him.

"Miss Brown," "Miss Marjorie Meredith," "Yvette Lavaugh."

"Send in Miss Meredith, Tom," he said.

The door opened, and Jack received the shock of his life. A girl stood in the doorway. The girl was young, pretty, and altogether prepossessing, exactly the type that Jack was not prepared for. Why should such a girl answer that foolish ad?

"Mr. John Patrick," she said.

"Yes, that is my name. And you are Miss Meredith?" How in the deuce did she know his first name?

"Yes, I have come—"

"Because of my ad?"

"Well, yes."

"Well, are you under 30?"

"Under 30? What right have you to ask me that?"

"You have come in answer to my ad, haven't you?"

"Yes, so I said."

"Well, then, answer my question, please. Are you under 30?"

"I am 22. I can't see why it should have anything to do with that ad though."

"You will see. Do you have any relatives?"

"These questions are very personal, I have none, however."

"I am sorry that you object to the questions, but you should be willing to answer when you realized the nature of the call. It is delicate, as we all know."

"Delicate? Why should such a call be delicate?"

Had the girl no sense of modesty?

"When a girl comes to answer an ad offering her a husband, she usually feels that it is a delicate errand on which to be engaged."

"What are you talking about? I came in answer to this ad," unfolding a small bit of paper which she took from her purse.

"John Patrick, Esq."

Connoisseur of Pottery

Good prices paid for Old English ware.

Continued on Page 8

ORIGINAL CUT RATE DRUG STORES



SHEAFFER'S "LIFETIME" PENS

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FLODING DRUG STORE
BOLGER & FRENCH

Get Your Money's Worth at the
PURITY RESTAURANT
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When You Want Good
HOME MADE PUMPKIN PIES

Call On Us

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Fresh, Cured Meats and Poultry

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COME EAT WITH US!
Special! Business Men's Dinner
SPECIAL PRICE **50c** EXTRA GOOD

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PHONE YOUR ORDER

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Car Washing and Greasing
Old Cars Bought
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MEN'S WEAR

CLARA FINNEY BEAUTY SHOP

Oldest Established Beauty Shop
In Salem
Telephone 200 138½ Main St.

Sarbin's Furniture Co.

35-37 Main Street
Salem, Ohio



Alice: Hell-o Paul, been fishing?
Fogg: No drowning worms.

—Q—
She: He's so dumb that he could not be called a ham.

He: Why not?
She: A ham can be cured.

—Q—
Grace: My dog took the first prize at the canary show
Hazel: How's that?
Grace: He took the canary.

—Q—
Quinn: Bring me an order of pancakes.

Waiter: Anything else sir?
Quinn: Yes a paper weight. The last order of them I had two of them blew away.

—Q—
Doctor: I got one of the most peculiar cases ever. A woman so cross eyed that tears run down her back.

Hannah: What are you doing for her?

Doctor: Treating her for bacteria.

—Q—
Smith: You know a ghost chased me all over that cemetery last night.

Yarwood: Did he catch you?

Smith: Eventually, yes, but nothing could be done about it, you see I was out of breath by that time.

—Q—
Seeds: How fat and well you look.

Nick: You judge too much from appearance. I got a gumboil on one side of my face, and got stung by a wasp on the other side.

PATRICK'S AD TRICK

The Story of a Wife Hunter and His Catch

Continued from page 7

It was an ad he had inserted two weeks ago, and, receiving no replies, had discontinued it.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Meredith. This is the advertisement I thought you had reference," and he showed her the insert that morning's paper.

She blushed, "You really thought I had come to inquire about a husband? No, I have a small Old English pitcher I want to sell. That is what I called about."

"I am sorry I subjected you to personal questioning. Have you the pitcher here?"

"No, I did not bring it. Perhaps you will tell me your prices for such ware."

"I cannot judge its value without seeing it. Perhaps I may have it tonight if I call for it?"

"Well yes, you may. I live here," and Miss Meredith gave him a slip of paper bearing the address of her boarding house.

After Marjorie Meredith had left, Jack told Tommie to inform the other ladies present.

Concluded in Next Issue

Mr. Stratton: What is a fowl?
Lois Clay: A ball knocked out of bounds.

—Q—
Dealer: I came to collect for the adding machine.

Manager: I thought that you said it would pay for itself in a few months.

—Q—
Meiter: What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc.
Cosgrove: One was made of wood and the other was Maid of Orleans.

—Q—
Grim: Say Chalfant, where did you learn to do the Charleston so nicely?

Chalfant: I crossed Fifth avenue in New York when the red light was on.

—Q—
Absent minded painter: Boss I've finished the wall, don't let anyone walk on them.

—Q—
Teacher: What is a calory?
Student: The next tier of seats above the balcony.

—Q—
Pearson: What did you say Brownie's business was now?
Moore's: Stocks and blondes.

—Q—
Montgomery: What would you do if a burglar broke into your house?
Bowers: I should keep cool.

A few nights later he heard a noise and thinking it a burglar, he kept his promise; he hid in the ice box.

—Q—
Kennedy: Are the buildings very tall down around Culver?

Ed. Harris: Why the last one I worked on there was so tall that I had to lay on my stomach to let the moon pass.

—Q—
Have you the book I lent you?
Cobbs: No I lent it to a friend.

Reese: That makes it very awkward for me, as the man who lent it to my friend tells him that the owner would like to have it.

—Q—
First: What is the best way of preventing diseases caused by biting insects?

Second: Don't bite the insect.

—Q—
Raymond Cope: What are those marks on your face?

Kenny Kuhl: Oh someone's trade marks.

—Q—
Landlady: What is wrong sir? Isn't it a good chicken?

Boarder: Morally, I don't doubt it is unimpeachable, but physically it is a wreck.

—Q—
Mr. Hilgendorf: How many zones has the earth?

Letha: Five.

Mr. Hilgendorf: Correct, name them.

Letha: Temperate zone, intemperate, canal, horrid, and o.

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\$4.00 Jade, Green, Red or Black Student's Special Fountain Pens
SPECIAL AT \$2.00

\$3.00 Student Special Fountain Pens \$1.50 During This Sale

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