

Beat
Leetonia

The Quaker

Enter
The Contest

VOL VIII NO. 3

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, NOVEMBER 10, 1927

PRICE 10 CENTS

COUNTY TITLE APPEARS TO BE TIE

SENIOR PLAY CHOSEN

Miss Stahl Picks Comedy Farce

The dramatic season is fast approaching and that means the senior play. Miss Stahl has taken over the reins of director for this year's senior and junior productions. Miss Stahl has chosen a well known farce in three acts—"The While Town's Talking," by John Emerson and Anita Loos. The latter will be remembered for her "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The former play has already been filmed and is ready for the silver sheet. Advance information is to the effect that the play is extremely funny, just bubbling over with wholesome humor. That means another enjoyable evening in December.

Rehearsal begins Monday, November 7. The complete cast will be made public later. Here's a chance for more co-operation, students.

SALEM OBSERVES EDUCATION WEEK

November 7th to 13th, is known as "Education Week." This is an annual and also a nation-wide event. Each year, a week is set aside so that more interest might be attained in regard to schools of all types and so that parents may spend a few hours seeing how the schools of today are conducted. The plan has already proved a success, the parents of the country have responded to the call, and have come to a better understanding of the school system of today.

November 8th, was "Parents' day" in Salem High school. Regular classes were conducted during the day, and ended with an assembly. Dr. David Allen Anderson, president of Kent State Normal college, gave a very interesting address before a large audience. Once again this week has been an unqualified success. Keep it so.

J. KELLY SPEAKS TO STUDENTS

The assembly Thursday, Nov. 8, was a football rally for the game on Saturday with East Liverpool. Joe Kelly praised the team for their work two years ago on the field and the former Salem High star, encouraged the team to do the same this year.

HERE'S THE BIG CONTEST

The Quaker Offers Free Annual To Winner

The big prize contest is on! The checkered flag has been dropped and they're off! Come on students, get in the biggest race of 1927. Everything is free; you furnish the brain and we furnish the annual. In order to make this contest an unqualified success, we must have the hearty co-operation of the entire student body. Just take about half an hour of your time and support this new venture. In order to have the best, we must have a representative turnout; we must have, in other words, a good sized entry list.

There is nothing difficult about this contest; read the rules given below and then go ahead. We are conducting this venture for your benefit; consider it your duty to the school and to yourself to enter the lists. You can write as good a story as the next fellow. Isn't a free annual worth a little effort?

When May rolls around some one is going to sit back and smile at your efforts to gain 50 cents. Is it going to be you? Good, now just read these rules.

I. Any student who is a member of Salem High School may enter.

II. The main idea of the contest is this: Following this article you will find the beginning of a very promising incident. Finish that story in your own way, compose a title and hand the original beginning and your own completion to some member of the Quaker staff, your report room teacher, Miss Woods, or to someone in the Quaker office.

III. Story must not exceed 2,000 words.

IV. Write your own story with

its title on tablet paper. Then take a separate sheet, write the name of your story and also your name on it, then hand both in. Remember—do not write your name on the same paper as that containing your story.

V. Judges will be selected by the Quaker.

VI. All stories must be in by four o'clock December 2nd.

These rules are simple. Why not begin now? Here's the story:

Harry Thorne gazed about in amazement. Some celebration was the order of the day. Flags fluttered fretfully from buildings and poles; confetti and paper streamers came in a steady stream from the windows of the business offices overhead. The street was lined on both sides with a solid mass of humanity, craning necks to gain a vantage spot. Something was happening and judging by appearances that something was important.

Suddenly something hard struck Harry on the head. He glanced upwards and saw the cause. A shoeless foot was dangling over a window ledge. The owner was apparently yet unaware of her loss. Harry glanced around, saw a hallway. He quickly entered and started up the stairs.

What happened then? Who was the owner of the shoe? Was she a pretty typist, an elderly secretary, or the wife of the manager? What celebration was being held? Did the finding of the shoe bring any further adventure to Harry?

It is your job. Complete the story, win the prize and an annual is yours gratis. Come on, folks, get pen and ink and let's go.

MR. SPRINGER HOST TO HI-Y

Boys Enjoy Real Evening

The Hi-Y boys spent their last meeting at the home of Coach Springer, adviser of the club. Business was discussed at the opening of the evening. Reports showed that the sale of badges had been quite a success so far and the outlook was pleasant. After a little discussion the members decided to back the school boy patrol system that is soon to be inaugurated in Salem. The club then

voted on new members and succeeded in gaining five new enrollments—Keith Harsh, Ed Schilling, Melvin Ormes, Jerald Judge and Richard Shaw.

Business over, the boys enjoyed games provided by Springer. Cooties was the main diversion. Mr. Springer then served a fine luncheon. The table was decorated in appropriate

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SATURDAY'S GAME EVENS SCORE

Muddy Battle Ends 0-0

A good team of swimmers might have won the game at Liverpool and consequently the county championship, but fate in the form of mud intercepted the idea. Mud, water, sawdust and more mud were all too numerous for a fast game. Breaks were many and mostly for Salem, but the Red lads made their own breaks. At least five punts were blocked by Salem and as many fumbles recovered by both sides. The heavier Liverpool line had the advantage, a great one on a wet day, but the lighter Salem line held mostly in the pinches so the game ended as it began, in a punting duel, 0-0.

Sidinger had his second punt in two years blocked, while many blocked punts of Kham's resulted in losses for the Blue. Both teams were pepped up for the championship affair, but neither could unloose a great offensive in six inches of mud and water. The game, all but the score, was a duplicate of the game there two years ago. The result practically ties the title, unless something unexpected is done.

Salem plays Leetonia and Palestine, the next two weeks and is expected to be a victor in both, by about three touchdowns. The home team unleashed such an offensive in the form of Allen and Seed's sweeping runs, as to throw a scare into any team. With a dry field, these victories should be obtained easily, while the plunging of Herbert and Sidinger should mean a lot on a wet one. East Liverpool has almost the same problem. The Blue can take over the other teams easily, except one. The stumbling block is in the form of Wellsville. Her team is about the size of that of Liverpool, and certainly will not be a walkover. With Calhoun, Irons, Eshbacher and Dueval as offensive, Liverpool will have her hands full.

So the result of their annual Thanksgiving game may decide the title as a tie or a victory for Salem.

The game itself, was exciting at times, but the constant punting spoiled the real effect of the game. At one time the Salem lads had the ball on the six inch line. A quarterback sneak was tried, but Sidinger already over was thrust back. A touchdown was claimed by Salem.

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THE QUAKER

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Faculty Advisor Miss Woods

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DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you realize that today is an anniversary? Eight years ago today, November 11, 1919—the warring nations of the world signed a document granting temporary peace to the world. Little did the signers of the armistice realize that that day would be immortalized as a national holiday. But Americans have set aside that day to pay a noble tribute to those who gave their lives that democracy might be saved.

By a simple, yet mighty stroke of the pen was procured a temporary respite from the great war that had drained the earth of her youth, of her resources and of her faith in human nature. Mighty guns belched forth their instruments of destruction for the last time; soldiers laid down their arms to take up the tools of reconstruction; the whole world lifted its voice in one great echoing chorus to that Divine Power, thankful that it was to be no more.

That war is gone and past; the time for hatred is past. Germany has had her lesson and is proving a mighty good loser. She is reconstructing rapidly as are all the countries of Europe. Soon the visible effects of that terrible devastator will be gone. But nothing can soothe the pain in some mother's heart, whose boy is lying over there—forever at peaceful rest, 'neath the waving poppies. It is for these and others who felt the pangs of sorrow most deeply, that Armistice day has a special significance. Let us stand side by side, American, Englishman, German and Frenchman, take off our hats to those noble mothers, fathers and sweethearts and silently vow to the Almighty above that never again shall such a horror visit this globe.

STUDENTS VINDICATE THEMSELVES

Before the Wellsville-Salem football struggle, it was the opinion of many followers of the game that the students of Salem High were not backing their team to the extent that they should. That charge, however deep it may hurt, we must admit to be true. The team had played four games without the support of the school and had been dragged to

defeat at each encounter. The morale of the team was extremely low. Persons in authority had foresight enough to see that if this condition prevailed much longer it would mean disaster to the team.

So they organized pep meetings and finally brought Mr. Gibson before the student body. Mr. Gibson spoke frankly and friendly. From then on the students determined to vindicate themselves.

And vindicate themselves they did. A good proportion turned out at the Wellsville game and, with the aid of the band, instilled such determination and fight into the Red and Black bulldogs, that they swept down the field to victory.

The students have the right spirit now. They are back of the team to a man and the team knows it. It was fine to see the smiles of gratitude and appreciation on the boys' faces as they heard their mates cheering for them as they began their triumphal march down the field. Tears were in every boy's eyes and he vowed that he would show those loyal friends that he could produce the goods and he did.

Come on, students! Keep that pep and spirit. We've got the team; let's show them we are for them. Saturday was fine; keep it up and the whole town will be proud of Salem High School.

WHY NOT A SCHOOL BAND

We have been hearing a lot lately of school spirit and good cheering. Why not a High school band? Nothing puts more enthusiasm into rooters, or more real fighting into the players, than music, such as a band can furnish. That fact was demonstrated at the memorable Wellsville-Salem game. When the sky looked gloomy with another defeat forecast, the band filled the breach and put renewed hope into the hearts of the Red and Black guiders. When the team began their first real march down the field, the band succeeded in keeping that fighting spirit, that splendid enthusiasm aflame. The result was a touchdown and an ultimate victory for Salem.

One of Salem's prominent linemen remarked the day after the game, that "it sure was fine to hear the old band play. It certainly makes a fellow feel like going in there and giving all he's got."

We can have a school band if we desire. Perhaps not overnight, but with foresight it would not be hard to picture the formation of one. It would mean work, and plenty of practice and endurance, but the rewards would certainly merit the labors. Why not get out the old cornet, wipe off the dust and toot a good old tune? It doesn't matter whether you've played for ten years or not; stick to your notes and toot. Why not be the hero of the band?

What could be more fitting at the dedication of our hoped for Reilly Stadium than a Salem High school band, resplendent in new uniforms, cheerfully sending out the tune, "Salem, We'll Shine Tonight?"

THOSE WHO NEVER COME BACK

Once again we come to the day that brings sadness and heartache to the whole nation, and particularly to those who have some loved one on the World war's list of dead. When we stop to consider the supreme sacrifice paid by those gone and those who sent them, the thought brings a tear to our eye and a softness in our glance. The war is over now, but memory has painted an indelible picture. Close your eyes and you can see those boys, carefree, and happy, answering the call of justice. You can see them gayly waving farewell with a glance that says, "I'll be back soon."

Some came back; some were carried back, but they knew it not; some never came back; some never will come back. They carried that assured countenance through the bloody battle until some missile of war severed their last chance. Even then, they died with that confident smile, heroes to the end.

Terrible as it was to have a son brought home dead, it was more terrible to have him never come home. Today, the Unknown Soldier is a tribute to those who remained in France. The Unknown Soldier is the man who came home, but 1600 of his comrades remain in France. Today these nameless men lie under long rows of snow white crosses in the eight beautiful American military cemeteries of Europe. Ere another Armistice day, those crosses will all be of marble

and on their bars will be engraved the legend:

Here rests in honored glory, an American soldier, known but to God.

Mothers and fathers of these missing boys—remember under one of those white crosses lies your boy, a hero, who has gone home to his God. It has been a hard burden, but you have been brave and true. His memory will never fade; he will ever be near you. Though he is known to no mortal soul, he is known to God. Some day you will travel the valley of death and somewhere in that celestial heaven you will find your boy, happy and contented, coming to meet you, with a smile on his lips and saying, "Mother! Dad!"

Editor and Business Manager to Journey to Columbus

The editor and business manager of "The Quaker," have decided to attend the journalistic conference of Ohio schools at Columbus, December 2 and 3.

There was a choice between Columbus and Cleveland; formerly Cleveland was chosen, but this year it was believed that better results could be obtained in a larger meeting. One of the student body has kindly consented to drive the two representatives to the capitol. The two days are given over mainly to discussions of journalistic problems, annual work and business administration with a fine banquet ending the event. The boys are going with the idea of bringing something worth while back.

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Patrick's Ad Trick

The Story of a Wife Hunter and his Catch

Concluding Installment

John Patrick was both glad and sorry that Miss Meredith had not come in answer to his advertisement. She was exactly the sort of girl he had always admired, but he didn't want to marry any girl who would answer such an advertisement as he had published.

Mrs. Carroll held Jack's fortune in trust. (Jack was the only son of the wealthy New York banker, Rodney Newman Patrick). She was, it seemed to Jack, eternally telling him how necessary it was that he should marry, and that he was 31, an age when he could not hesitate.

"You do not meet enough young ladies, John," she would say to him.

Jack decided to break her of this habit. So he published the ad and decided that the first girl under 30 who made a decent appearance and had no family ties he would point out to his aunt, without the girl's knowledge, as his wife-to-be. He knew that no girl of whom Mrs. Carroll would approve would answer such an ad, so he was sure it would end her pleading, as he could always say he had tried to marry but she would not let him. Also, he thought that no girl who knew of his odd advertisement would care to marry him.

But now, since he had seen Miss Meredith, a doubt assailed him as to the efficacy of his action. What if she would think ill of him for his foolishness? Somehow he couldn't understand why he had formerly thought it such a good trick to play on his aunt. Now it seemed nonsensical, inane.

"How could I be such an idiot," he thought.

"A lady to see you, sir," hailed Tommie from the door.

"Tell her to get out, and stay out,"—Jack growled—"Oh, Tom, wait a minute." As the boy turned, "What's her name?"

"Miss Meredith, sir."

"Oh show her in you dunce."

"Mr. Patrick," said Marjorie's voice from the door.

"Yes, Miss Meredith."

"I brought the pitcher. I am invited to the home of one of my friends for dinner this evening, so I thought I'd bring it now." She unwrapped the small package which she carried.

"Oh, what a beauty," Jack exclaimed.

"Do you like it?" she smiled.

"It is wonderful. What do you ask for it?"

"I leave the price to you."

"Would two hundred be enough?"

"Oh but that's expensive."

"No, it is worth it."

He paid her, and she left him when he had again thanked her. The little pitcher was very pretty, but at that it seemed far more valuable to John Patrick because of its former owner.

That night he went to his aunt's home for dinner. To his surprise when he entered the drawing-room, Marjorie Meredith was chatting with

Mrs. Carroll. His aunt was about to introduce the two when Marjorie said:

"Mr. Patrick and I have met before," Demurely.

John laughed and added, "Under less auspicious circumstances."

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie, while she, too, laughed.

Mrs. Carroll was curious but too well-bred to ask them of what they were laughing. Just then dinner was announced. After dinner, Marjorie declared that she must go, and Jack offered to take her in his roadster. She agreed, and they left.

"Do you think me a fool for that crazy ad?" Jack asked.

"No," said Marjorie. "You see I have known your aunt for a number of years, and she has explained her ambitions for you. I understand your position very well."

When Jack left Marjorie, he extracted a promise that he could call upon her frequently.

In the next few months Jack and Marjorie were often together, and at the end of that time, their engagement was announced to the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Carroll, who demanded that her nephew's marriage be immediate.

Louise Smith

MR. SPRINGER HOST TO HI-Y

Continued from Page 1
Hallowe'en colors and was quite attractive. The fellows enjoyed the evening and felt deeply indebted to Coach Springer for his kindness.

Meeting Nov. 3

The Hi-Y had a representative from the Columbiana County Motor Association as their speaker Nov. 3rd. Mr. Neal explained the new school boy patrol system and emphasized the need of some immediate and adequate protection for children in regard to motor traffic.

More badges were ordered by the Hi-Y in order to take care of the increasing demand. Several of the members were absent, but all had good excuses. Several new fellows were brought up for consideration.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ORANGE

I

We were gathered on the ball field
Not a soul did dare to speak,
As Seeds received the ball
And made a gain of sixty feet.

II

'Tis an awful thing in autumn
To be seated in the stand
And watch your fellow students
Helping off a man.

III

As thus we sat and waited
Eagerly with heart and soul,
"We've a chance" our captain
shouted

As Allen started for the goal.

IV

Then the fans grew much excited
And the coaches yelled out,
"Fine!"

Since none of the opponents
Could keep Allen from the line.

V

Then we cheered our gallant
players
As they came rushing back
For the Orange had been defeated
By the good old Red and Black.

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You gain the other — an association that can bring to you in your plans and your affairs, the priceless asset of a strong bank's friendship.

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RIDDLE KID

Honestly folks, I've received so many queries that I'm swamped. I didn't know there were so many questions in the English language. I'll take care of all I can. Here's the second batch:

Dear Kid—I am in trouble; I am afflicted with a dreadful malady—I'm bald. Please tell me what is good for a bald head.

SHINY NOB.

Ans.—The best thing I can prescribe is plenty of hair.

Dear Mr. Riddle—What were the best seats at the Dempsey-Tunney fight?

BOXING GLOVES

Ans.—The receipts.

Dear Mr. Riddle—What it is we all require, we all give, we occasionally ask for, but very seldom take?

YOU TELL ME.

Ans.—Advice.

Dear Mr. Kid—If a man met a crying pig, what animal would he call him.

H. O. G.

Ans.—Pork, you pine.

Dear Riddle—How do we know that bachelors are bad grammarians?

UN WEDED

Ans.—Because they decline to conjugate.

Dear Riddle—Why is an author like a Chinaman?

Ee YOW

Ans.—Because his tale (tail) comes out of his head. Isn't that a brainy retort?

Dear Kid—Why is a crying baby like a sunflower?

TELL MORE

Ans.—Someone has had a little experience. From the same source, I would say in answer to the question—because it is mostly yell-o(w).

Dear Riddle Kid—Why was Washington buried standing.

HIST ORY

Ans.—I am no historian, but I would say it was because he couldn't lie.

Dear Kid—Why should Mr. Heinz not be asked to judge at a beauty show?

RUE LAR.

Ans.—It would not be fair, because he would pick-a-lilly.

Dear Kid—When did Dewey cease to be an admiral?

NAVY B. EAN

Ans.—Don't show this around. When he became his wife's second mate—ouch!

Dear Kid—What does Washington, D. C., stand for. My history teacher wants to know.

ANG SHUS

Ans.—You tell that history teacher that Washington, D. C., stands for Washington, Daddy of his Country. Guess I know my history.

MR. GIBSON HELPS TEAM AN ANSWER TO THE CALL

Charles Wilhelm spoke a few words in order to encourage team for the Wellsville game. "When the team is losing is the time for the school to get behind them." He declared that the school spirit casts either a good or bad impression.

Supt. Alan then introduced Mr. Gibson, a loyal friend of Salem High. He said that all must do the best for Salem. He blamed the team for the game with Warren but encouraged them for the game on Saturday with Wellsville.

HONOR ROLL, FIRST SIX WEEKS**SENIORS**

Geraldine Clay.
Alma Fleischer.
Edith Flickinger.
Gladys Fults.
Elizabeth McKee.
Anna Ruth Miller.
Wayne Morron.
Robert Phillips.
George Ruggy, four A's.
Louise Smith, five A's.
Charles Wilhelm.

JUNIORS

Martha Beardmore.
Virginia Callahan.
Florence Davis, four A's.
Keith Harsh.
Kenneth Headland.
Jane Hunt.
Lorene Jones.
Dorothy Leider, five A's.
Mary M. McKee.
Harriet Percival.
Martha Reeves.
Elvira Ressler.
Richard Shaw.
Helen Shelton.
Florence Shriver.
James Wingard.

SOPHOMORES

Florence Binsley.
Nate Caplan.
Arlene Davis.
Elwood Dustan.
Lois Greenisen.
Nila Hoffman.
Laura M. Hovermale.
George Konnerth.
Philip Leider.
Garnett Lodge.
Ernest Naragon.
Tom Nedelka.
Newill Pottorf.
Mary F. Ressler.
Mary Reynolds.
Mary Roth.
Bertha Ryser.
Marion Shaw.
John Solomon.
Dale Wilson.
Kathryn Winkler.
Steve Zatkan.
Anna Zelle.

FRESHMEN

Ruth Auld, four A's.
Barbara Benzinger.
Albert Baltorinic.
Marjorie Bell.
Virginia Fuller.
Reba Gabler.
Rebecca Harris.
Dorothy Harroff.
Howard Heston.
Mary Ann Hunt.
Susie Lutsch.

French Club Formed

In the last issue the Quaker published an editorial pleading for more clubs. Some folks took that to heart and the result is a French club. The club was organized Wednesday, November 2. There were about 15 present and the outlook is for an enrollment of about 20.

This is certainly a step in the right direction for the students of French will now be able to consider many phases of French and French life that class room work could not afford. The club plans to conduct the meetings in French, sing French songs and dramatize French plays. Miss Kelly has willingly sponsored the club and feels sure that success is ahead. Meetings are to be held every week on an evening designated the members. A constitution is being drawn up and will be submitted to the club members for approval. The first program, as planned by the officers, will consist of learning to introduce people in French, singing of French songs, Armistice Day news and French current events.

The officers for the first semester are: Charles Wilhelm, President; Louise Smith, Vice President; Richard Shaw, Treasurer.

The club is anxious to prove a success; with proper co-operation there is no need for question. Those students have blazed the way. Now let's have a few more clubs started. It's lots of fun, folks.

ROYAL THEATRE SALEM, O.**TONIGHT****"THIRD DEGREE"**

With Dolores Costello, Louise Dresser.
Comedy

"Some More Excuses"

and

"Flaming Snow"**FRIDAY, SATURDAY****"HELD BY THE LAW"**

With Johnnie Walker, Marguerite Motte and Ralph Lewis
Comedy

BIG BOY in

"She's a Boy"

Also Second Chapter of
"The Return of the Riddle Rider"

Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 14-15

"BETTER APPLES"

With Monte Blue and Myrna Loy
Comedy

"His Rich Bluff"

Also 8th Chapter of
"Perils of the Jungle"

Wednesday and Thursday

John Gilbert in**"CAMEO KIRBY"**

Comedy

"Backing George"

and

"An Exciting Day"

Friday and Saturday

"SET FREE"

With Art Acord
Comedy

"Some Scout"

And 3rd Chapter of

"The Return of the Riddle Rider"

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THE LELAND
WATCH SHOP

Red Gets First Taste of Victory

Rib Allen Stars In Sensational Gains

The Salem lads finally broke into the winning column by defeating the hearty Wellsville team. It was a marvelous game and one well worth seeing. The score could not tell the tale, but just ask anyone who saw the game. The first thing Salem did was to stop Calhoun, then Irons, then the whole Wellsville team, and last of all, came back to score eighteen points in the last half. Truly a good game of football to watch, all brands being shown.

The boys certainly answered the question. Could they win a game? They couldn't lose that game. With such a backing from the band and a great part of the three thousand spectators they were sure to play their heads off. Still, they did not play over their head. Mistakes were noticed but the team as it may now be called, as a whole played a brilliant and heads up game. It certainly looks as if we should see some smoke now.

The game was replete with thrills. The game came from the first and kept the spectators on edge through out the half; then come the fireworks. The ball kept wavering back and forth the first quarter. A lot of ground was gained but noe of these plays materialized into scores. The pep here was noted to be mostly on the Salem side. Finally Calhoun found a hole off tackle, and raced forty-five yards. Here they were held for downs and elected to punt. Allen partially fumbled and was immediately tackled on the three yard line. Sidinger punted but again Wellsville advanced the ball to the ten yard line, and from here scored in three downs. Glenn scored the touchdown—but failed to kick. Here the half ended, but the real Salem game started.

The Red lads came out of the field determined to win the game then and there. The ball immediately was advanced down the field to the fifteen yard line, by a varied attack. One first down was made but the ball came to a definite stop on the six yard line. Sidinger, using his head, called for a screen pass. The result—six points. Too late for the Wellsville backs did the ball float into the wasting arms of Captain Herbert. The quarter soon ended with the score, 6-6.

The last quarter just started, when Allen received the ball for an end run. It was a perfect play and a perfect run. It ended some seconds later with the ball over the goal, sixty yards away. Allen reversed his field three times, and passed the safety man with a perfect three man interference. The first taste of teamwork was good. It was a beautiful play altogether and brought every one up standing.

Wellsville Threatens

This was almost equalled by the straight football of Wellsville. The river team brought the ball clear to the fifteen yard line before a stand

was made. At the seven yard line a great defense was put up so that even the much favored Irons could not penetrate our forward wall. This player was sent in with a bad leg and a prayer; both failed. Besides, he was ineligible. This deed certainly showed the mettle of our green line.

Sidinger punted over 60 yards out of danger. Then in came Seeds who almost alone advanced the ball 50 yards, by two runs. Again Allen came to the fore and scored on another sweeping end run. It almost duplicated the first run and for the first game three touchdowns were made by the Salem team. Subs held Wellsville for about the three remaining minutes of the best game of the year. A lot of credit is due all of the boys. Every one had a share in Salem's first great victory.

SALEM—18 WELLSVILLE—6
 PascoLE..... Deuval
 JudgeLT..... Wilson
 DebnarLG..... Hartford
 ScullionC..... Shea
 TalbotRG..... Grindle
 ChristenRT..... Thompson
 GuilfordRE..... Snowden
 SidingerQ..... Eshbacher
 AllenLH..... Rutherford
 EarleyRH..... Calhoun
 HerbertF..... Glenn
 Subs—Salem: Sartick, Harwood,
 Whinnery, Deming, Neverdusky,
 Seeds, Roessleh, Van Blaricom.
 Wellsville—Irons, Williams, Sa-
 tow, Weekley, Householder.
 Referee—Kester (Akron).
 Umpire—Wagner (Mt. Union).
 Linesman—Frey (Wooster).

—Q—

COUNTY TITLE APPEARS TIE.

Continued from page 1
 but the ball was placed where Sidinger was downed. Kirkham then punted out of danger. Salem was back against her own goal at one time but the gallant line again held the rushing backs.

Fumbles were numerous throughout the game, making any thing passable. The race for all county places was narrowed by several. Scullion played a better all around game than did Allison, thereby, almost cinching a place at center. Kirkham was the best back for the Blue, while Anderson showed himself to be the outstanding end of the county. Clark is trying hard for a tackle. Herbert was the best player on the field, while Allen simply couldn't get started on account of the mud. Watch the rest of the race! There are several places left.

SALEM—0 LIVERPOOL—0
 PascoLE..... Anderson
 VanBlaricom ...LT..... Clark
 DebnarLG..... Davidson
 ScullionC..... Allison
 TalbotRG..... Penebaker
 ChristenRT..... Crawford
 HarwoodRE..... Witherow
 SidingerQ..... English
 EarleyLH..... Laneve
 SeedsRH..... Bloor
 Herbert (C) ...F... Kirkham (C)
 Subs—Salem: Guilford, Allen,
 Sartick. Liverpool: Mackall, Bloor.
 Referee—Fry (Pitt).
 Umpire—Parks (Geneva).
 Linesman—Harr (Geneva).

Jazz

What is dere 'bout dat musick
 Dat jest seems to coax mah feet,
 Dat summons a submission
 To dat measured time an' beat?

Hear dat saxaphone a' wailin'?
 Boy! day gives me dancin' chills.
 How de clarinet's a' callin',
 Wit its jazzy dancy trills!

Dat baby at the iv'ries?
 Jes' can not sit still,
 De violins a' sobbin',
 Law chile! what a thrill!

Hear dose traps go tippin' trappin',
 Ain't de drum de cat's meom?
 Chile! dat musick's got me captured
 An' it ain't no matter how!

Honey, see dose couples swayin'
 Doan't ya wish youse swayin' too?
 Mercy! dat's de "Blue" day're playin'
 I'se a' ticklin' in mah shoe.

Dat's just de way it 'fects me.
 Cain't express it but dat way,
 It coaxes an' it beckons,
 Until fin'ly ah gives way.

It sings out an' it swings out,
 Cum on, dere chile, cum on!
 I listens—an' I weakens—
 An' den boy, ah am gone!
 Clipped from Westinghouse "Sketch
 Book."

—Q—

DeJane: Go on, you haven't any sense nohow.

Grim: I haven't any sense? What do you suppose this head is for?

DeJane: That thing? That's no head, that is just a button on top of your body to keep your backbone from unraveling.

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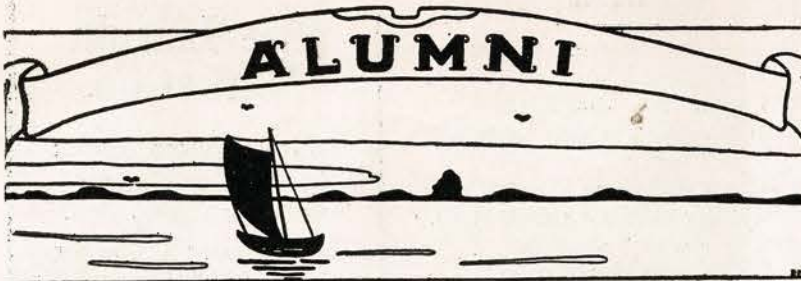
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GARFIELD
 AVENUE



Lieutenant Senior Grade H. D. Goldy of the United States Navy is spending five days leave with his mother, Mrs. L. V. McCave.

Lieut. Goldy has just been detached as commanding officer of the Western New York recruiting district of the navy with headquarters in Buffalo and has been ordered to the U. S. S. Hannibal, which is fitting out in Philadelphia navy yard for hydrographic survey of portions of the coast of Central and South America.

Lieut. Goldy graduated from Salem Hi in 1915.

Charlie Coffee, '26 a member of the Scarlet and Gray football squad of Ohio State, was initiated into the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is enrolled as a sophomore in the college of education and was pledged to the fraternity last year.

Bob White, Glenn Arnold, Joe Schmid and Don Mathews, all alumni members of Salem Hi who are attending Ohio State, were home over the week end.

Loeta Eakin, who is attending Oberlin Kindergarten Training School, was home over last weekend.

Arthur "Pood" Yengling, a graduate of the class of '24, is going to be in the running late this month when the pickers of all Ohio college elevens start their work.

Yengling wears the purple of Mt. Union college, over Alliance way, and his hefty punting, his faultless place-kicking, his unerring passing and line smashing have combined to place "Pood" among the state's gridiron elite.

Last Saturday against Akron, Yengling accounted, directly or in-

directly for all of Mount's 14 points. He tossed the passes which scored the touchdowns, and his educated toe kicked two extra points which brought victory.

In every game this season, whether he plays half of fullback, Yengling has been the big noise of the Purple's offense. It would not be surprising to find him picked on the all-Ohio teams.

Charlie Coffee '26, at Ohio State, played in his first Western conference game last Saturday against Chicago when he substituted for Kriss at right half during one period of the game. Charlie did not have much opportunity to display his choice line of off tackle and end runs, but he demonstrated for the boys that he has big caliber football stuff. Reports say he will be the first line sub in the Princeton game.

Coffee was the subject of some little comment in the New York Times last Sunday. The article called attention to his versatility in being an all-round track star, and basketball player. He was named as one of the six football players who will don the togs of the varsity cage squad in December, and was praised for his track record.

Harry Houser, at left end, was the only shining light on the Lafayette line when the Maroons were humbled by Penn State last Saturday. It was the second defeat in 19 games for Lafayette, and 40 points were scored against the team whose morale was shaken by the defeat the week before by W. & J.

Houser played all of the game, no substitution being made for him. He was a power on the defense, and staved off many end runs coming his way.

Two of Them

THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS TRUE

Re-clothed in his most splendid apparel; the sun beamed upon the earth from his throne in the heavens. The fallen leaves, painted so much more beautifully than human touch could ever hope to represent them, formed a rainbow-like path for the feet of the passers-by. A baby breeze played with the leaves on the trees, those on the ground, and the hair and skirts of the women on the street. It was Indian summer.

Standing under a large maple tree, before a huge stone house, were a girl and a boy, both of high-school age.

The girl's brown eyes were deep and serious, her curly brown hair formed an aureola about her pretty face. The sun played on her pretty,

red lips and her small straight nose.

The boy's eyes were a deep, snappy black. His hair, like his eyes, was coal black, and was brushed back neatly from his forehead. Despite the dimple in his chin, determination was registered in the set of his jaw. At present, his handsome face was rendered grotesque by the effect of the sun, shining about the shadows of the leaves from the tree under which he stood. An earnest, pleading look was stamped on his countenance. His dark brows were knitted closely into a frown of disapproval.

"But Lois, I tell you that if you go to art school, you will forget all about me, and the rest of the people out here. In a few years Jack McNeal and Sandusky will not even stir your memory. Oh, I don't see why you can't paint pictures just as well here, as some place else." The boy's tones were passionate,

Continued on Page 8

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Society

Vivian Dilworth entertained her Sunday school class at her home on the Newgarden road on October 28.

The hostess' home was prettily decorated with Hallowe'en's inevitable black and orange. Games and music provided the main entertainment. After the visitors were tired of that the hostess served some delicious refreshments. Each member received some cute favor.

The teachers of Salem spent Friday, November 4, in Cleveland. This is an annual affair and provides a day's vacation for the students.

Alice Moser and Thelma O'Connell attended the Ohio State-Chi-

cago game at Columbus.

The Junior Music club met at the home of Ruth Moff, Oct. 26, for their first real meeting. All necessary business was transacted and new members voted upon. In accordance with previous plans, committees were appointed for the purpose of planning suitable programs.

At the first meeting impromptu numbers were given by each member of the club. Following this refreshments were served by the hostess. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Forest Coy, November 9th.



Si says the geometry classes are using the same angles they used last year. He recommends that the Board of Education find some new angles to use, as the ones being used are getting tiresome.

Dora: How did you vote?
Flora: In my brown suit and squirrel toque.

Knepper: Say Wright, why do they call you Bill?
Wright: Cause I was born on the first of the month.

Lazy Dutch: I have a new position with the railroad company.
Weary Pete: What ja do?
Lazy Dutch: You know the fellow that goes along side the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? Well, I help him listen.

Peterson: Why did you tell Nellie that I was foolish?
Bailey: Heavens, I'm sorry—was it a secret?

Scullion: I have a scheme for re-vamping old films.
Greiner: Beat it! I'm too busy re-filming old vamps.

P. E. P.: Charles, look! There's an aeroplane.
Wilhelm: Yes, dear—don't touch it.

Cop: The driver of a hearse asked me just now, which way to the cemetery, and I told him.
Captain: Don't do it again. You are being paid as a cop, not as a funeral director.

Jenkins wants to know: If a locomotive hit a mule would it hurt him?

Employment Agent: So you want a job? Do you ever tell lies?
Debnar: No sir, but I can learn.

Mrs. Englehart: Why is the pancake like the sun?
Mary O'Keefe: Because it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.

Smith: You are always behind in your studies.
Sartick: Well you see it gives me a chance to pursue them.

Son: Ma do I have to wash my face?
Mother: Certainly, go do it now.
Son: Oh, ma can't I powder it and not wash, like you do.

Yarwood: How do you get down off an elephant?
Webber: Use a ladder or grease its sides and slide off.
Yarwood: You can't get down off an elephant—you get it off geese.

A gentleman entered the Chinese laundry, and upon receiving his clothes, he asked what the writing meant. The Chinaman responded: "Lil ol man, cross-eyed, no teeth."

Montgomery: The engine seems to be missing
Koontz: Never mind, it doesn't show.

"I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."
"So did I—an alarm clock."

Pasco: Hello ol top, new car?
Talbot: No, old car, new top.

Mother: Willie, I wish that you would run across the street and see how old Mrs. Brown is this morning. Upon Willie's return, he reported: "Mrs Brown says it is none of your business how old she is."

Short Louis says: Members of the younger generation today are not like him in many respects.

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Perhaps, if we all watch the pennies very carefully this month, we will all be prepared to go out on the very first day of December to shop. There is nothing to hinder us from planning our purchases while we are saving, or from paying a small amount down on them so that our gift will be laid away.

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Rib Ticklers

Mr. Fley: What happened to Babylon?

Frosh: It fell.

Mr. Fley: What happened to Tyre?

Frosh: It was punctured.

Dorothy K.: What time does the 9 o'clock train leave?

Slim: Why 'er, 8:55.

Harwood: Say dad, what keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?

Father: Why, the law of gravity, of course.

Harwood: Well, how did the folks stay on before the law was passed?

Litty: Doctor, can you help me. My name is Litty.

Doctor: No, I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for that.

Dorothy L.: Just happened to run into an old friend down town.

I. Jones: Was he glad to see you?

D. L. You bet not. I smashed his whole back fender.

O'Neil: I heard that you are going to take ——— to the party. Are you?

Coy: I ain't saying, I ain't.

O'Neil: I ain't ask you is you ain't; I ask you ain't you is.

Ma: You've been drinking, I smell it on your breath.

Pa: Not a drop. I've been eating frog legs. What you smell is the hops.

TWO OF THEM

Continued from page 6
and he was talking in a loud voice.

"Jack, please don't talk so. You know very well, I won't forget you; and I won't forget dear old Sandusky, either," the girl replied firmly. "This is the last time I'm going to talk this over with you. We've gone over this same old rigamarole many times before, and it is all nonsense."

"Yes, you talk that way now," gloomily answered Jack, "but wait until you meet one of those curly-haired, black moustached, side-burned, high-brow artists."

"You make me sick," began Lois.

"Oh! I'm making you sick already am I? You are growing tired of me, huh?" said Jack, sarcastically.

"Good-bye, Jack. Don't forget to write to me," was the girl's only answer as she turned and ran up the stone steps of her home. The boy faced about slowly and began walking down the street, quite insensible to the beautiful Indian summer about him.

Two years passed by and Lois had already achieved fame in the field of art. She had returned to Sandusky but five times, but each time she had renewed her promises to the doubtful Jack. Jack had been to see her as often as his finances would permit.

Jack was now away at college and was captain of his football team. Hiery had won every game of the season, so far, and on Saturday they were to play their hardest opponent, Rietville.

Jack had been rather disconcerted by a letter which he had received from Lois about three weeks before. In the letter, she had mentioned a certain Philly Wiseman, an artist, who, so Lois said, was "cute as a pig's ear." However, he was partly consoled by a sentence that Wiseman was engaged to a very pretty girl.

On the Friday before the big game, as Jack hastily scanned the evening paper, his eyes fell upon these words: "Phillip Wiseman, well known artist, marries pretty Lois

Richards." Jack fell limp in his chair.

On Saturday, Coach Wentworth was much dissatisfied with the captain's attitude. Where was McNeal's usual enthusiasm. Why the don't care expression and the sullen lips? Why had the snappy black of his eyes changed to a weary gray? The coach considered these things as he watched McNeal slowly take his position on the field. Before the first half was over, cries of: "What's wrong with McNeal," "Where's the captain," and "Why not elect a captain?" arose from the side lines.

The score was 6-0 at the end of the first half and was in favor of Rietville.

The coach called McNeal aside and sternly reprimanded him for his behavior on the field. Still the expression on McNeal's face was the same.

Jack looked sullenly at the crowd on the bleachers, then suddenly a light broke over his face, and a look of surprise came over it. Upon the bleachers, waving her arm frantically, stood Lois. Very soon a letter was brought to him by a young high school lad.

"What's wrong with you today? Get out there and play, love from Lois," read the note.

And Jack played. He played as he had never done before.

"He tore into Rietville, like the Old Nick himself," declared the coach after the game.

When the game was over, the score was 18-6 in favor of Hiery.

After the game, Jack went immediately to Lois.

"I thought you were married to Phillip Wiseman. It was in the paper," exclaimed Jack.

The look of amazement on Lois' face suddenly changed to one of merriment. "Oh, why I had forgotten that Phillip's fiancée had the same name as I have. But she spells hers with an 'e', and I don't. Don't even know how to spell my name yet, do you?" she asked him, laughingly.

"Isn't the Indian summer in Sandusky, lovely?" asked Lois. "Um huh," murmured Jack happily, as he bent to kiss her.



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