

## Christmas Issue OF

Beat  
Alliance

# The Quaker

Merry  
Christmas

VOL VIII NO. 5

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 21, 1927

PRICE 10 CENTS

## CAGERS READY FOR FIRST GAME

### Debate Teams Get Under Way

Mr. Fley Begins Forensic Activities

The first call for debaters was issued on Monday, December 12th. There were quite a few applicants at the initial meeting, including some of last year's team. The forensic machine this year will be under the management of Mr. Fley. This is Mr. Fley's first year at the helm and he is anxious to make a good start. He is going to face a tough job because there are only a few letter men back this year. Charles Wilhelm, Wayne Morron and Walter Coy are the only experienced debaters left. That means a building up of practically two new teams. Last year the team went through a mighty tough season without a defeat. This year the members of the team wish to keep that slate clear. That's not going to be an easy task, for Ravenna and Akron North and then Niles are to be met in a triangular and a dual debate respectively.

The subject this year is, Resolved, That the Baumes lay, constitutionality granted, should be made nation wide by state enactment.

The team needs support, as do all athletic ventures. There has never been real school spirit shown at a debate. Let's give the debaters a real treat once and show them we are back of them. They work hard and deserve your appreciation. Let us start off on the right foot.

—Q—

### Equitable Life Insurance Co. Announces Winners

Wilhelm and Williams are Winners

Recently the Equitable Life Insurance Company conducted an essay contest in Salem High school for the purpose of increasing knowledge and interest in life insurance. The essay was to be only 300 words in length and dealing with the subject, "The Value of Life Insurance." The students devoted their time to insurance and read pamphlets sent out by the company. Then they wrote their opinions and handed them in and judges picked by the local concern, judged the merits of the entries. When the final report was complete it showed Charles Wilhelm as first prize win-

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### A Christmas Greeting from our Principal

Mr. Simpson Urges a True Yuletide Feeling

Again we are approaching the Christmas season, a time which grows better and more meaningful as the years go by. Over two thousand years ago the people sang: "Joy to the World the Lord has come," and ever since we have been praising that same theme.

But how differently we are situated today than at that time. In this age we know little of the conditions and problems that they faced in the early years. Still the same ideas and purposes should be with us today. The real story should mean even more to us for what would the world be without them? How dreary and narrow; how incomplete and shallow.

In all of our thoughts, let us place uppermost the verse: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is always a pleasure to receive, but how much more pleasant it is to help others. At times we may think that we are not able to do much, but as Annie says: "There's 'most always folks need

things lots worse'n you do," and how true that is. Look about you and you will discover persons who do not have half the pleasures you have.

Then too, let us have a spirit of tolerance, a willingness to overlook faults and mistakes of others and a spirit of friendliness on our part. Henry Van Dyke in his story on "Keeping Christmas," says: "Ignore what the world owes you, and think what you owe the world; put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; \* \* \* then you can keep Christmas."

So it seems to me that in the busy whirl about us we should never lose sight of the real meaning of Christmas. Let us not forget the greatest message of all: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Let us learn the real lesson taught us by the Star of the East.

—Q—

### Editor and Business Manager Enjoy Trip to Columbus

The editor and business manager of the Quaker, together with Charles Bennett, traveled to Columbus to attend the journalistic convention held at Ohio State University during December 2nd and 3rd. Bennett generously offered the use of his car, so the three left Friday morning.

The convention was a success as far as Salem was concerned. Friday afternoon several prominent men addressed the assembly and presented some instructive ideas. Friday evening a delightful banquet was served in the ballroom of the Chittenden Hotel. There were about 300 present. Music and dancing made an enjoyable evening. Saturday morning round table discussions were held. These were probably of most value to the members as many new ideas were presented.

The boys feel that they really got something out of the trip. If they can only incorporate these ideas into Salem's annual, we will have a better and bigger year book.

### Senior Play Enthusiastic- ally Received

Miss Stahl's Initial Attempt a  
Huge Success

Once again the curtain has fallen on a wonderful dramatic venture; once again Salem has triumphed with a production that approached the professional line. The whole town talked about "The Whole Town's Talking." And well they might, for it was a fine play in every respect. There was not a hitch; everything worked out with clock-like precision. As one writer expressed it "the performance bore no resemblance to an amateur production. It had the ear marks throughout of a good road show, presented by professionals of long experience. There was not a rough spot in the play, not a "stiff" character. There was hardly a situation that could have been better played."

Wayne Morron, as Chester Binney and Charles Wilhelm, as Mr. Simmons carried off honors with two fine performances. Close behind came Dorothy Cobb, as Ethel Simmons, Margaret Atkinson as Mrs.

Continued on page 2

### Basketball Season Begins January

Team Encounters Tough Foe  
In Alliance

Head Coach Wilbur Springer issued the call for basketball candidates several weeks ago and since that time he has been trying to forge a combination that will represent the best Salem has to offer. The outlook this year is not quite as good as in previous seasons. Only two regulars of the Red team are back, Capt. Lowell Allen and Eddie Siding. Around these two, Springer is building his team. Of course no position is secure; Springer has made no promises. Among the men available for floor duty are: Scullion, Whinnery, Fogg, Jones, Litty, Harwood, Guilford, Herbert, Christen, Jenkins, etc.

Out of this array, Springer can surely find a winning combination. Allen is a sure shot at forward, one of the cleverest and most accurate tossers Salem has had. He is bound to be a power on offense. Siding backs up the defense. Ed is an old hand at the game and the forward who eludes him is certainly eligible for all county mention. Of the others, the story is yet to be told. All have had experience, and should show up well in a varsity berth. What about another championship? Certainly, why not!

—Q—

### Girls Basketball Team Begin Training

Good Outlook for Season

Coach Margaret Tinsley has quite an array of aspirants for basketball fame on the floor this year. The first call for practice brought encouraging results. It is well that Miss Tinsley has a large squad from which to pick her team because she, like Coach Springer, must build a team around a few regulars left from last year's team. But Coach Tinsley and Captain Bertha Mae Hassey are optimistic and both are looking forward to a record season. Captain Hassey and Miss Tinsley are looking over Betty Moss, Kent, Zellers, Bodo, Riddle, Zelle, and others as good varsity material. The girls' first game is with the alumni on December 23. This battle is merely a warming up process for the season's grind. Here's to a fine season, girls!



## THE QUAKER

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## Lest We Forget

Once again we are in the midst of a holiday season, a season of joy and festivities. Christmas ever brings with it a feeling of good cheer and happiness. Young and old alike hurry through the streets cheerfully doing their Christmas shopping. Poor and rich take keen delight in seeing what they can get for some loved one. Windows are gayly bedecked with luring gifts, here and there a green fir ablaze with colored lights. All this makes our hearts thrill and brings to our memory the real background for all this colorful scenery.

From childhood up, we have been taught that Christmas celebrates the birth of Christ many, many years ago. We have been told the joys and gifts that came with that birth. We have been taught that, but the present day and age has thrown dangers into our path of which we have not been warned.

Very often the good cheer and joy that should attend Christmas, is turned to jealousy and hatred. This undesirable evil springs mainly from the giving of presents. Two friends exchange gifts; one is more expensive than the other. What is the result? The green eye of hatred glares and little faults in either person that were overlooked, now become glaring evils. The dissolving of that friendship is the probable result. We are all human; none are perfect and perhaps this is only a natural tendency to most humans. But folks, let's try to realize that it is the feeling back of the gift and not the value of the present, that counts. You may receive twenty dollars from a friend because he has to give it; you may receive twenty cents from a friend because he wants to give it. Therein lies the difference. "Gifts without the giver wax poor."

Let's forget our big feasts, our petty jealousies and make Christmas a time of good cheer. Take the spirit of the good Saviour and spread happiness to others. If you do that, you are going to feel that Christmas has meant something to you. When you take this Quaker home today, just try to remember these few things. Have a fine time, take gifts in the spirit they are given and try to put a little more happiness into this good old world.

## Are We Gift Mad?

When the Child of Nazareth was born, the sun according to legends, "leaped in the heavens, and the stars around it danced. A peace came over the mountain and forest. Even the rotten stump stood straight and healthy on the green hillside. The grass was beflowered with open blossoms, incense sweet as myrrh pervaded upland and forest, birds sang on the mountain top, and all gave thanks to the great God."

This is nothing but an old folk-tale, but it has truth hidden at its heart, for a strange, subtle force, a spirit of genial good-will, a newborn kindness, seems to animate child and man alike when the world pays its tribute to the infant Christ.

When the Three Wise Men rode from the East into the West on the first Christmas Night, they brought with them three caskets filled with gold and frankincense and myrrh, to be laid at the feet of the babe in the manger. The old, old journey stirred the spirit of giving in the world's heart. As those men bore gifts so do we; gifts to our loved ones; gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendliness, gifts that mean service, gifts that should still be inspired by the birth of our Christ nearly two thousand years ago.

Sitting here I recalled those thoughts of the first Christmas; thoughts that to so many people of our modern world are lost in the depths of forgetfulness; thoughts which have been driven out by more selfish aspects of Christmas. The hearts of the forgetters are only centered in the cakes, puddings, spices, oranges and fruits from sunny Italy and Spain, from India and from Asia, from America, North and South, and even from distant Australia.

Their hearts are wrapped up in the numerous white packages tied with green and red string, which they give away and are retwined in the ones they receive in exchange.

If people would only remember the true meaning of Christmas,—have! have! have! It is the greatest thing in the world. It is the message of the Messiah!

Bertha Mae Hassey

Christmas 365 Days  
of the year

If the good cheer and reverence manifested at Christmas time were to be spread out over the remaining 364 days, mankind would be transformed. The anthem of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men," would become a reality.

When we look at the calendar and see certain red figures not so far away, we are immediately electrified into a bustling, hurrying mood with a more or less invented attitude of good fellowship, the magic cloak which we wear only on this occasion. We are moved to buy fountain pens, dolls, pearl necklaces

and pajamas, to make ourselves and others happy in an orgy of giving. We write expressions of our good feelings on cards, send them great distances over wires, and fling them at people along the street.

Then, after the glorious time is past and all the feeling of good will is gone, we lay aside the magic cloak and take up the every day routine again.

This cloak is an old, old garment. It never fades, but grows brighter. Its fabric is indestructible. It never becomes threadbare. The more it is worn the better it becomes. It magically renews itself. Should we lay aside this wonderful garment and allow it to lie undisturbed for a whole year?

It seems to me that our greatest opportunity for helping others and for having a spirit of good will is right in our everyday life. Good will that isn't for everyday isn't much good for any day.

The best thing about Christmas is that, for all too brief a season, we realize that life is much more than just making a living. We take time to smile and be friendly. We look into another's eyes and see kindness, sympathy and understanding where we only thought to see selfishness, indifference and greed.

Why isn't it possible, with a little self-control to carry some of this Christmas spirit into other months to inspire and guide us in every act of our every day life? Why must the spirit go out with the season? What a wonderful place to live in this world would be if everyone of the 365 days of the year were enlivened by the Christmas spirit. Not in merry-making or in exchanging gifts but in giving ourselves, as much as possible, to unselfish conduct toward our fellows, in being as helpful and cheerful as we could be. A good motto would be: "Others first." To put the happiness of others above all selfish desires and ambitious schemes is not a new idea; others have attempted it and have been rewarded far beyond their greatest dreams.

GEORGE RUGGY.

## Assembly Dec. 9th

The assembly Friday morning was opened with a Bible reading by Principal W. F. Simpson. He made an announcement concerning basketball games and then introduced Rev. C. E. Haworth as the speaker.

"Three things are necessary to the satisfactory life," said Rev. Haworth. "They are: Determination, Money and Friends."

He declared that determination is just plain every-day grit, and that today one is just what he purposes to be in the future.

"Money," he said, "is a mighty good servant, but at the same time it is a mighty hard master. It alone will never satisfy."

"A friend is the basis of co-operation, of achievement, of success, and of everything worth while. It is absolutely necessary to cultivate friends."

The assembly was then dismissed.

## Are You on the Honor Roll?

Second Six Weeks—1927-1928

## SENIORS

Winifred Bailey, Walter Coy, Raymond Fawcett, Alma Fleischer, Edith Flickinger, Jeannette Hoch, Lila Kelley, Elizabeth McKee, Anna Ruth Miller, Wayne Morron, Nellie Naragon, George Ruggy, Louise Smith (5A's), Bertha Eller.

## JUNIORS

Florence Davis, Marian Cope, Virginia Callahan, Ruth Bentley, Martha Beardmore, Keith Harsh, Dorothy Fuller, Jane Hunt, Lorene Jones, Marion Jones, Dorothy Leider (4 A's), Mary M. McKee, Anna Ospeck, Elvira Ressler, Martha Reeves, Naomi Bricker, Lois Pottorf, Minnie Shunn, Helen Shelton, Richard Shaw, Florence Shriver (5 A's), Clara Thomas, James Wingard, Helen Williams.

## SOPHOMORES

Florence Binsley, Arline Davis, Mary Filp, Laura Hovermale, Nila Hofman, Isabel Jones, Lois Greenisen, Philip Leider, Ernest Naragon, Newell Pottorf (5 A's), Zella Krepps, Josephine Markovitch, Mary Roth, Mary Ressler, Bertha Ryser, Marion Shaw, Anna Van Blaricom, Kathryn Winkler, Anna Zelle.

## FRESHMEN

Julia Bodo, Marjorie Bell, Barbara Benzinger, Ruth Auld (4 A's), Mary Andre, Albert Baltorinic, Reba Gabler (4 A's), Virginia Fuller (4 A's), Calvin Filler, Dorothy Harroff (4 A's) Rebecca Harris, Howard Heston, Mary Ann Hunt, Garnett Lodge, William Luce, Robert Stewart, Susie Lutsch, Tom Nedelka, Winifred Ospeck, Paul Sartick, Hazel Snyder, Bernice Smith, Mary Reynolds, Steve Zatko.

SENIOR PLAY ENTHUSIAS-  
TASTICALLY RECEIVED

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Simmons. Harold Hurst as Mr. Shields. Charles Herbert who played as Mr. Swift, Bertha Mae Hassey, the movie queen, Letty Lythe; Nellie Naragon and Ruth Moff as Lila and Sally, Hazel Beck who took the part of Sadie Bloom, Helen Koontz, who was the charming maid, Annie, and Walter Deming, the taxi driver all played their part to a "T."

A lot of the credit goes to Miss Stahl. This was her first year and it certainly was an auspicious debut as a director. The cast showed their appreciation by presenting her with a beautiful bouquet.

The class of '28 has certainly had a remarkable dramatic record. "Grumpy" and "The Whole Town's Talking." What an enviable combination. More power to these performers. Keep up your good work!

## ASSEMBLY DEC 13

A Bible reading opened the assembly Tuesday morning. Mrs. Covert and Mrs. Dettimore entertained with several piano duets. Among their numbers were: "The Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," "The Stars and Stripes Forever," by Sousa, and "The Water Lilies." Mrs. Covert played a few solos of which one was "A Doll Dance."

The program was well received and all enjoyed it very much.



## Here's the Lucky Contest Winner

Florence Davis Gets Free Annual

All of the entry stories of the big Quaker contest have been read and the donor is glad to announce Florence Davis as the winner. It is never an easy nor an enviable job to be a contest judge, but The Quaker feels it has done the best possible. The contest was a success and The Quaker wishes to thank all those who entered stories and to wish them better luck next time; they at least tried, and that counts for something. The winning story is well written as all of the entries were, but the plot and trend of this story placed it above the rest. Out of the entries, here is the prize winner:

### Harry Gets a Guardian

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 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.

According to his knowledge of office buildings, acquired in the offices of Necker & Stone, architects, the door at the head of the stairs would be the one he wanted. This door bore the legend: D. W. Lawrence, Contractor.

Harry knocked on the panel.

"Oh! come in," said a voice whose inflections betrayed extreme astonishment.

Harry opened the door and entered. His attention focused on the extraordinarily pretty girl who was seated on the window ledge. She scrambled quickly to her feet but he noticed that she kept her left foot tucked behind her.

"How do you do?" she asked politely.

"I believe this is your slipper is it not?" he said, holding out the pump.

"Oh, yes, thank you so much. I was wondering how I was ever going to get it or get home. You see, Mr. Lawrence is out. I was watching for the procession. I didn't know what to do. Thank you."

"Oh certainly. Don't mention it," Harry was much too modest to play the role of hero.

"Were you watching for the parade? Would you like to watch from here. You can see so much better."

"Well, really, I hate to admit it, but I don't know what it is all about. Please, tell me," replied Harry.

"Oh, why Chamberlain and Levine arrived today. I'm so thrilled. They

are so awfully brave. Don't you think so? Mr. ———."

"Thorne, Harry Thorne. Yes, I certainly do. But would you mind telling me your name?"

"Surely," she said with a delicious little laugh, "I'm Lois Payne and I work for Mr. Lawrence. But here they come."

And as the procession moved slowly by Harry realized that he was telling this stranger, whom he had met under such odd circumstances, all about himself and his ambitions.

Meanwhile, he was recalling what he knew of Mr. Lawrence. He was a successful architect of the city and was Necker & Stone's chief rival. Mr. Necker thought him crooked, but he could prove nothing definite against him. He was surprised to catch himself wondering if Lois knew anything about Lawrence's crookedness.

When the parade had passed, he rose reluctantly to leave, but he did not go till he had secured Lois' promise to go to a show with him in the near future.

During the next few weeks he saw a great deal of Miss Payne. He became a frequent visitor at her home in the suburbs.

About the time they became acquainted, bids for the Municipal Trust building were called for. Lawrence & Necker were both working to get the contract and Lois and Harry had many fiendly arguments as to who would win out.

The bids were called for at 12.00 o'clock, noon, on October 15. As is usual, Mr. Necker worked on his bid until the last possible moment. At about 11.00 o'clock he called for Harry. After explaining that it was too important to trust to a messenger boy, he asked him to take it to the City Hall.

Harry started briskly off, hugely enjoying the crisp autumn air and feeling quite at peace with the world.

His progress was watched with interest by two individuals, loitering near a car parked at the curb. One sat on the running board twirling a cane; the other was apparently interested in the engine.

Just as Harry passed by them, the cane snapped out and caught his ankle. Being off his guard, he pitched forward, striking his head on a flagstone. His hand flew instinctively to the pocket where he had placed the envelope. Then he lay still. Immediately both men rushed to him. Very quickly they lifted him into the tonneau of the car. One of them informed the few curious bystanders who had been attracted by the "accident" that they would rush him to the hospital.

Suddenly, a hand fell on his arm. "Bill Monk, put up your hands; and you Killer Pete, I want you. Stick 'em up and step lively." Officer Flaherty's voice was as steely as the pistol which glittered in his

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YOU GIVE THE BEST, WHEN YOU GIVE

## HENDRICK'S HOME MADE CANDIES

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## MERRY CHRISTMAS

A gaily lighted tree covered with gifts. A nice fat turkey, roasted to a turn. Luscious plum pudding and a host of friends dropping in to wish you well—that is the kind of Christmas we wish for you.

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Tubes

## THE PIONEER STORE



## French Club Reviews French Life

The French Club held its last meeting on November 30th. Due to outside interference several members were absent, but that did not spoil the morale of the club. Margaret Atkinson gave a review upon the lives and customs of the French people. Gladys Fultz enlarged upon this theme and told of many curious and strange customs of the French people. The members enjoyed both talks and certainly received some facts that were hitherto unknown to them. The secretary, Richard Shaw, reported that he had sent for information regarding the club pins, but had, as yet, not received a reply. It was decided to miss one meeting because of the senior play. The regular meeting was held Wednesday, December 14th.

—Q—

### Another Enjoyable Program

On December 14th, Le Cercle Francais held their usual Wednesday meeting. It was voted at this time to hold the meetings every two weeks instead of every week as heretofore had been the case. Illustrations of French pins were passed among the members and they are now waiting on the samples. It was also decided to have a play ready for the next session which will probably be the week after vacation. The program at this meeting, consisted of:

L'evenement Courant—Par Mlle. Stewart.

La vie politique de Louis quatoize—Par M. Shaw.

Versailles—Par Mlle. Ressler.

L'histoire courte—Par Mlle. Moss.

—Q—

## Students Learn of Chinese Life

Reverend Horace Dewey, a former Salem man and a returned missionary for China gave a very interesting talk to the student body concerning customs and doing of the Chinese Students.

"The Chinese boys and girls are the real heroes of today and eventually will be recognized as such" declared Rev. Dewey. "They realize that their nation is in need of help and want to do their share in helping. Old China is trying its best to instill the old customs into their minds but they are gradually acquiring modern ideas."

The Chinese look upon America as the "land where God lives." The new China is seeking for itself the place that we have here.

Rev. Dewey taught the student body a Chinese song of praise which everyone enjoyed. He urged all who wished to write to Chinese boys and girls to do so through his help.

—Q—

## Insurance Co. Winners

Continued from page 1  
ner, with Helen Williams a good second. Both essays, according to the judges were very good. This contest is not only a local affair. These winners will be entered in a similar venture in Pittsburgh, where a thousand dollar prize awaits the winner.

A vote of thanks is due the Equitable Life Insurance Company for their kind offer. The whole school, together with the winners, express their appreciation for their kindness.

## Two Sprigs of Holly

"Look out! you will break it! Take care, I say! Don't push against me. There! What did I tell you? The stem is broken; now it is of no use in the world. Sarah Lane, you are just as mean as you can be! you did it on purpose, and you needn't say you didn't I shan't ever have anything more to do with you."

The speaker was a little girl. As she spoke, she flung from her in disgust, a beautiful sprig of holly, which in the excitement of the moment had been broken from its stem, leaving but a tiny bit of stem to take hold of.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Sarah, looking dolefully at the holly. "Janie pushed me; she didn't mean to, I guess; but she was in a hurry; and I didn't mean to spoil your holly; I wouldn't for anything. See! mine is broken too; when we bumped together mine snapped right off."

"I'm glad of it," said Nannie Potter. "It served you right. I just know you meant to break mine because it was handsomer than yours, and Miss Carson said she would give a lovely gift to the one in our class who brought the prettiest sprig of holly. You thought you would get the gift; but you won't now, Miss! A broken sprig of holly isn't worth anything. Here, throw it on the floor where mine is." She snatched at the broken holly, as she spoke, and flung it in the corner. Sarah looked at it with a swelling heart.

"You are very mean," she said slowly. "I wouldn't be so mean as that for anything. I don't care about the holly, because of course it is spoiled; but to say that I broke yours on purpose is just the same as telling me I have told a lie; and you know I wouldn't do that for a million sprigs of holly, or gifts, either. I wouldn't be you for anything I think."

"My daughter," interrupted a low voice quite near her.

"Well, mama," said Sarah, "she is saying awful things; I told her I didn't mean to, and I was sorry, but she doesn't believe me; she says"—but here Sarah began to cry. As for Nannie Potter, she tossed her head contemptuously and walked away.

Mrs. Lane tried to soothe and comfort Sarah, and finally sent her on an errand as the quickest way to self control. Meantime, the Christmas decorations for the Yuletide season had been finished and the decorators prepared to leave for home.

Little Pearl Lane, who had been attracted by the bright red berries of the holly sprigs in the corner, still held them fast in her chubby hands as she and her mother boarded a car which passed the church door.

A gentleman gave Mrs. Lane a seat and she took Pearl on her lap. Rows and rows of men, most of them with tired, anxious faces, were on their way home, after a long day's work. One, a young man sitting in the corner partly shading his face with his hand, looked more worn and troubled than the rest. His

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**SPECIAL!**  
For the Rest of December  
**MARCEL & HAIR CUT** ---- 75c  
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**Christmas**  
**Greetings**

from

**Salem**  
**Newspaper**  
**Agency**

79 Main St.

Phone 621, Salem, O.



How many of us can recall childhood days when Christmas still brought thoughts of Santa Claus and his reindeer? The memory is sweet, one that you wish to hold always. Remember when your loving mother tucked you away among the covers, and kissed you a fond good night. Then she laughingly re-

minded you that you must be good or Santa would not leave anything for her little boy. You drowsed with thoughts of Santa, Christmas trees and toys galore, filling your little brain. When sleep had finally closed your eyes, your mind wandered up North where good old Santa had his workshop. Couldn't

you see him, riding over the snow, his long beard wavering in the wind and his reindeer galloping over the snow? You thought of all the toys he would bring you and you smiled in your sleep. Those reindeer came galloping, galloping, gal-lo-ping-gal—until your weary head fell to one side and you slumbered peacefully.



## Christmas

Snowflakes sifting o'er the trees,  
Mistletoe, pine, and holly;  
Christmas candles twinkling bright;  
All this makes Christmas jolly.

Christmas trees aglow with light,  
O'erhung with many presents;  
Children creeping down the stairs,  
All this makes Christmas pleasant.

Santa coming in his sleigh  
With cheeks red as a berry,  
And bringing joy to tiny hearts;  
All this makes Christmas merry.

Bethlehem's star shining clear  
Upon the shepherd's lowly;  
Magi worshipping Mary's babe;  
This makes Christmas holy.

FLORENCE DAVIS.

Mr. Fley: Evan, that recitation  
reminds me of Quebec.

Jecks: How's that?

Mr. Fley: It was based on a bluff.

Si: That speaker didn't make a  
hit.

Cy: What did he talk about?

Si: About ten minutes.

## "Pep"

Vigor, vitality, vim and punch—  
The courage to act on a sudden  
hunch—

That's Pep!!

The nerve to tackle the hardest  
thing  
With feet that climb, and hands that  
cling  
And a heart that never forgets to  
sing.

That's Pep!!

Sand and grit in a concrete base—  
Friendly smile on an honest face—

That's Pep!!

The spirit that helps when another's  
down

That knows how to scatter the  
blackest frown

That loves its neighbors, and loves  
its town—

That's Pep!!

To say "I will"—for you know you  
can—

To look for the best in every man  
That's Pep!!

To meet each thundering knockout  
blow,

And come back with a laugh,  
because you know

You'll get the best of the whole  
darned show

That's Pep!!

## Rib Ticklers

Betty: Did you enjoy your visit  
to the chiropractor?

Jim: No, I was bored to tears.

Bennett (on way to enter bus):  
Do you think we can squeeze in  
there?

Louelva: Don't you think we had  
better wait until we get home?

"It makes us all cold and shivery"  
said Van as he fell in a puddle of  
water.

She: Darn it (as she reached  
down in her stocking).

He: What?

She: I got a run for my money.

Jeannette: You know the doctor  
didn't look at my tongue this time.

Bob: What's the use, you can't  
grow grass on a race track.

Prof.: What class of people help  
the others to get up in this world?

Co-ed: Stair builders.

Mr. Simpson: How does it happen  
that you're late this morning?

Chick: You'll have to excuse me,  
I must have overslept.

First: Why do you call your girl  
Postscript?

Second: Because her name is  
Adeline.

O'Neil: Who was the peach I saw  
you with last night?

McNicol: That was no peach  
that was a grapefruit.

O'Neil: Why so?

McNicol: Because every time I  
squeezed her she would hit me in  
the eye.

I, Chuu Gumm, realizing my life  
is up, declare this to be my last  
will and testament: To my be-

loved chewers (students) I bequeath  
three-fourths of my evil estate and  
to their faithful teachers I eavle a  
large share of the blame. To my  
cousin, Rapper, I give my family's  
strength to throw. To my sister,  
"Sticky," I bequeath enough stick-  
iness to grasp to everything and to  
keep my memory gummy.

Mina: But father he's a man  
that you can trust.

Father: I can't use him then.

As the pastor stood over the grave  
he looked into the abyss and de-  
livered his funeral oration:

"Henry Jones," he said pitifully,  
"you are gone, and we hope that  
you are gone where we 'spect you  
ain't.

Coach: (to doctor), What are you  
going to give him Doc?

Doctor: A gas. After he takes  
that he won't know anything.

Coach: Don't give him that; that  
wouldn't be nice.

Stranger: How old is your baby  
brother?

Little Girl: Oh he's this year's  
model.

Talbot: Been hunting, huh?

Fisher: Yes.

Talbot: Shoot anything?

Fisher: Wait till the rest of them  
come in and we'll take the roll.

Red: Allow me to congratulate  
you.

Head: What for?

Red: Anything, sunshine, blue  
skies. Isn't that something?

Head: No.

Red: Then congratulate me for  
not being like you.



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Salem, Ohio

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Salem Hi

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# SALEM HIGH SCHOOL WINS COUNTY



## Red and Black Shows Unusual Fighting Spirit

Lose Majority of Games but Wins Title

The final curtain on the 1927 football season has dropped, leaving only memories and experience as its result.

When Coach Jack Sutherland, of the University of Pittsburgh, spoke at the Salem High Championship banquet to the undefeated 1926 team, he remarked that the 21 Seniors who would be lost to the 1927 team, would leave a gap difficult to fill. He appealed to the undergraduates who were on the Reserve team to do their best to carry on by responding to their opportunities. The entire first team line was lost by graduation. Salem High was more fortunate to have several backfield veterans for the 1927 varsity. One of these, however, was ineligible at the beginning of the 1927 season.

Captain Herbert, a full back, was needed as an end, to bolster up the new line. When other linemen developed he was again used in his old position.

Just before our opening game, Sidinger, quarterback and field general who piloted the 1926 team, was injured and could not be used against Louisville.

With practically an inexperienced team, Salem High lost a hard fought game, 9-6, which was always in doubt until the final whistle blew. Louisville had a fast, determined team which went through this season undefeated.

Youngstown South came to initiate our partially completed new athletic field, on the following week. When the smoke had cleared we were on the short end of a 7-0 score, beaten by another team which was undefeated during the 1927 season.

A week later we journeyed to Struthers where our lighter team

gave way to a steam-rolling line-crushing attack. With characteristic Salem fighting spirit, our boys opened up a dazzling aerial attack which resulted in one, and almost another touchdown. The final score was 13-6. We had a slight satisfaction in knowing that we were the first team, in four starts, to score against Struthers. Several of their men were declared ineligible after our game, or they may have been another 1927 undefeated team. Then came Warren. Our boys were caught between a spirit of under confidence and a determination to win. They held Warren, even for a quarter then as a result, of several intercepted passes, Warren scored. Other Salem passes were intercepted and the inexperienced, under-confident feeling weakened the morale. Warren was ever alert and took advantage of our every weakness. They had a fast scrappy team with unusually good interference for their backfield men. We lost by a 21-0 score.

With four straight defeats against us the boys were encouraged by the loyal support of the High School student body and the town in general.

Wellsville, with a fast team, most of which were regulars from last year, came to Salem, where they met a furious attack of a determined team. A blocked Salem punt placed Wellsville in a position to score and after a series of plays, Calhoun, fleet-footed half-back, carried the ball over for a touchdown. Things looked black for Salem, but with the team resting on a sand pile between halves at one end of the field while the Quaker City band played and the students enthusiastically cheered, eleven High School boys assumed

the role of tigers. Using straight football Salem High marched through the heavier Wellsville team, and by beautiful cooperation on the part of the team, won their first game in five starts, 18-6. Incidentally, this was the first county game, and tied two other county teams for the lead in the county race.

East Liverpool offered us a sea of mud at Patterson field. During the course of 48 minutes of play, both teams appeared about even in deep-sea diving. The scoreless tie proved afterwards to place both teams in a tie for the county championship.

Having had a refreshing taste of actual victory and "moral" victory in each county game, Salem High won 14-0 from the determined Leetonia team, which was not to be compared with their weak team of a year ago.

Knowing that a victory over East Palestine would mean at least a tie for county honors, our boys performed very creditably in showing their potential power which crushed E. Palestine 25-0.

An anti-climax presented itself on Thanksgiving morning. Alliance High came to Reilly field with only one blemish on its record, that by Canton McKinley before the former had reached their peak. The defeat by Salem in 1926 was still smarting in Alliance. On a very muddy field Alliance used the line crushing game and took advantage of every break, including the Salem morale; they were ahead 20-0 at the halfway mark.

Salem used nearly all undergraduates during the second half and gave a good account of themselves. Alliance scored but once in the second half. This is quite encouraging for the 1928 team outlook.

The loss of the eleven Senior left-

termen will be keenly felt when football season rolls around. However, with the remaining members of 1927 Varsity and the Reserve teams intact 12 of whom are Freshmen, Salem High School should be in line for a very successful season.

—Q—

A boy of eight, entered the witness-box in large boots, long trousers, rolled up so that the baggy knees were at the ankles, and a swallow-tail coat that swept the floor.

"Why are you dressed like that?" asked the judge, amused and amazed.

"To appear in my father's suit," responded the boy

—Q—

Judge: Why did you strike the telegraph operator?

Mutt: I gave him the telegram to send to Hazel, and he started to read it, so, of course, I up and hit him one.

—Q—

I met a man

Who knows a man

Who knows a man

Who is related to a girl,

Who married a man

Who has a sister

Who knows a woman

Who has never tried to pull a joke on anyone,

I am trying to trace her.

—Q—

Chalfant: Could you lend me a dime?

Day: No I couldn't.

Chalfant: Have you got a friend that could?

Day: I'm sorry, but I don't have a friend to spare.

—Q—

The women are taking to flying. How can they resist the temptation to pry into air pockets?



# CHAMPIONSHIP FOR 1927 SEASON

## Senior Gridders Bid Farewell to Salem High

Graduation takes 14 Players

Every year the list of Salem High athletes narrows, only to be filled by underclassmen. We should devote one day for those who are to leave us next year; let us show our appreciation by bringing each upon the platform and bidding them one last farewell. Although he cannot be counted in this group, we must pay tribute to Coach Springer who carries the greatest responsibility of any one man connected with the team. This popular leader is going to join the ranks of the double, so let's give him an extra slap on the back.



**Captain Charles Herbert, Halfback**

Here is "Chicken" our captain. He was a hard player and a true leader on the field; his plunging was hard and effective. No higher tribute could possibly be given to Chick than that he was a captain worthy to be such, and a captain worthy of Salem High school.

### Dick Harwood, End

Now we see a hard playing, freckle-faced boy at end. Dick played a nice brand of football and although not a heavy linesman, he played the game and played it well. On Turkey Day, he was in practically every play, thereby putting a fitting touch on his football career.

### Lpe Christen, Tackle

A clean sport and a clean player at tackle, now takes the stage. Lee was tall and rangy, and was, without a doubt, a power on the line. His fine disposition earned him many friends. Bow for us, Lee!

### Gerald Judge, Tackle

Jerry was another scrappy linesman. Although smaller and lighter than the usual trend of linesman, he took his knocks like a man. Hard and heady was Jerry.

### Martin Debnar, Guard

This little fellow was placed on Liverpool's all-county team at guard. This alone shows the calibre of Debnar. A scrapper to the finish, never asking odds, but taking opportunities as they were presented. Smile, Peanuts.

### Robert Talbot, Guard

The big strong man in words and actions takes his place among the worthy. Bob was a bulwark at guard and certainly helped to strengthen the line. Old Two Ton himself. Good luck, Bob.

### Walter Deming, Center

(The editor takes this opportunity to speak of Walt).

Deming proved to be one of the best little centers in the county. With Capt.-elect Scullion at the same position, Walt had a mighty tough fight to get into a game and hold his position. He shared most of the games with Scullion and certainly showed good football. Don't blush, Walt.

### Hurray and Kent, Tackles

These two sub tackles were always out and willing. Alike they played and alike in good spirit. Although they did not make a varsity berth, they are to be commended for their fine spirit. It is no easy task to be a sub in your senior year. Just ask "Punk" or "Al."

### Lowell Allen, Halfback

On any all-county team you can find his name; he is listed as the fastest and best runner in the county. He is often placed at the end because of that fact. You could not keep him off an all star aggregation. His open field running was a sight for sore eyes and his end runs were sweeping gains. Watch Rib!

### William Day, Halfback

Bill is a hard player; who could forget his fighting face? He was a plunger by nature and his rugged physique enabled him to carry through. He was laid up with injuries for a time, but he came back strong. Let's give eight and save one for "Vermin."

### Keith Roessler, Halfback

Mutt is not a flashy player, but a consistent one. He was a marvelous tackler and strong on defense. Mutt plugged away and finally made his goal. You could depend upon him to bring down his man. All power to Mutt.

### Arnold Seeds, Halfback

Arnold, like Allen, is another fast, open field runner. He can run the 100 in about 10 seconds flat and that is no mean accomplishment. He was a fine clipper and open field man. Injuries handicapped Arnold also, but he came through with a bang. How about it, Arnie?

### "Sim" Early, Fullback

"Last of all came Satan." This time it happens to be Early, our plunging fullback. Sim was a demon at every department of the game, with the possible exception of ground gaining. He was a stone-wall on defense, and a battering ram on offense. Hats off, Early.

Now we see the whole array of

fading lights. A marvelous constellation representing every known advantage in football. We may see some of them on the basketball court, but we shall always remember them in their mole-skins.

—Q—

### Jim Scullion

#### Elected Captain

One of the snappiest and most brilliant centers around was honored at the banquet given by C. S. Gibson at the Golf Club. Jim played hard and with all his qualities will surely make a leader. In my recollection he was out-played only once in ten games, a marvelous record. Center is not a brilliant position and ask anyone if it is not the hardest. Aye! the answer will invariably come back. Chick, on the other hand was a hard plunger a heady player and a perfect leader. Let's give nine for Chick, bar none. What's the matter with Scullion? He's all right. All right let's go next year Jimmy! Start now.



HEAD COACH WILBUR SPRINGER

Springer has proven himself a real coach by building up a winning football team from green material. The success of the team was not as wonderful as last year when Salem had an all star aggregation. However, the real test for a coach is the building up and rounding out a good team from new material. Springer has displayed this power beyond any doubt. When you speak of Salem's successes, never forget the man back of it all—Coach Springer.

—Q—

She: I had no idea that you were going to marry that widow.

He: Neither did I.

## Quaker All County Selection

By Sports Editor Deming

4 Salem; 4 Liverpool; 2 Wellsville; 1 East Palestine on First Team

The most dreaded of days is that one when an all-county is chosen. There are always kicks so I shall place those on the first team whom I chose. I should call Anderson, the ace of ends, showing almost as much ability as Campbell. Allen, other end, is more of a threat and could not be kept off the team. The tackles, Clark and Moore, are good, Clark being a real standby and a strong tackler. Right Guard Grindle was the real power of the Wellsville line and stands alone as a guard. Pennypacker, at left, is rated high. Scullion, alone, as star center in Salem's unbroken line.

And now for the backfield. Salem undoubtedly had the best in the county but was followed closely by Wellsville who places once with Liverpool. Kirkham was the only back worth mention from Liverpool and a poor general, but he really carried Liverpool on his back. I place Herbert at full because he was a steady and heady player. Calhoun was watched well all season and deserves the honor of the first team. Once he was started a question mark would not stop him. Then last of all Sidingier at quarter. He was a better threat man than Eschbacher and a headier player. He knew his team and his plays.

Thus was the first team composed, while the second also has its stars. Possibly I must offer excuses for not placing them on the first mythical eleven. The first one

mentioned had speed, power, weight, and brilliant headwork. Each one of the eleven played heads up ball and was a bulwark for his team's play. The end positions are taken by Deval and English. Both are good players and fast. English alone, beat Wellsville for his team. At half he was a real failure but back at his natural position he seems fitted. Letwen and Van Blaricom are the tacklers. They weigh about 165 pounds and are heady players but lack the finesse of the first teamers. Attimore is changed to guard with Debnar. Peanuts lost a close race for the first team. These two players are lighter but make up for that easily. Allison could not quite compare with Scullion but is a promising player.

The backfields are just about equal but no definite balance can be had. Irons was injured for most of the county games, but took a real part in most others. Seed represents the speed and he sure is that, personified. The other half is argumented between Peet and Bye. Bye seems to draw that position by a hair. There we have two complete teams as perfect as they would make themselves.

Now what do you think?

### ALL COUNTY TEAM

Anderson ...EL...LE.... Deuval.  
Clark .....EL...LT.... Lewten  
Pennypacker EL...LG..... Debnar  
Scullion .....S....C..... Allison

Continued on page 8



### Watch the S. R. S.

The Salem Reserve Squad was one of the best of beginners we have had. Most of the S. R. S.'s were composed of freshmen learning the game for the first time. Several good players have been developed and the reservers have an excellent chance of stepping into first team shoes. Just take a look at next year's team. We have ends, Pasco and Litty; tackles, Guilford and Van Blaricom; guards, Sartick and Corso and center, Capt.-elect Scullino. In backs we have peerless, Ed. Siding at quarter; halves, Whinnery and Patsy Konnert and full, Neverdusky. There's a full team of underclassmen whome we, the seniors, wish to be the best team in history. Here's again to you, underclassmen.

—Q—

### Quaker County Selection

Continued from page 7  
Grindle .....W....RG.... Atemore  
Moore .....EP...RT VanBlaricom  
Allen .....S....RE..... English  
Siding .....S....Q... Eschbacher  
Calhoun .....W....LH..... Bye  
Kirkham ...EL....RH..... Seeds  
Herbert .....S....F..... Irons

—Q—

### Commercial Club

A new club which has been formed in Salem High school is the club formed by students taking Commercial subjects. Its aim is to enrich the business knowledge of these students taking membership, to help them to become more intelligent students and to teach them to be helpful citizens. So far the club has had only two informal meetings. At the next meeting, Wednesday, December 14, a constitution, and name and officers will be decided upon. It looks as if this club will greatly benefit its members, and we will all be interested in watching its progress.

At their meeting Wednesday, December 14th, Melvin Ormes was elected president; Lorene Jones, vice president; Grace Dyball, secretary-treasurer. A constitution was voted upon and accepted. A program committee, consisting of Edith Flickinger, chairman; Florence Davis and Margaret Mae Mullins. The sponsors of this new venture are, Miss Wells and Mr. Hilgendorf. The next meeting will be held January 11, 1928.

Good luck to the Commerce Students' club.

—Q—

lives till morning, he will have some  
The doctor said if Sap Eagleton hope, but if he does not he will give him up.

—Q—

Jo: Did you ever get a knock in your car?  
Charles: Sure when Phebe Ellen is in the same seat.

—Q—

Lila: I want some peppeh.  
Haworth: What kind, red black, or cayenne?  
Lila: Don't get funny, I want some writing peppeh.

### PARODY ON POE'S "RAVEN"

I

Once upon a mid-day fiery, as I  
pondered meek and wery  
Over many an ancient problem  
of forgotten day  
While I nodded nearly napping,  
suddenly there came a tapping  
As of someone gently rapping,  
rapping  
just across the way.  
"Tis some teacher" I mumbled,  
"tapping on her own desk door.  
Only this and nothing more."

II

And the harsh, sad, uneven  
rustle of my blank white paper,  
Chilled me, filled me with  
uncertain horror of what others  
got before,  
So that to still the beating of my  
heart, I crouched mumbling,  
"Tis some other she's entreating  
to stand and take the floor  
Some tardy classmate probably  
entering  
Through her open door  
That it is and nothing more."

III

Presently my heart grew braver  
And my voice without a quaver,  
"Madam," said I, "truly your  
Forgiveness I implore  
But the truth is I was napping  
and so gently you were rapping  
And so faintly you were tapping,  
Tapping on your own desk door  
That I scarce believed I heard you  
till I looked before me.  
No one there and nothing more."

IV

Back to my work I turned, my  
heart within me burning,  
Then again I heard that tapping,  
somewhat louder than before,  
"Surely," said I, "that is some one  
on my left side,  
Let me see then what his threat  
is, and this mystery then  
explore."  
Here I looked upon my left side  
Emptiness and nothing more.

V

"Spirit," cried I, "Thing of Evil, spirit  
still, for good or devil,  
Why torment me as you have been  
and to whose advantage is this  
for?  
Can't you see that I am working on  
a problem, old and hard?  
Why with your horror should I be  
Haunted; tell me truly I  
implore,  
Is there no relief in Salem, tell  
me truly I implore."  
Came the tapping, nothing more.

VI

Louder came this frantic tapping,  
tapping, tapping, cross the way  
Then I saw a fellow student  
just across old 206 floor.  
And his eyes had all the seeming  
of a demon that was dreaming,  
Writing, spelling, with tiring fingers  
filled with writers cramp, to say  
As to that awful, awful tapping  
He did that awful tapping  
Dotting i's in Mississippi  
Only this and nothing more.

—William Smith.

[Editor's Note: Once again our good old alumni friend Bill Smith has contributed his bit to help along his old alma mater.]

—Q—

Mr. Vickers: What is a vaccum?  
Ruggy: I have it in my head but I just can't think of it now.

At Christmas, at least you can have a car that is absolutely clean and spotless, if you let this Auto Laundry do the work. For a small fee we will go over your car and deliver it to you in first class condition.

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Wayne and Charley are raising chickens and making a large profit in this business. This is really remarkable for most High School boys are losing money on their chickens.

Can you beat it—Sim and Litty were leading a mule down the street and singing "Me and My Shadow."

Talbot (in navy): Hey Captain where's the scales they want me to weigh the anchor.

Haworth: Anything else, Peg? We have some delicious horseradish.

Peg: No thanks, we don't keep horses.

Hassey: Why did you let go of the wheel?

Guilford: I just wanted to see if I had a flat tire.

Hassey: Oh! You mean thing.

Mr. Fley says that you can lead a horse to water but you can't push a Whippet up hill to a gas station.

"It is the little things in life that tell," said the co-ed as she yanked her kid brother out from under the sofa.

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?

Fritz: None of us, we were in the back seat.

Gabler: Did you get home last night before the storm?

Fithian: Sure, there's never a storm until I get home.

Peterson: I'm sorry I missed the opportunity to take you to the party.

Nellis: Oh don't feel hurt, there were some others to take me.

Joan: Mummy, was baby sent down from heaven?

Mother: Yes dear.

Joan: They do like to have it quiet up there don't they?

Found: A prescription to make you grow. Inquire at Grimm's.

Lost: The same prescription to keep you small. At Smith's.

Health Rules: Never stand on your head when you get the hiccoughs. You must always be obedient, clean your neck, and swallow lots of good fresh air. Never steal from the 5c and 10c stores and if you kiss your girl without asking, you are a coward.

She: Jo dear, will you bring me some of that traffic jam that I have been hearing so much about from town?

He: Surely, dearest.

Test Question: Identify 1776.

Kennedy: Year before 1777 in which the Battle of Saratoga was.

Dear Teacher: Please excuse Louis as he fell in the mud on his way to school: I am obliged if you do the same. His mother.

Moser: Why do girls live longer than boys?

Harris: Why paint is a good preserver.

Hazel: Say are you from Alaska? Mutt: No, what makes you think that?

Hazel: You dance as if you had snow-shoes on.

Man (to auto thief): What are you looking under the hood for?

Thief: Oh I'm just admiring the views.

Meiter: What's all the noise upstairs?

Orashan: Oh ma's dragging Dutch's pants across the floor.

Meiter: That wouldn't make that much noise.

Orashan: I know it but Dutch is in them.

Teacher: What is a cotton gin? Co-ed: Just gin, gin, gin.

Ald Lady (from the farm): I'd never think of taking such a small room.

Elevator Boy: Step in, this is not your room, this is the elevator.

Laughing is Good For the Liver Flick (laughing at the table in the restaurant).

Kellar: What are you laughing at?

Flick: I'm laughing for my liver. Kellar: Guess I'd better try that I ordered mine an hour ago.

Hess: Are the fashions less extreme this year?

Finneran: Not a bit—extremely less.

Seasick victims don't want a physician, they want a dock.

Si-col-ogy says you can't exercise the brain by exercising the jaws.

Teacher: Johnny you stay in to-night.

Johnny: Oh I ainta gona. Teacher: Why Johnny, where's your gramma'?

Johnny: She must be dead.

Senior: Who would officiate if Mayor-elect Hiddleston would die?

Fresh: Why the minister.

Sheen: Do you think I can go through this gate?

Bull: I suppose you can, a load of hay went through it yesterday.

Fernengel: What on earth are Quack doctors?

Jonesy: Why they're experience doctors for ducks.

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By putting small weekly deposits in this club you can provide yourself not only with Christmas funds, but with money for the first payment on a home or a bond, or for an insurance premium, or other things that bring lasting benefits.

Everyone may join who can save regularly 25 cents; 50 cents; \$1.00; or any amount up to \$20 a week. Your first deposit makes you a member.

A year from now your Christmas Club brings all your savings back to you plus 4% interest — bringing real holiday happiness.

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## Society

Mary O'Keefe enjoyed her Thanksgiving vacation in Pittsburgh.

Margaret Atkinson spent an enjoyable week end in Columbus.

Helen Koontz and Clayton Montgomery went to Cleveland Saturday, November 19th.

Miss Hazel Douglas, of the mathematics department, took a trip to the old homestead during Thanksgiving vacation.

Cleveland was the destination of Margaret Kirkbride during her Thanksgiving vacation.

Wayne Morron, Charles Wilhelm and Charles Bennett attended the Journalistic Convention of Ohio at Ohio State College in Columbus.

Helen Koontz and Theda Justice spent December 3rd in Canton at the Presbyterian Young People's Conference.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandstetter entertained several of their out-of-town friends at a week end party at their home.

Leanna Leider celebrated her birthday on November 22nd with a birthday party at her home. Games, dancing and radio entertainment, made the evening an enjoyable and lively one. About 40 young people were present. Out-of-town guests were Mildred McAvoy, Robert Davis, Judy Davis, and Robert Ore of Niles, and Edith Wall of Sebring. Miss Leider received many beautiful gifts. The home was cheerfully decorated in High School colors. The hostess served a delicious luncheon.

### Junior Music Club Active

The Junior Music Club held a meeting on November 22nd, at the home of Elizabeth McKee. Business

was first transacted and then the club voted in two new members, Mary Margaret McKee and Virginia McKee. Then the program was presented. The composed considered this meeting was Thurlow Lieurance.

Selections consisted of: Paper by Marion Cope,

Vocal Solo, Anna Zelle—"The Waters of Minnetonka," accompanied by Marion Shaw at the piano and Gertrude Juhn with the flute.

Piano Solo, Betty Moss—"Ghost Dance."

Refreshments were served by the hostess.

### Meeting December 7th

At the previous meeting it was decided to hold the next session at the home of Phebe Ellen Parsons, Ellsworth avenue. Christmas caroling will be the work of the club on December 25th at the various hospitals and the Old Ladies Home.

An invited guest at this meeting was Miss Margaret Tinsley. She had her Indian flute and entertained with several solos; then she tried the piano.

This was Sousa discussion; Margaret Kirkbride read about the life and work of John Philip Sousa.

Phebe Ellen Parsons and her mother played two duets, composed by Sousa—"Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Magna Charta March."

The wedding date of Miss Nelie Kelly and Wilbur Springer, has been set for December 31st. Both Miss Kelly and Mr. Springer are well known in Salem, Springer as athletic coach, and Miss Kelly as the secretary of Mr. Aan.

Doctor: Tell your wife not to worry about that slight deafness, as it is a mere indication of advancing years.

Mr. Meek: Doctor, would you mind telling her, and save confusion.

Filler: What kind of a plant is the Virginia creeper?

Cox: That isn't a plant, that is a railroad.

Deming: Have you a little fairy in your home?

Loop: No, but I have a little Miss in my engine.

Son: Dad, didn't you tell me that once you got a paddling in school?

Father: Yes, what made you ask that?

Son: O, I was just thinking how history repeats itself.

Moser: I thought that you could keep a secret.

Lila: Well, I kept it for a week. Do you think that I'm a cold storage plant?

Helen: Can you tell me what a myth is?

Shall Child: Sure, it is a woman

that hasn't got a huthband.

Small child: Was papa the first man that ever proposed to you?

Mother: Yes, why did you want to know?

Small Child: I think that you could have done better if you looked around a little better

Seeds: Will you kindly return the amount I paid for amusement tax?

Teller: What's the idea?

Seeds: I wasn't amused

Tramp: Madam, I was at the front—

Kind Hearted Lady: Here take this dollar, you are just another victim of the war—

Tramp: Lady, I was going to say that I was at the front door, but no one answered Thank you mum.

Judge: Six months.

Victim: Now I can stop worrying where I'm going to spend the summer.

"Are you the captain of your soul?"

"Sort of a second lieutenant," said Mr. Henpeck, dubiously.

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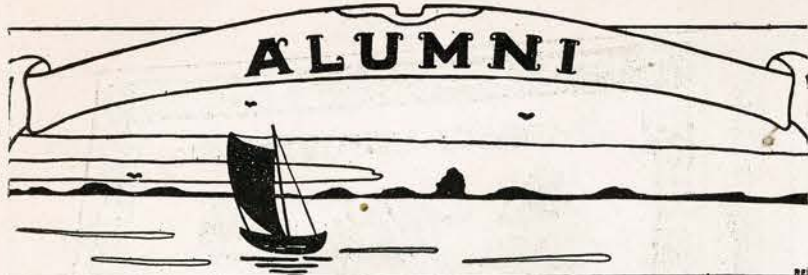
There was a time when a "Christmas gift" must be something with but a single quality—uselessness. Today, it is not even good taste to select such things.

A glance thru our store will give you many practical suggestions for that Christmas list. Even such prosaic things as kitchen towels, bath mats and pillow cases can be boxed so artistically that none of the Christmas touch is lost.

Let's make this a safe and sane Christmas. Give useful things.

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Miss Sarah Hanna, of the class of '27, one of the six contestants from this county, who competed Sunday evening in the Prince of Peace declamation contest held at the Presbyterian church at Lisbon, was awarded first place.

The first prize in the contest was a medal and \$15 in cash. Miss Hanna is eligible to compete in the next contest.

Miss Helen Smith, '25, a student at Ohio State university, is the composer of a new song, "My Tri Delt Girl," recently dedicated to the Delta Delta Delta sorority of which she is a member.

Miss Smith wrote both the words and music and presented the piece to the sorority at the annual banquet of the organization held here recently.

The Salem girl is a junior at the university enrolled in the college of liberal arts.

In a recent issue of Leedy Drum Topics, which is published at Indianapolis, Ind., it was announced that Lewis Platt '27 had won first place for a comedy letter composed by him. A photographic copy of the letter and Mr. Platt's picture appeared in the magazine.

Lewis is a drummer and graduated from the Dana Conservatory at Warren. He has played with many orchestras around here and at pres-

ent is on the road with Harry Hy-lan's Arcadians.

Clyde Jenkins, former Salem High football and basketball star and graduate in the class of '26, has been elected captain of the Akron University Freshmen basketball team.

Charles Coffee, who is attending Ohio State, and "Mae" Rush and "Pete" Harsh, who are attending Bethany, have been doing very well in basketball this year. All three are on the varsity squads.

Miss Hester Brown has been united in marriage to Louis Lurain of Burgettstown, Pa.

Miss Janet Riddle and Alfred Malicord have been united in marriage. Mrs. Malicord has been attending Salem Business college. Mr. Malicord is manager of the Per-Mal Furniture company of Alliance.

The couple will make their home at Sharon, Pa.

Miss Letha Jackson and Marcus Rice, of Leetonia, have been married. Mrs. Rice was a graduate of the class of '25.

Charles Coffee was awarded a varsity letter for football at State this year.

### Contest Winner

Continued from Page 3

hand. In a trice the two were handcuffed and bundled into the patrol wagon which drove up.

Meanwhile the crowd's attention had been drawn to a young woman, who had arrived with the policeman. She went straight to the car, where she opened the door and scrambled in!

Pillowling his head on her arm, she began to wipe away the blood which was trickling from a cut on Harry's forehead. Soon he began to stir.

Sitting up, he stared about and mumbled, "What happened? Who hit me? Where's the bid?"

Then he seemed to realize something was expected of him. Seeing Officer Flaherty standing near, he repeated the questions to him.

"Shure, an ye got a nasty swat me lad. That ye did. Bill Monk, clever one that he is, tripped you with that cane av his so you cracked your head. But through Miss Payne here, we knew something was up, so I was here," was Flaherty's important reply.

"The bid," Harry mumbled and finding it in his pocket, he rushed off to the City Hall after murmuring a few incoherent words of thanks to Flaherty and whispering

to Lois that he'd be around that evening for an explanation.

The explanation was highly satisfactory.

In reply to his eager questions, Lois explained that she had overheard Lawrence instructing the two men to "get Necker's messenger." She had also caught the words, "64th, between Euclid and Roosevelt." She had gone to Officer Flaherty, whom she knew personally, and told him her story. He had agreed to watch.

"But I don't understand," puzzled Harry. Did you know before that Lawrence is crooked?"

"Well, I should say not. You don't think I'd have worked for him if I'd known it, do you? I quit this afternoon and I'm going to look for another job in the morning, was her reply.

"How'd you like a permanent job, working for me?" Harry queried.

The answer which he received was evidently satisfactory.

Bennett: Our hired man must be rich.

Jones: Why, what makes you think that?

Bennett: Oh, he was cleaning our windows with gold dust in the water.

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## NEWS ITEMS

From Junior High School

**The Junior High Banners**

The Junior High has a banner system.

There are three things which entitle us to these banners:

Full attendance for one month, (this gives us a half holiday), one hundred per cent banking, and no detention hall slips.

Each pupil feels that his help is needed in earning these.

Melen Palmer, 7D

**The Kindness of Mr. McCulloch**

Through the kindness of R. S. McCulloch and Co. the Junior High school pupils were able to see a movie called "The Story of the Silk Worm," which taught them the processes through which silk must go before made into clothing.

Martha Ulernet, 7E

The 7E class gave a Health Play before the other 7th grades. Anna Wagner was the author. Martha Wernet, Anna Wagner, Dorothy Whitcomb, Mellessa Votaw, Peggy Ancil, Sarah Zimmerman, Shirley Ward, Christian Roth, Charles Stewart, Dave Swiengson, Glenn Stanley and Richard Strain made up the cast.

Richard Strain 7E

There has been a change in Junior High this year. We have formal dismissal at noon and night. We march four abreast in straight lines.

As we pass by the flag we salute it. Then we drop our hands to our sides, and march down the front walk, while Mr. Regal plays a march.

Alice Morgan 7D

The Junior High orchestra is getting along nicely under the supervision of Mr. Regal. There are about twenty-five children in it, including a few from other schools. They practice every Monday night and have had visitors a few times.

Marye Louise Miller 8D

**TWO SPRIGS OF HOLLY**

Continued from page 4

eyes, when occasionally he let them be seen, had a hard look, for one so young, and there was about him a general air of recklessness, noticing which, Mrs. Lane sighed. As they went further up town, the crowd thinned a little; and Pearl slipped down from her mother's lap to the floor. She seemed studying the faces of the strangers. Suddenly she moved softly through the aisle quite to the end of the car and held out one of her sprigs of holly, the largest and prettiest, Sarah's own, to the hard-faced young man. He looked down at her, startled and shook his head, though something very like a smile glimmered for a moment on his drawn face. He bent to her and murmured a few words about her mama not wanting her to give her holly away. But Pearl resolutely held out the bright twig. The young man's eyes caught the mother's and she smiled "She wants you to have it," she said, and he reached for it, looked at it intently for a

**CHRISTMAS**

Christmas is a jolly day,  
When boys and girls have games to play.

The cakes and pies  
Then fill our eyes,  
And while we're sleeping in our bed,

Old Santa Dear sticks in his head;  
Then down the chimney and up again,

And out of sight  
Ere the morning light.

George Hilliard

**"Christmas Day At Grandma's"**

Christmas day at Grandma's house  
Is just the jolliest thing.  
She lets you wander everywhere  
She treats you like a king.

She asks you what you likes the best  
As though you were a man  
She does not say "Not good for you"  
She says, "Eat all you can."

Betty Hanson, 7B.

A banking system has been begun in Junior Hi this year. A pennant is offered to the room having the highest per cent of enrollment to deposit. The 8D's held this pennant for three weeks, having 100 per cent one week, then each pupil received a badge.

Wade Schaefer, 8D

**The Writing Contest**

On Tuesday, Nov. 28, 1927, Mrs. Sapp came to teach the 7th grades writing. We had a writing contest in which those present—7C and 7E—were included.

Those receiving the greatest number of votes went to the blackboard. There they contested again.

The sentence written was "Good fortune never smiles on lazy people." This was won by Clara Wiegand, 7E, with 42 votes.

Martha Gene Young, 7E

moment and then stared off into space.

That evening in a fourth-story room of a boarding house the young man with a troubled face was busily packing a well-worn traveling bag. A few hours before he had been on the verge of a great temptation, in plan but not in actual deed. Only the night before he thought it had conquered him but now he knew it never would. He was going home. The two sprigs of holly had accomplished much and brought to him the true Christmas spirit.

—Q—

O'Keefe: What a cheerful girl Alice is.

O'Connel: Isn't she? Why do you know that girl can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were to have it.

—Q—

City Lad: What are cows used for?

Country Lad: Why er, that's where we get our milk from.

City Lad: That's funny, we get ours from our milkman.



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