

COMMENCEMENT ISSUE

GOOD-BY

The Quaker

FAREWELL SENIORS

VOL VIII NO. 14

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, JUNE 8, 1928

PRICE 10 CENTS

SENIORS BID ADIEU TO SALEM HIGH

A WORD OF FAREWELL TO MISS WOODS AND MR. VICKERS

Two Popular Members of Faculty To Leave Salem High

When the underclassmen come back next year they are going to miss two of Salem High's standbys—Miss Woods and Mr. Vickers. During their sojourn in Salem High they have made many staunch friends and their absence is going to be felt keenly.

Miss Woods has taught all classes of English, has been adviser and helper to the Junior classes and to The Quaker and has ever been willing to help anyone anywhere. Her good cheer and helpfulness has endeared her to the hearts of the students of the school. Of course we did not always agree with her, but she did not expect us to. She was teaching us and a teacher expects that sort of thing because the student thinks he knows best and is angry when anyone shows him he doesn't. But you will go a long way before you will find a teacher who went about it so pleasingly as Miss Woods. Wherever she may go the whole school wishes her the best of luck.

Mr. Vickers also had a hard struggle. (If any have taken physics they know what that means). He has helped with all activities that required an experienced electrical mind. This has often meant hours and hours of extra work. But he has done it willingly, always ready to help serve Salem. He has also helped at all athletic games and taken care of schedules and other duties. Good luck in your new venture Mr. Vickers.

SCIENCE CLUB TAKES TRIP TO PITTSBURGH

Big Trip Ends Season's Activities

As a climax to their year's work the Science club journeyed to Pittsburgh last Saturday to visit the mines and mills of the industrial city. The trip was certainly worth while to all the members and was a fine undertaking.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS HOLDS BREAKFAST AT KELLEYS PARK

Today the French club held a breakfast at Kelley's lake. Everyone had a fine time and it was a fitting climax to the successful year enjoyed by Le Cercle Francais.

KEITH ROESSLER CAPTAINS REMARKABLE SQUAD

POLE VAULT STAR PROVES CAPABLE AND FINE LEADER

JUNIORS STAGE PLEASING AND NOVEL PROM

Old Time setting Proves Attractive

On May twenty-ninth the Juniors attempted one of the biggest jobs of the year—the Junior Senior Prom. Not attempted but carried through to a grand finish would be a better way of stating it. Although they hated to admit, the seniors all voted it one of the best, if not the best Prom that has ever been staged at Salem High.

The Juniors should receive special comment upon the work they did. Practically all of the decorations were made by members of the class and that in itself tells a story of patient effort. In this way the class of '29 saved quite a bit of expense money and in so doing they have set an example that would bear following. (That is, if every class could do the work as well as the Juniors did. Even Jim Scullion played George Washington and cut down a cherry tree in his back yard for the place card holders. But don't say anything to Jim.

The cake was green, the ice cream was green, the programs were of rustic make, the gym was covered with cherry blossoms hung with Chinese lanterns—just a few of the many wonders.

The program was as follows: Jim Scullion, president of the Junior class and toastmaster, introduced Helen Shelton as first speaker. Her subject was "Arrows." Walter Deming gave a short talk on "Bows." Mary Margaret McKee played several piano selections. Mr. Allen spoke on "Archers." Charles Wilhelm accompanied by Phebe Ellen Parsons, played two banjo solos. Miss Woods concluded the program with a subject of "Targets."

REWARDS FOR SERVICE GIVEN AT FINAL ASSEMBLY

Allen, New World Champ, Given Special Recognition

At the final assembly last Monday, awards were given to students who rendered special service to the school during the past year.

Continued on page 2

Keith Has Fine Record

Due to a lack of plate and other necessities, Keith Roessler was given little individual space in the Quaker Annual. We do not wish to end the year without a little commentary upon Roessler.

It was extremely unfortunate for Roessler that he had to compete in the same year as Lowell Allen, pole vaulter supreme. That is no reflection upon Keith, merely an unfortunate incident. His mark of 12 feet 3 inches would have brought him victory and fame anywhere in the country. But his vaulting twin, one in a hundred, beat him and overshadowed his feat. Of course, competition has made Allen; it is fortunate that Keith is given lots of credit, he deserves it.

Don't forget the boy who has fought all the way; who has accepted second with a smile; who has won many a meet. We are going to hear more of his later on. Until then, the best of luck, Keith.

A Little Introduction to Next Years Editor and Business Manager

Keith Harsh and Virginia Callahan To Fill Vacant Posts

Just a word of introduction to the editor and business manager of the Quaker next year.

Keith Harsh has been working right along with the deposed editor and has received a good idea of what it is all about. He has had little publicity or credit, but that is always the way with hard working assistants. He put out the Junior issue and that showed he had learned. Now for a rip-roaring year, better even than the present one. May Harsh put out a Quaker that will claim distinction as being the best.

Virginia Callahan is another silent worker. She, too, has been learning the ropes and is due for a successful season in 1928-29. Virginia has helped a lot with the business end of the Quaker and when put on "her own" will show she can do it.

With such a combination the coming year is bright indeed. We wish them both luck and hope the students will back them up to the utmost.

105 Seniors Leave Salem's Halls

Diplomas Given at Commencement Thursday Evening

Once again the time rolls around for a senior class to bid farewell to their future Alma Mater. Once again the class is proud of its record and justly so. Every activity has witnessed one or more seniors entered; they have not all succeeded, but they have tried.

The seniors leave with mingled regret. Some may say that they are glad to go, but, friends, it is a safe wager that 49 out of 50 are sorry to leave old Salem High where they have spent four glorious years, four of the best years life has to offer. To leave and never again come back as a student, never pass through the halls, attend assemblies, clubs and other activities—that is not a pleasant picture. Some scoff at such "sentimental stuff," but take the Quaker and read it five or ten years from now (If you keep it that long) it's ten to one you'll change your mind. But the time must come, the seniors are going on to bigger things and Salem High which once was so real will be "just a memory." Friends will part, never to meet again; memories, that's all.

And so with a trace of a tear, the seniors have passed on, hoping that some day, somewhere they may live again the four happy years of their high school life.

"Just a memory, just a memory."

HI-Y CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

Wade Loop to Lead Club in 1928-29

Some time ago the Hi-Y held a meeting at which time officers for the coming year were elected. Wade Loop succeeds Dick Harwood as president. Wade is a fine fellow and should have a banner year. Robert Van Blaricom was elected vice president, and Bob McCauley takes the position of secretary-treasurer.

The club this year was a marked success. The members held a Fun Nite, helped out at track meets and in general, benefited the whole school in some way. The seniors leave with the hope and assurance that the club next year may do just as well, or, in fact, better than they did this year.

THE QUAKER

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Good-By

Well, friends, here we are at the parting of the ways. And it is hard parting too. There is no need to say that this has been an enjoyable year for all of us, especially the Quaker staff. The year has gone all too quickly; it seems only yesterday that we entered school for our last year; only yesterday that the staff began to serve you. Through that service has come a lot of our pleasure.

A review of the season's activities would be as useless as it would be boring. Everyone is through with school and is anxious to get away and forget worries for a few short months. So there is no need to review, you would not read such news anyway.

This is the staff's last message to you. We have tried to do our best, to give you the best we could find. But how frail are human efforts! We realize we have made mistakes and plenty of them. But we have tried and that is all we can offer.

We are loathe to close and turn this paper over to others. We wish to cling, for this is our last chance. We hope you have enjoyed our little paper, we hope you have found the seniors good pals and as a last message from the staff and the editor we bid you all good luck and—Farewell.

—Q—

Your Mother - Your Jewel

May 13th was known as Mother's day. No doubt, all of our readers realized the fact, but just between friends, how many of you really made it Mother's day? Of course, the majority of us wore carnations, went to church and heard a Mother's Day sermon and maybe paid a little more attention to mother. But there were doubtlessly many, especially boys, who regarded it as a sort of sissy day or such.

Come on, friends, let's be frank and honest. You may not care a lot for Mother's Day, but just stop a minute and think. Don't you owe mother something? She may not always concede to your wishes, but that is for your good. And say, do you always concede to hers? Do you give up some of your pleasures for her? Just think about it.

No matter how hard-boiled you may be, be human for a while. Give

kind old "ma" an extra word of kindness. Remember that mother who watched o'er you when you were sick, who prayed for you when you were in danger, who sacrificed many of the joys of life for you, who gave you the best possible and who is willing to help you always. Are you worth all that? Just make Mother's Day every day—365 Mother's Days. We all know she deserves it. And father too. He comes in for his share. Mother—Dad! You will never realize how much they mean until they are gone. And when you stand near two white marble head stones, in a peaceful cemetery, you will wish they were back, you will bare your head and exclaim, "Mother—Dad!"

—Q—

Think Twice

Most high school students readily agree that they want to go to college. Too readily, it seems. They have heard "education," "get a college education" until the idea has become a part of them and they rush off to college after four years of high school work.

Think twice, seniors. The matter cannot be dismissed so perfunctorily. Ask yourself the question whether college really pays? does it! Think twice again, do not answer with an emphatic "yes." Consider the matter.

One of our own alumni was encountered during Easter vacation. When asked about the college he is attending in one of our big cities, the reply was not quite so enthusiastic. "It's a good school, no doubt about that. But I am beginning to wonder if college really pays after all. I don't think I know much more now than I did before. Fraternities have kept me out of activities; a lot of the work is lost after a few months. To tell you frankly, one reason I'm going to college is to be able to say I'm a college man."

You may say that is an exception. But this student was high in high school work and not at all reticent. Rev. Clarke, in a talk to the Hi-Y said, "If you expect a monetary reward from your college course, you are going to be disappointed. It was true some years ago that a college man did command a higher salary. But that fact is slowly disappearing except in a few cases. The real value comes in the contact you make with others, the contact with people of equal mentality, the companionship and training your mind to think logically.

To us that is the real college value. But are you willing and able to buy it at the price? If doubtful, don't go to college. Just stop and think before jumping the steam; you may fall in!

—Q—

Ethel: Does Ethel spend his money right.

Mac: Yes and left too.

—Q—

He: What did Johnson get for inventing that new electric refrigerator?

She: A cool million.

Commerce Club
Ends Season

Russell Pearson New President of Club

May 10th the Commerce club held its social meeting in the Domestic Science room where refreshments were served.

At this meeting Mr. Fley gave an interesting and appreciated talk on "College Life." He pointed out just what problems are going to confront each of us and the best way to overcome our difficulties in college. "Every field in life is crowded but remember that there is still room on the top."

May 17th the new officers of the club for the incoming year were elected. Russell Pearson will fill the chair of the president, Lorene Jones the vice president, and Helen Shelton the secretary-treasurer. Each of the new officers gave an inauguration speech. Three committees were chosen for the picnic.

May 24 th Commerce Club, yet in its infancy held a picnic at Mill Creek park, where 25 people enjoyed the evening.

Baseball was the major entertainment which was between the Juniors and the Seniors in which the latter won. The score was 15-16.

After the game, the dinner was served. Games, stories, riddles ended the gathering.

From the different activities of the club there is no doubt that the Commerce Club will remain as a permanent and beneficial organization of the Salem High School.

—Q—

REWARDS FOR SERVICE
GIVEN AT FINAL ASSEMBLY

Continued from page 1

The cheerleaders, Bertha Mae Hassey, Margaret Atkinson and Bill Chalfant received letters.

Walter Deming presented the senior gift—lights for the front of the building. Jim Scullion accepted for the school.

The girls' basketball team composed of Bertha Mae Hassey, Hazel Beck, Bertha Zeller, Margaret Atkinson, Winifred Bailey, Betty Moss, Ethel Bodo, Bertha Kent and Melba Barnes received letters.

The boys' team—Allen, Sidinger, Fogg, Jenkins, Scullion, Whinnery, Harwood, Guilford, Litty, Talbot and Ballinger, Schilling, Schmidt, Wingard and Smith received letters.

E. Bodo, Hoopes, Ingram, Whinnery, Treat, Mullins, Davis, Jacobson Shelton, Orashan, Stallsmith, Justices, Klose, Piticar, Chapel, Clark, Hurtz, L. Jones, M. Jones, Kelly, Lackman, Older, V. Ormes and Shriver received typists' rewards.

The debate team composed of Charles Wilhelm, Walter Deming, Walter Coy, Elvira Ressler, Florence Davis, Virginia Callahan, Ted Van Campen and Susie Lutsch received triangular letters.

Hazel Beck presented Mary Older the football girl symbol.

Roessler, Allen, Seeds, Litty, Horstman, Hutchison, Van Blaricom, Hurst, Van Campen, Terry, Floyd;

Smith, Schilling, Pasco, Whinnery and Gregg received special cups and special recognition for his world record. Allen also received the \$25 Rotary prize.

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everyone
a last
"Farewell"

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A Dude at the Bar "O"

A Wild and Woolly West Story

One could have seen him often that spring, racing along the highways in and around New York in a bright blue sport model roadster, given him on his twenty-first birthday by an adoring parent.

Rather a nice looking chap he was, this Teb Blake, with his black hair, inclined to be a little curly, and his slender, though well-built figure. Something, however, was amiss, not noticeable until one saw the bored expression on his face and his cynical smile.

Tired of life and as yet, just at its threshold! Blessed with material advantages, he had exhausted, it seemed, all sources of amusement. Mr. Blake frantically tried every possible means to arouse his son from the apathy into which he had fallen, but to no avail. Nothing he suggested gave Ted any thrill.

At last the harassed father thought he had found the cure. He had heard of the so-called "Dude" ranches of the west. These are run for the purpose of giving wealthy Easterners a taste of the western atmosphere, together with the comforts of civilization. After considerable searching, he found one, a certain "Bar O" in Arizona. Then he proceeded to unfold his newborn plan to Ted, a little timidly, perhaps, for though he would never have confessed such a thing, he was somewhat afraid of this good looking boy of his.

"Ted, my lad, how would you like to go out west this summer?"

"East or west, it is all the same to me," was the discouraging reply.

"But listen! I have it all arranged. You are going to be a cowboy!" The man was warming to his theme. "You will have thrills enough to suit even your perverted taste."

"Oh, all right. I guess I can try anything once."

In spite of himself, the boy was becoming as interested in the proposition as his condition allowed. He was on the point of being shaken from his arrogant, self-satisfied course. As Mr. Blake saw him brighten a little, he already felt paid for his trouble in bridging the owner of the "Bar O" into accepting Ted on his staff of workers.

"One other thing, Teddy. You shall leave her with just enough money to see you safely settled. After that—well, you live on what you earn."

Another week found Ted Blake, millionaire's son, established in a "bunk" house with several cowboys and on a different basis from that of

the guests. He was working for his living for the first time. He had assumed a bold manner and felt himself the equal of any rough cowboy. He became acquainted with his "bunk" mates and, because he was so ignorant of their customs, he began to boast of his knowledge of them, of the east, of everything.

"Why these little puppet shows of yours are nothing compared to what I have seen," he was accustomed to declare in response to everything new they tried to show him. He not only boasted of his skill as an auto racer, but he also confided that in New York he had been considered "a whale of a horseman," and so on and so on.

"Say, isn't he the limit!"

"He must think he is a god."

"His talk is all air!"

"How far do you suppose he thinks he will get with that sort of thing, out here?"

Such was the conversation of several of the cowboys into whose ears most of Ted's confidences had been poured. They were thoroughly disgusted and had a hard time trying to keep from telling him so. Naturally, when he happened to be absent they loosed their pent up feelings rather freely, always trying to devise some plan by which he would be revealed in his true light.

No wonder then, that all listened eagerly when one of their number announced that he had a brilliant idea.

"You see," he explained, "Ted's been tellin' me about his horseback riding. Well, in this horse show and riding exhibition we're putting on next week for the Eastern folks, you all know, of course, that there will be a lot of horseback riding. We will ask Ted to ride, but we will pick the other half of the proceedings. I have in mind that wild little creature, "Pepper," that no one can tame. If he can ride her, his boasting hasn't been idle; if not—"

Of course Ted accepted the honor, which they assured him it was. He could hardly have done otherwise.

The great day arrived, and time for Ted's stunt. The large area of field was crowded with eager spectators, merrily chatting about this or that performance. As he entered the field, Ted felt his last bit of lassitude drop from him. He was keenly alive to the fact that it would be a big feather in his cap if he could accomplish this feat of skill, and he meant to, to the best of his ability. He began to feel like a knight of the olden days, defending his honor.

Now he approached his steed. The crowd was watching, tensely. The animal looked so fiery, so untamable! Now he was on it, careening

madly before their eyes! The mouths of the cowboys dropped open. Was he going to do the impossible after all?

Certainly, that ride should have been thrilling enough for Ted. Anyway, it was the wildest he had ever experienced. Now the crowd commenced to cheer, and—it stopped with the words half uttered. On the ground lay Ted, a crumpled heap, while "Pepper" cavorted off over the arena.

Hands were suddenly tender as the boys bore their burden from the field. Standing before his door, they anxiously waited for the doctor's decision.

And his report came to that relieved group. "He will be fine in a couple of days, except for some joints and a few bruises."

"He stuck longer than I had any idea he would. He will make a mighty fine cowboy in time," one man remarked.

"The boy has it in him." This from an old timer, was high praise.

Unconscious of the favorable impression he had created in his defeat, Ted, now sitting in a chair and

almost covered with bandages, took stock of himself. Suddenly he called for a pencil and paper.

This is what an amazed Mr. Blake read at his breakfast table some hours later.

"Dear Dad,

"This place is boring me to death. Nothing ever happens. Please send me some money so I can come home. I'm longing for a good thrill like I used to get back home

"Your devoted son,

"TED.

"P. S.—By the way, do you have any positions open at the office?"

"MARTHA REEVES."

—Q—

He: How long should an engagement last?

She: Until you're married.

—Q—

Phebe Ellen: I wonder if it is really love that makes the world go round.

Charles: Let's give it a whirl and find out.

—Q—

Marion: Open your mouth and shut your eyes and—

Pidgeon: And that's the way a woman drives a car.

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How to Write a Poem

Read It and Weep

As a veteran of the profession, I will attempt to prove to you, ladies and gentlemen, and honorable judges, just how good I am at writing poetry. I am a very busy man, but I will spare a few of my golden minutes, to show you how to write a poem.

Do you have a fountain pen that is filled full? Yes? Good! Let's go! Now, get a piece of paper, any kind. Blotting paper is best, because it absorbs your thoughts quicker than your head does. While waiting for an inspiration to come, the image of your best girl appears before you—so it seems. "Well," you think, "This is fine, My inspiration has come."

You rush headlong: "O sweetheart of mine! When will I be thine?" You pause, why, her image is gone; she probably heard you and decided to leave. Finally she reappears, this time in a mist. Then you write: "The moon will shine." You probably want to scare her by having the moon shine through the mist, to retouch her plastic—no, no, I mean realistic features, photographically speaking. Five minutes pass, then comes another inspiration. "And in the course of time, Thou wilt be mine." She has vanished again.

Thoughtfully you look at an empty milk bottle on the floor. You see her face on the bottom of it. The round side of the bottle magnifies and dignifies her radiant countenance.

You take up your pen again, and write another inspiration, a rather long one, this time. "That abundant hair so black, With many hairpins in the back. Your hair is not bobbed, so you haven't been robbed." There is another pause, and a frown. Then, "Your nose is not bent-ed, But your cheeks are tinted, The color of pink, That makes me think, I'll offer to you a date, If it isn't too late."

Ah! Two verses are completed. The plot thickens, and so do my thoughts. You know, there must be an Introduction that introduces, and a Plot, which is a piece of ground to which you transplant your characters from the Introduction. Do you have the Introduction and Plot? Oh, yes, here they are. The Climax must clinch, not embrace, or pinch. You soon learn this, but from experience only. Now, for the Climax. An event of the day before returns to your memory. You then write: "You tried to sell me tickets, That gave me the crickets, To a play by the name of "Charm." You said it would do me no harm. You tried to sell me two. One for me and—who? There was a little pause. I waited a little too 'cause, But now you just wait, And see who I'll take."

With a heavy sigh you lay down your empty pen for a rest. "The poem is ended, but the memory lingers on."

Sterling Peterson, '28

Enter an Uncrowded Profession

In the Timken Magazine we found the following delicious burlesque on a certain kind of preposterous advertising that shouts from the pages of so many popular magazines. Yet it is no more absurd than the humbuggerly it mimics. But Judge for yourself:

Be A Lion Tamer

"Lion Tamers make big money. The profession is not over-crowded—a fact that you can easily prove to your own satisfaction. Think, now, how many Lion Tamers are there in your city who are not employed?"

"Why grub along on an even keel of mediocrity when Knowledge will enable you to rise above your fellow men and become RICH and ENVIED? KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! Fortify yourself by learning an honorable and well-paying profession. Learn lion-taming during your spare time in your own home by our correspondence method, just a few minutes each day.

"Suppose today you were walking down the street and you should encounter a fierce NUMIDIAN LION! What would you do? What could you do? But a graduate of our school, bearing our diploma in seven colors and four tints, would immediately know what to do. You could walk right up to that lion fearlessly, after mastering our course of twelve easy lessons, and he would eat off your hand—perhaps both hands.

"Imagine what a hit you would be at balls, teas, sorries and evening affairs. If the guests begin to be bored, you could whisper to the hostess to send out and get a lion and you would entertain them all. Wouldn't she be grateful?"

"The course is COMPLETE in every detail. The conquering power of the eye; how to get acquainted with young lions; points to be considered when buying a lion; how to teach them tricks; facts about feeding, doctoring, etc.

"The first six lessons are theoretical. After that you commence with week-old kittens and gradually work up to full-grown lions. After taking the full course you can walk right into any lion's den. You certainly can!"

"UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: If, after taking our full course and in the pursuance of your profession, you are so unfortunate as to have a misunderstanding with a lion who is not acquainted with our technique, we hereby agree to refund to your estate the entire tuition fee."

THE OPTIMETER

—Q—

Peg: Oh, Walter how did you ever get such a black eye?

Deming: Because I did not choose to run, Peg,

—Q—

Shorty: Do you suffer much with colds?

Bodo: Certainly, what else could I do with them?

—Q—

Why take life seriously, you'll never get out of it alive.

THE WOODS OF SALEM

When life in the city becomes monotonous and unbearable, I seek that haven of rest, the woods. I leave the city and hurry to its shade. Breaking through the outer hedge of bushes I come to a new world.

The grassy sod interrupted by the great trunks of enormous trees is dotted by a myriad number of wild flowers. Here is a spot, where the sun breaks through, covered by a hoard of the pink and white spring beauties. There among the trees are the tall lily-like trilliums standing like guards above the violets. A flash of white in that thicket proclaims the hypatica and the wind flower. As I penetrate deeper into the forest I spy the tall, stately "Jack in the Pulpits." Ah! What is that odor so entrancing? I know you, fragrant white violet. Such flowers as I have no specimen of in my garden I dig up. These I transplant into my flower garden at home. I clamber down a gully and drink my fill of the fresh, cool spring water. A cool breeze fans my cheek. The green sod seems to make a mattress designed by Nature for my especial use. Wearied by the long tramp and lulled by the breeze I am glad to rest on Nature's bosom. Above me the giants of the woods, maples, beeches, ashes, with here and there a fragrant locust lift Herculean arms skyward. The dense mass of foliage shades me from the hot rays of the June sun. Here and there a bit of celestial blue shows through. In and out above my head the birds flit about, filling the air with a flood of melody.

Often I linger beside a small fire until after the evening shades fall. The forest is enveloped in a blackness pierced by the mellow moonlight in places. Far off in the blackness comes the mysterious hoot of the owl. Then all is still. Then can the soul feel the power of a Celestial Being. Later, as I go happily homeward, strengthened and better fitted for my work, I look forward to my next visit to the woods.

D. B. HOLLOWAY, 8-B

RIDDLE KID

Dear Riddle Kid—On the first of July, 1891, a train ran off the great bridge at St. Louis and no one was killed or injured. How was it possible?

HIST ORYNUT.

Ans.—I have investigated in the archives of the railroad company to whom you refer and find that in regard to the situation mentioned the train ran off the bridge as usual and went on its way.

Dear Kid—What is the difference between the Milky Way and a room full of great-grandfathers?

GOAT TEE.

Ans.—One is a lot of pale stars and the other a lot of stale pas.

—Q—

Customer: Give me some good cough medicine.

Clerk: Try Old Gold not a cough in a carload.

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Society

JUNIOR MUSIC CLUB

The Junior Music Club held its final meeting of the year at the home of Mina Greenisen, Deport road. At this time officers for the ensuing year were elected. Betty Moss takes over the reins of president; Mary Margart McKee is vice president; Grace Dyball assumes the responsibilities of secretary, while Elizabeth Snyder takes care of the finances. Three new members were voted into the club to take care of vacancies left by the seniors who will all leave. The club plans to end its year with a picnic on June 11th.

The annual Guest Day for the Junior Music Club was held at the Presbyterian annex. The mothers and members of the Senior Music Club were invited guests.

The program was as follows:
 Piano soloMargaret Kirkbride
 ChorusJunior Music Club
 Vocal soloRuth Moff
 Violin soloElizabeth Snyder
 ReadingElizabeth McKee
 Piano duetMary Margaret McKee, Grace Dyball
 Vocal duetPhebe Ellen Parsons and Mina Greenisen
 Piano soloBetty Moss
 Vocal soloNellie Naragon
 ReadingDorothy Bodendorfer

Marion Cope spent part of Saturday in Youngstown and Alliance.

Virginia McKee and Ruth Moff were in Youngstown Saturday.

Greiner: What's the other name for back seat drivers?
 Snyder: Rear admirals.

Onlocker (at track meet): Say does the wind blow this way all the time in Salem?

Perkins: No, sometimes it turns around and blows the other way.

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Jack Ballentine, James Scullion, Wade Loop, Fred Guilford, Mrs. Springer, Mr. Henning and Mr. Englehart saw Salem's track team come in fifth at Columbus.

The four baseball teams among the girls had a steak roast at Lake Placentia.

The Commerce Club held a picnic at Mill Creek park. Baseball was the main diversion. After the outdoor supper the members drifted to Idora park or to some down town theater.

The orchestra also had a picnic at Mill Creek park. The members enjoyed supper at the park.

The debate squad held their outing at the ever popular Mill Creek—in fact, they were the first to start the run. Dancing and games furnished amusement for the debaters and their guests.

The Salemasquers had a steak roast at Silver park, Alliance.

Charles Bennett spent Sunday at Delaware, Ohio, visiting Ohio Wesleyan college.

The Hi-Y and guests, about 40 strong, had one of the best picnics of the year at Mill Creek park last Friday. After a most enjoyable and bounteous supper the members went to Idora park and spent the rest of the evening there.

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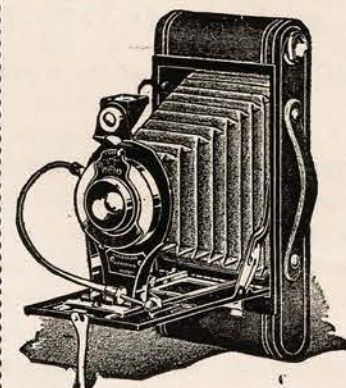
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**Look Over these
Exchange Numbers**

**See What the Rest of the World
Is Doing**

The Quaker feels that it has been rather negligent in the way of exchange acknowledgements. But friends, we are enjoying your papers; circumstances have prevented us from making your exchange papers public. In an attempt to atone for this fact, below is a list of some of our exchange receipts:

"The Dart" —Ashtabula, Ohio:

You have a good looking front page. Why not try a spread heading?

"The Mountaineer" — Grafton, West Virginia:

Your sophomores certainly can put out a good paper. Your future is assured.

"Magician"—Barberton, Ohio:

Your verse number was clever. Met you at Akron.

"Irondale Static"—Irondale, Ohio:

A fine magazine. You are to be commended on such an achievement with such a small school.

"The Mariner"—Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio:

A nice neat paper. Good Easter cut.

"The Headlight" — Wellsville, Ohio:

We see you are to present "The Whole Town's Talking." We staged the play several months ago and it was a howling success. We feel sure you'll have equal success.

"The Echo"—Fort Wayne, Indiana:

A fine magazine. Your articles are well written.

"The Oak Leaf"—Oakmont.

We re-print your comment of our Quaker: "The write-ups in your paper are quite well done. We especially admire the originality of the "gloom-chasers." They are quite clever jokes." Thanks. Your cover is very fine, we think. Your magazine is clever and original.

"The Observer"—Wooster, Ohio:

Your editorial appealed to us.

"The Broadcaster" — Mayfield Heights, Ohio:

We hope you came out on top in the oratory contest. Did you?

"The News Van" — Van Wert, Ohio:

We feel sure your senior play will be a huge success.

"The Trumpeter"—East Palestine, Ohio:

Congratulations on your fine basketball record.

"The Lantern"—Galion, Ohio:

Here's best wish for success in the National Oratorical Contest.

"The Thielensian" — Greenville, Pa.

Thiel college seems to be right on top. Keep it up.

The Faculty and the
remaining student
body of
Salem High School
bid "Farewell"
to the
Senior Class
and take this opportunity to wish them
the best of luck.



Pug: I'll have to get a new car.
Willie: What's wrong with the one you have?

Pug: Can't pay for it.

Fawcett: What became of your hired man?

Grim: Well ya see he use to be a chauffeur but one day he crawled under a mule to find why he would not go—and—

He Beats All

Prospective Father-in-law: Before giving my consent, is your income on a sound basis?

Suitor: Right you are. I play the drums in an orchestra.

Too Late to Classify

Stenographer Wanted—Must be accurate, neat and have speed

Wanted—Two experienced hands on hooking rugs.

Wanted—By a bachelor, a combination hen and hog that will lay bacon and eggs.

For Sale—A pair of shoes, pair of bed springs and other musical instruments.

Phone Trouble

Father: Hello John. Why don't you make better grades?

Son: Can't hear you Dad.

Father: I say do you need any money?

Son: Yes, send fifty dollars.

Betty: You must not tell a lie?

Jane: Why not?

Betty: Because it is like smoking, not right until you are grown up.

What the Seniors Will be Doing?

(Showing diploma to father) Here dad, here's your receipt.

Bridegroom: These cakes are bully.

Bride: Now, George, stop that biting on the butter plate.

Dorothy: Marjorie is not very particular is she?

Peg: Say! The other day she returned a round steak to a butcher because it was oval shape.

Boss: How dare you waken me. Consider yourself discharged.

Ted: Gosh, that's all right. I was going to leave anyhow, the office is on fire.

Chicken, Uh!

Lady: I want three pounds of veal for a chicken salad.

Butcher: Sorry, lady, but I have no more veal, but pork serves just as well as chicken salads.

Don't Cry!

Father: Why are you home?

Son: Two weeks ago they killed a calf, and a gip and we ate them and last night Hank, the hired man died, and he was too much for me.

Book Agent (to farmer): You ought to buy an encyclopedia now, your boy is going to school.

Farmer: Not so, let him walk, I had to.

O'Connell: Is Mary still out of a job?

Moser: Yes, and the poor girl is down to her last lipstick case.

Son: Did you enjoy yourself while at college, when you were a freshman?

Father: Did I? Why those were the happiest days of my life.

He: I kissed her before leaving.

Ditto: Did you get away with it?

He: Say, I couldn't get away without it

Sergeant: I want your name for the police blotter.

Prisoner: It is Senoj on a blotter.

Lady: I want some flowers for John.

Clerk: Here is a nice bunch for \$3.00.

Lady: Oh he is not sick enough for that.

It is the ambition of the modern man to die with his brakes on.

Back Seat Drivers

Are you ready Nelson? 25-9-32-67-8—Shift.

Teacher: What happens to the man who thinks of his soul and not his body?

Boy: Gets fat I suppose.

Friend: How are you getting along in school now Alex?

Small Boy: Good, we're learning how to spell words with 4 cylinders.

Gute Nact?

Al: So you think you got Germany on your set.

Alma: I'm sure I did. What's the word for, "good night kiddies?"

Dot: Do you carry B-eliminators.

Don: No ma'am but we have fly-tex and Black flag—

Dear Old Whatsitsname

Chick: What school is this we're at?

Lays: Don't know. I didn't catch the name.

Rib: I just bought a set of Dickens.

Jonesy: I told you once to watch yourself about trying those foreign tires.

Judge: So you stole this lady's rug?

Boy: No sir, the lady gave me the rug and told me to beat it, and I did.

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NEWS ITEMS

From Junior High School

Our Flag

We should treat our beautiful emblem, which represents freedom and prosperity with ut-most reverence. It is so beautiful that we must not let it fall on the ground or joke about it.

Francis Scott Key wrote wonderfully about it in his immortal song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." Ever waving in war or in peace the, "Stars and Stripes," will always be beautiful. In its field of blue there are 48 stars, each one standing for some fair state. Its thirteen stripes represent the original thirteen colonies.

No flag will ever appeal to me as much as the flag of the United States. I intend to remain true to it always and will endeavor to live up to all that it stands for.

Richard Strain, 7E

ORCHESTRA

The Junior High orchestra is improving under the direction of Mr. Regal.

FORMAL DISMISSAL

We have formal dismissal at night as well as at noon.

SUBSTITUTE

Mrs. Roth is substituting for Miss Cameron.

MUSIC

The eighth grade pupils have written some very good compositions on Ludwig Van Beethoven for their work in music.

DETENTION BOW

The 8D class have had the Red bow for the past week.

A REAL PARTY

On the 13th of April in "28," At the seven C's party, the seven C's ate. The food was plentiful, different and good, So the seven C's ate as much as they could.

The games that we had were enjoyed by all, The old, the young, the short and the tall.

In the year 1950, you will remember this date, And the fun that you had with your good old school mate.

DALE LEIPPER
DALE LEIPPER, 7-C

Eight B's sold 186 tickets for the Junior High play, "The Peddler of Hearts." This was a record among all the rooms. Bill Gibson of our class, sold 74 tickets. This was the greatest number sold by any pupil in Junior High.

Miss Cameron visited Junior High last Thursday afternoon. This was the first time she had come to see us since her illness. We all were glad to see her and to know she was getting along so well.

CATHERINE FLICK, 8-B

FAREWELL

Farewell, my schoolmates, one and all,

At least, adieu, until next fall;
Exams are b-rrr! my friends so near
Before you know it, they'll be here,
Vacation! Ah! That out-door call!
Farewell, my friends, until next fall!

JEAN GARRISON, 7-B

MARGARIE AND THE FAIRY

Miss Margarie Ann McGliss
Disliked to work, very much,
Whenever she was asked to do this,
She would leave the room in a rush.

One day, her mother told her,
To put the porch in order, as she,
Was, in the afternoon expecting
Some friends to drop in for tea.

Miss Margarie began to scowl
And jumped up and down on the floor.
But just as she started to growl,
A fairy opened the door!

Miss Margarie got very red,
As she looked at this fairy as small as a mouse,
But the fairy quietly said,
"We will now, begin to clean house."
"We'll dust the chairs," the fairy said,
And sweep the carpet, so,
Then wash the windows, and as I've said,
"Work is not so bad, you know."

They put the porch in lovely order,
But always the fairy's eyes would watch to see,
That Margarie didn't loiter,
Around the clock too frequently.

"Now put those flowers in that vase,
The more carefully done, the prettier, you know,
But take them off that piece of lace,
And put them on the stand where they will show."
Soon everything was in place,
As pretty and clean as could be;
And Margarie, with a radiant face,
Was proud of her work, you could see!

The callers finally came,
And marvelled at Margarie's work;
They said to her mother: "Say Maim,
You've taught her not to shirk!"
(10) MARTHA WELLS, 6thGd

The 8-A class will have a "Farewell Party," Friday evening, in their school room. This will be the first party of the year for this class at school. They hope it will be a success.

A comical play will be given, managed by Jack Ballantine.
The class wishes all the teachers in Junior High to be present.
BERNICE DAVIS, 8-A

The 7-D class of Junior High had four perfect weeks of attendance.

We decided to take our half holiday we had earned in this way on Tuesday afternoon.

The 7-D's are having a program Friday morning in English class.

We are to have a play and some other entertainments. It will be the last recitation of the year.

There were twelve pupils in the 7-D class who earned writing certificates.

BETTY JEAN SMITH, 7-D

ALLADIN'S LAMP

If I had Alladin's lamp
I'd wish for a wonderful eye,
That could gaze at the handicapped,
And watch over them 'til I die.

If I could look into the shacks
Of those who are in distress,
I would visit them every one,
That to me they might confess.

Then I would always understand
Their troubles and their strife.
This is the secret of my wish,

I hope to serve all my life.
VERNON VAN NOSTRAND, 8-D

SPRINGTIME

A hill adorned with flowers
Its background velvet green,
Is one of Nature's pictures
That I have often seen.

A little brooklet flowing
Onward to the sea
Rippling, gurgling, tinkling
As happy as can be.

A tree so tall and stately

Gowned with leaves anew
With branches lifted upward
Into the sky so blue.
The sun so brightly shining
And everything so gay,
Oh! I wish that Nature's springtime
Would forever with us stay.

VERNON VAN NOSTRAND, 8-D

He: I suppose he knows his stuff
about birds?

She: Yeah what's he doing?
He: He's a taxidermist.

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