

The Quaker

VOL. IX NO. 14

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAY 3, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS

STUDENTS ENTER ANNUAL CONTEST

Freshmen Enjoy Social Event

STUDENTS TAKE TRIP

The only all-Freshman social event was held April 19. The gymnasium was decorated with green and silver balloons.

Lorin Battin was master of ceremonies and he presented a splendid program. First everyone joined in a grand march and then a game of names was played. Catherine Blythe won the prize. Everyone was supposed to be on board a ship which first visited England. There the Prince of Wales came on board, fell off his horse and gave a speech. Then the ship went to Holland and a folk dance of that country was given. Next there was a tour to Germany and a quartet of Heidelberg students sang the "Drinking Song." Switzerland was visited next and a folk dance of that country was given. And last but not least was a style show which had costumes that were the latest thing from Paris fifty years ago.

Eddie Shuck's orchestra furnished music for dancing between entertainments.

HI-Y CAMP MEETING

The Hi-Y club held a very important meeting Monday, April 22. The meeting was for the purpose of holding a "round table." That is, every boy present was to be discussed as to his faults. He must take his corrections as a help and have no prejudice against who corrects him.

Every member had something to say and entered well into the discussion. If the boys do not benefit from advice as to their character, they will surely not be living up to the standards of the club.

Then with this meeting was a weiner and marshmallow roast. It was held in the woods of the Van Blaricom's around a huge fire which the boys prepared from a tree which they cut down.

The meeting was ended by a circle prayer with Mr. Ulrich leading.

Golf Team Loses

The Red and Black foresome went down to defeat at the hands of the Canton McKinley stars. They were defeated twelve points in match play. Mullins turned in the low score for Salem at 45-48 for a 93. Play was ragged due to lack of practice. A return match is scheduled.

SALEM WINS OPENING MEET

SALEM 69 1-3, LISBON 49 5-6, E. PALES. 39 5-6

Salem High easily beat Lisbon and Palestine in the first field of the year. Salem was not conceded much at the first of the meet but things were different. Places were attained in every event except the broad jump.

Two county records were smashed. E. Fitch of Lisbon ran the high hurdles in 17.2 seconds to beat Scott of Salem and break the record. "Bob" Van Blaricom of Salem heaved the discus 109 feet 4 1/4 inches to break Les Older's mark.

The Salem team jumped to an early lead and the lead was never threatened. Lewis of Lisbon nosed out Hutchinson in the 100 yard dash.

The mile race was a thriller with Harold Walker, young soph, of Salem turning in the fast time of 4 minutes 53.8 seconds which was exceptional for such a wet track. John Terry repeated his win in the shot put beating his last year's mark by 1 foot 8 inches. Ed Beck tied for first in the high jump and Henry Reese won the low hurdles in fair

time.

Salem won both relays and closed the meet with a pair of firsts.

The track team showed good ability and stand the best chance of any contenders in winning the county meet.

Summary

100 yd. dash—Lewis (Lis.) won, time 10.6 sec.; Hutchison (S) second; M. Whinnery (S); Bye (L) Curry (EP) tied for fourth.

Mile run — Walker (S) won; Davis (EP) second; Spano (L) third; Istnick (EP) fourth. Time, 4 min. 53.8 sec.

Shot put—Terry (S) won; Herbert (EP) second; B. Smith (S) third; Van Blaricom (S) fourth. Distance 41 ft. 8 in.

120 yd. High Hurdles—E. Fitch (L) won; Scott (S) second; Snyder (L) third; A. Fitch (L) fourth, time 17.2 sec.

High jump—Ed Beck (S), Schindler (EP), Snyder (L) tied for first; Smith (EP) fourth; height, 5 ft. 6 in.

(Continued on Page 3)

SQUAD ENDS SEASON

A debate was staged between Canton McKinley and Salem's debating team. The subject that was debated was: Resolved, That the United States shall cease to protect by force of arms capital invested in foreign lands (except after formal declaration of war).

The speakers of Canton McKinley were James Lenhart, Glenn Vogelsang and Pauline Deal. Salem's speakers were Elvira Roessler, James Patten and Russell Pearson. The contest was very close. The decision was given to Canton McKinley.

Southwick Speaks

The seniors gathered in room 206 for a class meeting April 18.

The speaker was Mr. Southwick, secretary on admissions from Wooster college. Mr. Southwick advised each senior that he should attend some advanced institution. He gave as purposes for attending college first for enjoyment and second for instruction.

Mr. Southwick remained at the office of Mr. Springer during the afternoon to advise students about entering college, especially Wooster.

CONFERENCE ATTENDED

Business matters were discussed at the Hi-Tri meeting Thursday, April 11.

Announcement of a joint meeting with the Hi-Y was made.

The boys' ideas of an ideal boy and girl were presented, and the girls gave their opinions of the qualities necessary to make an ideal boy.

At this time the girls decided to send delegates to the Girls' Reserve Conference to be held in Youngstown the following Saturday and Sunday.

Six members of the Hi-Tri attended the conference at the Y. W. C. A. building in Youngstown, Saturday and Sunday, April 13 and 14. Mary Older, Adelaide Dyball, Margaret Carns, and Mary Margaret McKee were the members who attended the sessions. They stayed overnight at private homes, and attended a religious service Sunday.

Hold Law Drill

The Commerce Club held its regular bi-weekly business meeting on Tuesday, April 16. Members had the regular drill in parliamentary law, and the meeting was adjourned.

Brooks Contest In Two Weeks

ENTRIES ARE IN TODAY

All entries for the finals of the Brooks Contest were to have been handed in to the preliminary judges today so that they might select the five best papers in each essay, short story, and oration division. These preliminary judges are teachers who have no connection with the teaching of English. They will select the best entries as to English, subject matter and originality.

Two weeks from today in a specialty assembly, the fifteen students will deliver their essay, short story or oration, before the student body. Judges of this contest will be persons not connected with the contest who live outside of Salem. They are chosen by the Board of Education. They decide the three winners as to the above qualities and also delivery. Excellency in English shall count 70 per cent; subject matter 10 per cent; originality 10 per cent and delivery 10 per cent.

Prizes in each division shall be equal. Thirty-three dollars goes to winners in each class; eighteen dollars for first, ten dollars for second and five dollars for third. A dollar remaining from the hundred dollars in prizes will be awarded to the entry considered best as a whole.

Many students have entered both the essay and short story contests while a few have entered the oratorical. There will be much consideration and it will be difficult to select the best papers from so many numerous good ones.

HI-Y AND HI-TRI

The first time that the Hi-Y and Hi-Tri clubs had the occasion of gathering together for a joint meeting was Thursday evening, April 18. The meeting was held in 206.

Wade Loop was in charge of the affair. The discussion for the meeting was "The Ideal Boy and Girl" Lorene Jones opened the meeting by reading the Hi-Tri's conception of an ideal boy and girl. James Pidgeon followed with the Hi-Y's idea of the characters of the ideal boy and girl. Mary Older read the Scripture. Miss Anne Oelschlager and Miss Roles, secretary of the Alliance W. U. C. A. summarized reports while Miss Stevenson, dean of women at Mount Union college gave an address.

THE QUAKER

VOL. IX MAY 3 19, 1929 NO. 14

Published bi-weekly from October to June by Salem High school students.

Editor-in-Chief ----- Keith Harsh
Business Manager, Virginia Callahan
Faculty Advisers ---- R. E. Parshall
and Robt. P. Ulrich

Subscription \$1.50 per Year.
Entered as second class mail December 1, 1921, at the Post Office at Salem, Ohio, under an act of March 3, 1879.

Persons wishing to subscribe for The Quaker may do so by mailing \$1.50 with name and address to the Manager of "The Quaker" — Salem High School.



Brooks Contest

The Brooks Contest has for many years been an outstanding event of the school year. It affords possibilities to make good an advantage to earn something through writing.

Since there are three prizes for essay, short story, and oration there is a large chance for most any student to earn recognition as both a winner and writer. It is even worthy to have the occasion of being one of the five in each group though your paper may not prove to be best. You ought to be proud that you are one who has the privilege of appearing before the students, appearing before them because you have written something that has been acknowledged.

Have you entered in anything for the contest? No? Well, why haven't you? There are possibilities that your talent may be considered higher than you think, better than you think. Perhaps you are backward, backward in the sense that "I can't write like so and so." There is no change when she enters. She always writes good papers and is entirely too bright for me."

All I have to say is that if you are not very bright you have a chance. It is the unexpected person that always comes out ahead. Don't think you can't write, be the unexpected person.

Now if you have been backward in the respect I have mentioned above, snap out of it.

It is too late now to enter the present contest but don't worry.

There are contests in the future. Let's see you enter them with the hundred of other zealous students who do. You can't lose anything and you can gain something so don't neglect such a contest.

Band Plays

The Band played a group of numbers in assembly the 19th which shows they have been working very hard. They are improving very rapidly and surely are an asset to Salem High. They have learned quite a few new numbers.

Mr. Springer made announcements concerning the track meet Saturday, April 20th. Ted Van Campen made announcements concerning the Junior play.

A film was shown on "Electromagnetism."

Tale of the Todds

(A Story from the Yankee Farmer)

I
'Twas a cold winter mornin'—
Thuh snow flew,
Thuh wind blew,
Thuh blizzard wuz ragin'
Thuh wiseakers sagin'—
When Ol' Cross Patch Todd
An' his "peas in thuh pod"
Thuh wisdom of God tuk to scornin'

II
Now thuh church had burnt down
Thet summer

No num'er
Of dollars could make work
Thuh men who did work shirk;
So sarvice was then held
In th' barn uh young Jem Keld,
Two miles an' a quar-r-ter from town.

III
One sniff o' the cold air—
'Twas freezen'
Set sneezen'
That Ol' Cross Patch Todd—
Thet great lump o' sod!
He slammed shet thuh door
An' then sneezed some more
An' prom'tly grew cross ez a b'ar.

IV
Now thus Todds wair so tight,
Tho moneyed,
They Sundayed
With Gran'mither Hood
To save 'em the food.
To save mouths four'n' twanty;
Of Todds ther wair planty
Tho not all thuh score grew up right

V
Three months 'fore thet mornin',
To add—
Thuh Cad!—
To his great heap o' money,
He'd called youngest scunny
An' sent to thuh town
Both thuh black an' thuh brown
To sell to thuh man at thuh inn.

VI
Now of sleds ther wair 'nough
To ride
In pride
T'thuh old bar-rn fer cserch
On thuh hill by thuh berch
But of hosses—how rum!
Of them beasts they hed none!
Ol' Cross Patch Todd spoke grim an' gruff.

VII
"Mandy Owlridge," sed he
"Thuh fool!
With spool
An' needul in hand
She sets thar so grand
An' ignores us, tho we
Air far riches than she
Ha, lads; Air ye game for a spree?"

VIII
An' his sons four'n' twanty
Did yell
"How swell!"
An' he smilin'ly told 'em
Thet he would not scold 'em
Ef Mandy missed cherch
'Cause she'd lost black Young Perch
Her hoss that she'd bought from
Tom Lantny.

IX
So th' young Todds, all score,
With rout
An' shout,
Did set out with a peal
Of lafter; they'd steal
Black young Perch from ol' Mandy—
They'd ride fine an' dandy
To cherch, how them young Todds

did road!

X
Now to break a commandment,
Once given,
Undriven
By motives w'ich might be excuse,
Is black sin; but o! mad abuse
Of thuh Father's own word!
Why, it just is absurd
To ipect that thuh Lord won't
resent!

XI
But them Todds wair so proud
Thet they must
Be unjust
An' thuh young uns, the stold
Bright Young Perch, black ez coal
An' thuh liveliest hoss
That did ever draw boss,
An' they harnesssed him, laffin'
aloud.

XII
Ol' Cross Patch Todd then
With his sons,
An' some buns
To eat in thuh sairvice
(A long habit wuz this)
Got aboard thur big sleghi,
Yelled a hearty, loud "Hay!"—
'Twas thuh last he was heered by
his men.

XIII
Fer young Perch, full of "go,"
So frisky
So risky,
He sped o'er thuh snow
Tell Ol' Cross Patch did know
That ef they didn't stop him
He'd run o'er thuh cliff rim
An' dash them to death far below!

XIV
Ah! 'Twas hopeless to hold him!
How he flew—
His speed grew
Every pace, hoy thar hearts,
Full of evil; how the nagged
One another; Time dragged
Ez they drew near thuh cliff rim.

XV
Become pious at last
Ol' Cros Patch
Tried to snatch
At a heavenly cross
By a pra'r to thuh Boss
Up in Heaven. An' nearer
Went Perch; to thuh sheerer
Steep side of thuh cliff he sped fast

XVI
'Twas a cold winter midday
When Johnson
An' Bard's son
Came trackin' thuh marks,
To thar collie's sharp barks,
Of thuh sleight an' thuh Todds.
'Twas a full forty rods
They hed fallen t'gether thet day.

XVII
Now thus country folk tell
To ther childrin
Of Todd's sin
An' how he did pay
On thet chily day
With his sons an' thuh steed
They had stolen. They plead
Thet God knows what for mortals
ez well.

XXVIII
Buried under thuh sod
Where in youth
All thuh truth
Of God's Book he'd be'n taught,
Now obey it they ought,
Lie thuh Todds twanty-four.
An' Cross Patch makes one more
Of thuh fools rightly punished by
God

—Lois Greenisen '30.

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cake,
Or the latest picture show?
I've never found what whoopee is,
and I've hunted near and far,
Is it the name of some great man,
Or the newest type of car?
Is is just a petting party,
Or else some other sport?
Can it be found just anywhere,
From California to New York?
Can you buy it at the grocery store,
Or do you make it all yourself?
Does it require a lot of cast,
Or just a little bit of wealth?
Does it come in little packages,
Or in bundles rather large?
Do they ship it here by aeroplane
Or else by river barge?
Is it something very edible,
Or something else to wear?
Is it some new kind of compound,
For taking dandruff from the
hair?
Is it just another name,
To our modern flaming youth?
Is it just a new disease,
Or just a double wisdom tooth?
After buying all the magazines,
and reading every one,
I have found that whoopee is
A noisy sort of fun.

—Dale Wilson.

A Coincident

For some unknown reason the be-
tween-bell period was prolonged—
the clocks seemed to have stopped!
At last the bell rang and classes
were called. Robert Eddy strolled
into the study hall and decided to
pat the clock a little to see if he
could start it. Marvelous! the hands
dropped fifteen minutes at his
magic touch. Robert and others
stood agape. They didn't know that
the hands of all the clocks were
moved at that psychological moment
by the master clock control. The
Juniors had been having a class
meeting—hence the delay.

—Anonymous.

Baseball Team Beaten

The baseball season of Salem
High was opened with a defeat. The
veteran Warren team administering
a severe walloping, the final score
being 11-0.

Salem was able to get only 3 hits
off the Warren hurlers while their
sluggers patted the ball all over the
lot. This and some errors on the
Red's part was what put the game
on ice. Cope, Smith, and Greeni-
sen were the only Salem players
who were able to hit safely.

Salem was green and stiff due to
lack of practice. The next game will
hold promise of a better showing.

Summary:

SALEM	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Beck, s	3	0	0	1	1	0
Drakulitch, c	4	0	0	5	3	0
Cope, mf	3	0	1	3	1	0
Guilford, p	2	0	0	1	0	0
Whinnery, 1b	3	0	0	3	0	1
Greenisen, lf	2	0	1	1	1	0
Scullion, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Irey, 3b	1	0	0	1	0	0
Sartick, 2b	1	0	0	2	2	0

(Continued on Page 4)

MORE WOOSHY!

Very small, mediocre things take
on such great significance to us that
it is absurd to say the least. This
is a sample of the mush we write.

Dear S.

I've got to tell you something.
Now please, don't laff, because I'm
terribly serious. It takes a lot of
courage to write this, but here goes:

I want you to get it out of your
head that I have a case on you. Now
don't deny that you know what I
mean. I have positive proof that
someone told you that, and I think
she is the low-downest, meanest
person on the face of this earth.
Perhaps it was a little bit true when
she told you, bit it isn't now.

You don't know how embarrass-
ing it is to have someone think
you've got a case on them when
you haven't. Oh, S, please don't laff,
because I'm in earnest. But I just
know that everything I say, you
twist into meaning that I like you—
and it's terribly embarrassing.

Don't laff or anything because you
don't know how embarrassing this
is and remember I don't have a case
on you.

Sincerely, B.

Assembly April 9

Mr. Stone made an announce-
ment concerning baseball. Mr.
Springer also gave a group of an-
nouncements concerning spring ac-
tivities.

The "Story of Dynamite" was
shown on slides in assembly. It
showed how dynamite has had a
lot to do with civilization.

SALEM WINS OPENING MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

220 yd. dash—Hutchinson (S);
Bye (L) tier for first; Lewis (L)
third; M. Whinnery (S) fourth. Time
25.4 sec.

Discus throw—Van Blaricom (S)
won; B. Smith (S) second; Herb-
ert (EP) third; Ray Smith fourth.
Distance, 109 1/4 in.

440 yd. dash—Bye (L) won; G.
Whinnery (S) second; Scott (S)
third; Gordy (EP) fourth. Time
57.4 sec.

Reese Cops the Hurdles

220 yd. low hurdles—Reese (S)
won; A. Fitch (L) second; Scott (S)
third; Snyder (L) fourth. Time 29.6
sec.

Half-mile run Davis (EP) won;
Brantingham (S) second; Williams
(L) third; Pidgeon (S) fourth.
Time 2 min. 13 sec.

Javelin—Van Fossan (EP) won;
Kelly (L) second; Schmid (S)
third; Steinhauer (EP) fourth.
Distance, 154 ft. 9 in.

Half mile relay—Salem (Yates, M.
Whinnery, Reese, Hutchinson) won;
Lisbon second, Palestine third.
Time, 1 min. 41 sec.

Pole vault—Blackburn (L) won;
Beck (S) Heston (S) Booth (EP)
tied for second. Height, 10 ft.

Broad jump—Smith (EP) won;
Curry (EP) second; Snyder (L)
third; McKee (L) fourth. Distance
18 ft. 8 in.

Mile relay—Salem (Brantingham,
G. Whinnery, Scott, Walker) won.
time, 3 min. 55.6 sec.

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Society

Mary Louise Miller spent Saturday in Cleveland. She attended the show "Broadway Melody."

Jean Olmhausen and Catherine Blythe attended a concert given by the Alliance symphony orchestra recently.

James Scullion motored to Delaware, Ohio April 28.

Miss Mary Roller of Lisbon spent the week end of April 28 visiting Miss Margaret Stule.

Miss Lillian Hutchinson of Pittsburgh spent several days visiting Miss Virginia Fuller recently.

Margaret Riech and Barbara Benzinger spent Saturday, April 27 in Youngstown.

Miss Virginia Simpson spent April 12, visiting friends in Wooster.

Miss Carolyn Wells spent April 20 visiting at her home in Columbus.

Marion Cope, Wade Loop, Helen Shelton, George Ballantine, Helen

Williams, Ruth Eakin, James Patten, Bob McCauley, Adele Treat, Glenn Broomall, Jane Hunt, Charles Greiner, Louise Metz, Ray Fineran, Ralph Phillips, Virginia Harrs, Ted Van Campen and Helen Duncan attended a Lion Tamer's dance at the Elk's ballroom April 19.

Miss Darlene Sanders of Columbian spent Thursday, April 25, visiting the school with Maud Buck.

Miss Mildred Hollet spent April 28 in Youngstown visiting her aunt.

Miss Cecilia Shriver is planning to spend the week end in Cleveland.

Miss McCready is planning to attend the opera of Lohengrin in Cleveland May 3.

Ed Sidinger and Jim Scullion spent April 19 and 20 visiting at Kenyon college, Gambier, Ohio. They also visited in Columbus. Steve Clark of Sebring accompanied the boys.

Alumni

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coffee of Columbus, Ohio, spent a few days with Charles' mother on Lincoln ave.

Eddie Harris was home last week-end. Eddie is attending Ohio State at Columbus, Ohio.

Bob White who is attending Ohio State was hurt while playing in one of the Frat activities. We hope Bob will soon recover.

Miss Bertha Mae Hassey, who is attending Ohio State university, has been taking up swimming in gym during the last three quarters. Miss Hassey won a swimming contest.

Mr. Harry Houser has recently received the L of Lafayette for bas-

ketball. This is one of the several Harry has won.

COPE IN CLEVELAND MEET

Fred Cope, Salem graduate and now attending Mt. Union made a fine mile run recently in the Cleveland Athletic Contest. In competition with milers from college entries from all the surrounding states, Cope placed third. His time was 4:30. An entry from Pennsylvania University took first while a Chicago U. man copped second. Cope, however, did very well, beating Ohio State and other Ohio college entries.

Loeta Eakin, attending Oberlin college, was home over the Easter vacation.

RED AND BLACK LOSE TO WARREN

(Continued from Page 3)

Early, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
Catlas, ss	1	0	0	0	0	0
Quinn, mf	1	0	0	0	0	1
Rowan, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Corso, lb	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	26	0	3	18	9	3
WARREN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
DeSantis, lf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Bradley, 3b	2	2	2	0	0	0
F. Latimer, c	2	3	0	0	2	0
C. Latimer, p	3	2	1	1	0	0
Butler, ss	4	0	0	1	5	2
Titus, mf	3	1	2	0	0	0

Gugerich, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Miss, lb	2	0	1	8	1	1
Shafer, 2b	2	0	0	1	0	0
Rodgers, p	1	0	1	0	0	0
Willoughby, 3b	1	0	0	1	0	0
Scalsaci, 2b	1	1	0	1	0	0
Ott, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	29	11	10	21	9	3
Score by innings:						
Warren	1	—	1	2	4	3
Two base hits—C. Latimer. Stolen bases—Rrakulich, Titus.						
Bases on balls—off Guilford 4; Smith 1; Rodgers 3. Struck out—by Latimer 7; Guilford 3; Smith 3; Rodgers 4. Passed ball, Drakulich.						
Umpires—Wagner and Dough.						

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 Doc Guilford's moustache.
 Adele Treat's height.
 Florence Shriver's chewing gum.
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 A. Kent.
 Bertha Kent's smile.
 Ed Sidinger's spectacles.
 Helen Shelton's talking.
 Clara Thomas selling candy.
 Miss Beardmore telling Keith
 Harsh to get rid of his gum.
 Wade Loop's Dodge.
 Bob McCauley and Ruth Eakin.
 —F. E. D. '29

A PEDDLER OF DREAMS

I am a peddler of dreams. I may be compared to old Santa Claus for I carry a pack on my shoulders. But, in my pack, instead of playthings, there are dreams—millions of dreams—beautiful dreams, gruesome dreams, romantic dreams, weird dreams—in fact all kinds of dreams.

Mr. Murphy, can I sell you a dream? Select your dream with as much care as you would select a garment. Some people say that dreams are worthless. But you know as everyone should know that a person's mind is almost entirely given up to dreams.

Now Mr. Murphy, which dreams do you choose? Do you crave diamonds and pearls, rubies, sapphires, gold silver and carved jade, things that are valueless, or do you crave adventure and romance that poets sing about? Among my wares are such that you might treasure. If you would find romance come with me.

My room here is not furnished luxuriantly for the only thing I desire in my room is a quietude to sleep. Sit yourself in that old couch, smoke this pipe and as you drift into a land of delightful dreams you will forget your uninviting life.

Now folks, while this young man is dreaming I will briefly review his dream to you. The pipe which he smokes is sweet scented as though made of flowers. He has just crossed the silent stream where the slumber shadows go. Care, worry and the material things of life are forgotten for he is in the "Hills of Dream" and it is spring. The flowers are blooming everywhere in the beautiful sunlight. Heeding the call of the forests, Mr. Murphy enters the wood. He has a joyous time walking in the woods. The man seems to be pleased as punch, or if you prefer, Judy. He arrives at a tiny cottage where he finds a girl as beautiful as the sun. He falls madly in love with this beautiful vision. I really think it is time to awaken him.

Hello! Mr. Murphy was your dream perfect. You look as though you would have liked to kept on dreaming. But that is enough for today. Tomorrow you will have another episode of your dream.

Well folks, does anyone else care to go into the land of adventure into the land of dreams?

—Bertha Marsilio.

WHEN A FRESHMAN DARES

"Let's make whoopie, gran'pa!" This came from Elsie (Dizzy) Smythe who adressed it to her young escort, Freddie Watson.

Dizzy and Freddie were at the "White Wolf," a respectable, up-to-date cafe, to make "whoopie."

They were both Freshmen at Smith college, and to their great relief, had just been initiated. Therefore, they were out to celebrate.

After a few peppy dances, they sat one out. It was then that they discovered a green, young Freshman who had not yet been initiated. This was George Blake, an old Hi school friend of Freddie's.

The boys were happy to find themselves at the same college, but Freddie informed George that it was too bad his initiation ordeal wasn't through with. George agreed with him and told him he was always wondering why it made him feel faint when he passed some of the initiating upper classmen.

It happened just then that some of the "initiating upper classmen" saw the "freshman trio" talking so earnestly together, and, knowing that the one was not yet initiated, thought they had a great scheme. They would initiate him tomorrow.

Dizzy saw one of her girl friends and was infuriated when Freddie wouldn't speak to her.

"You always were so stuck-up, Freddie. You make me sick. Your friends wouldn't think much of you if I wouldn't speak to them. I always do!" she flared.

Freddie did think he weighed a lot just because his father was a successful surgeon and he thought he was the all powerful freshman. Well, Freshmen will get misled sometimes.

Some of the "initiating upper classmen" were behind them and, hearing Dizzy's opinion of Freddie, heartily agreed. One of them raised his voice so it could be heard by the Freshmen.

"What makes me tired? Not work. It's these stuck-up under classmen—Freshmen!"

This caused Freddie to blush but Dizzy shared his discomfiture as she was also a Freshman. George could hardly be considered even a Freshman since he was not yet initiated. He wasn't anything—yet.

The evening wore pleasantly on into the next morning. Dizzy was fond of Freddie in spite of his stuck-up-ishness but the more she saw of George, the less she thought of Freddie. What Freddie wasn't George was, and what George was Freddie wasn't.

She went so far as to invite George up to her sorority house next night, but didn't extend the invitation to Freddie, who, on seeing her back home, demanded the reason.

"See here, Dizzy, why is it you invited that stranger out and won't let me come?"

"Well young one, you want me to be nice to your friends don't you? Just to be different, why don't you go out to see my girl friend that you wouldn't speak to tonight—she'd

(Continued on Page 6)

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Jokes

"I have just received a telegram stating that my niece has joined the great majority."

"You have my sympathy. That pretty girl dead, and—"

"No, she has just married a man named Smith."

—Q—

It was their third quarrel, and the young wife was letting herself go.

"Viper," she hissed, "Scoundrel, Blackguard, Wretch, Fool."

Still smiling sweetly, the man to whom these little pleasantries were addressed continued to read his evening paper.

"Villain," resumed his wife, her eyes flashing fire. "Crook, Stealer, Robber, You Serpent, Snake."

"Yes, Yes, go on," remarked the other, quite unperturbed.

Then a thought suddenly occurred to her and she sank into a chair appalled at the uselessness of it all. Her husband was a football referee.

—Q—

Father: I'm all broken up. One of my children married a cigaret fiend.

Friend: Oh, your poor daughter!

Father: Daughter? My poor son you mean.

—Q—

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war.

"The bullet went in me chest and came out me back," said Pat.

"But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth," came the quick reply.

—Q—

William Donnet: Why do you always hold my hands when I start to tell you how much I love you?

Thelma Ball: To make sure you haven't got your fingers crossed.

—Q—

Swedish Minister: We will now sing song number 222 and if that isn't in your book sing 111 twice.

—Q—

Look and see the Seniors,
Behold their face so fair,
How proud they are,
How glad they are,
Their head so full of air.

—Q—

He: All right! Since you refuse to marry me, I'll just drink myself to death.

She: You can't afford to do anything like that.

He: You bet your life I can!

She: Well, if you can afford that, I guess I'll marry you.

—Q—

Kent: I graduated from college in four years.

Brumenshenkel: G'wan, you ain't that smart.

Kent: Yes, I am; I was taking a two year course.

—Q—

If Plato could Charleston, could Aristotle?

—Q—

Here is a proverb
Will stand every test;
The thinner the soup
The cleaner the vest.

WHEN A FRESHMAN DARES (Continued from Page 5)

love to have you."

"I don't want to see any one else. Why for can't I come tomorrow?"

"Say, you understand I don't want to see you tomorrow. You know my by-word: 'Give me liberty or I will take it.'"

And with that she slammed the door of his run-a-bout and ran up the steps.

Freddie knew she would regret it and wanted to make her regret it.

Between classes, that day, Freddie walked across the campus with one of the "initiating upper classmen" and gave him a few hints concerning the initiating program for the other Freshmen—especially for a certain one. As it wasn't such a bad idea the upper classman adopted it. That day was the day of initiation—for George. It was to be after school.

Freddie hadn't seen Dizzy all day except once, and then she was walking with George, seeming to be all absorbed in conversation, though she was full aware of Freddie's presence.

After classes he didn't wait to watch the process but went down in the gym. Then he thought he'd better see the results, for that would give him at least one consolation. So he sat in his run-a-bout near the campus grounds and waited.

Presently George was seen between two upperclassmen who were expounding some explanations and directions. George was all unstrung and nervous. He would have bitten his finger nails, like his brother, but his hands were held too firmly. They were standing just around the corner of the building when Dizzy was seen to appear approaching them. She had a couple of books in her hands. Evidently she was going to the library. Just as she got near the corner, the boys let go of George saying, "Now you make her accept it or it'll be just too bad for one little Freshman."

George meekly approached Dizzy. When she saw him she brightened up.

"Hi-ya ole thing, going to the library?"

"N-N-No, b-but I'll w-w-walk over w-w-with you," he managed to stammer.

She was going to say something but he cut in.

"Please do something for me, Dizzy. You got to do it! I'm being initiated and so of course it'll be all right."

He pulled out a package of Lucky Strikes.

"All you have to do is to reach for a Lucky and smoke it," he continued nervously. Dizzy was frightened.

"But George don't you know there is a rule against smoking? And on the campus! Impossible!"

"Well, but on your way to the library. You won't be on the campus and you can go across the street. I'm sure no one can see you. You'll just have to that if you think anything at all of me."

Continued in next Issue

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BIT O' HUMOR

Sarcasm is the sour cream of wit.
—Q—
First Tramp: When I lie down like this for a quiet think. I realize how tempus fugit is creepin' on.
Second Tramp: I couldn't have told you the foreign name, but they're creepin' on me too!
—Q—
First Salesman: I'm pretty independent.
Second Ditto: Why?
First Ditto: Because I take orders from no one.
—Q—
Pearson: Why is your face so red?
Meda: 'Cause.
Pearson: 'Cause why?
Meda: Cosmetics.
—Q—
Elder: How old are you, my little man?
Younger: Eight.
Elder: And what are you going to be?
Younger: Nine.
—Q—
Judge: Rastus take the stand.
Rastus: Yes, sir. Where to.
—Q—
Treva: Why did you kiss me when I distinctly told you not to?
Trotter: Ah, but you said that you were telling me for the last time.
—Q—
The light was dim, they were so close together, oh, so close—those two peanuts in that peanut shell.
—Q—
Teacher: Where was Sheridan when he took his famous twenty mile ride?
Don Coppock: On a horse.
—Q—
Never kid the judge. The day of the court jester is passed.
—Q—
"I am sure getting into a pickle," said the worm as he bored his way into the cucumber.
—Q—
College Student (at garage): And while you're oiling and greasing the car, you can take out the promiscuous squeaks.
Dumb Mechanic: Mister, there ain't no promiscuous on a Cadillac.
—Q—
Cope: Augie ought to make a wonderful juggler.
Sartick: Whyzzat?
Cope: He has such a large jugular vein.
—Q—
"My isn't he a sound sleeper."
"Yeh, he sounds like a buzz saw."
—Q—
Virginia (at county fair): Look at the people. Aren't they numerous.
Ralph: Yes, and ain't there a lot of them?
—Q—
Callahan: What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?
Yates: Don't bite the insects.

Foreman: Are you a mechanic?
Bob: No, sir, I am a MacCauley.
—Q—
The meanest man we know is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.
—Q—
Teacher: Give me a sentence with the word "devise."
Sammy: It's devise bird that gets up early to get de worm.
Mean Warden: Up, knave, and off to your vocal lesson!
Discusted Convict: Oh. I'm getting sick and tired of this constant Sing Sing all the time.
—Q—
Lest: Several hours of good sleep somewhere in Lisbon. FINDER please return to Jim Scullion, 162 East High Street, Salem, Ohio, and receive reward.
—Q—
Ralph S.: Why the glasses?
D. Smith: I have weak eyes.
R. S.: Why don't you wear a glass hat?
—Q—
"Believe it or not, I've been eating so much clam chowder lately that my stomach rises and falls with the tide."
—Q—
It
Was just before
He finished playing
And
Had gone
To the showers;
It
Was mostly
Just accident
That the forward pass
Came
To him
Across the goal line
While
The opponents
Were just three points ahead
He merely did—he said
What
Other great players
Had done before him
He dropped the darned thing.
—Q—
"Hey, your house is on fire!"
"What? I'm a little deaf."
"I say your house is on fire."
"Is that all?"
"Well, that's all I can think of right now."
—Q—
Teacher: Early, spell banana.
Freshman: B-a-n-a-n-a-n-a-n-a
—Darn it. I know how to spell it but I don't know when to stop.
—Q—
The Seven Ages of Woman
The infant.
The little girl.
The miss.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
The young woman.
—Q—
When eating corn on the cob, adjust it as you would a mouth organ, but do not run the scale so rapidly.

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News Items of Junior High

After a study of the picture, "The Water Lily," the eighth grade pupils attempted to describe it in poetry. The following are among the best results:

THE WATER LILY

Swiftly, softly, steadily winding
In and out, the forest thru,
Gently, slowly, sometimes finding
Places beautiful and new,
Flows the river.

Rustling, bustling, often falling
Through the branches, to the earth
Slowly, softly, sometimes stalling
On a twig, with seeming mirth,
Are the leaflets.

Swiftly, softly, always climbing
Up and down and thru the trees,
Eating, playing, some reclining.
In their nests, they are at ease—
All forest creatures.

Suddenly, and without warning,
All the former noises cease
Stealthily, as comes the morning
Cometh he, who's hunting geese,
Comes the Indian.

Slowly, thoughtfully, plucks the lily,
Thinking, always of his squaw—
Not long, here, can he thus tarry
So he goes home with what he saw,
Goes the Indian.

When he's gone the forest dwellers
Stick their heads out thru the door;
Glad, the Indian left his helpers
In the forest as before—
All but the Lily.

—Dale Leipper, 8C

THE WATER LILY

A moss hung forest 'round a lake
The rippling waves against me break
I am a bank. Not far away
Is where the water lillies sway.

The Spanish moss upon the trees,
An Indian down upon his knees,
His loving eyes have kindly sought
A lily 'mongst the rushes caught

He quickly put them to their doom
To give the water lily room.
And every day he came to see
The lily under moss-hung tree.

He always came with fond caress,
A feature of his kindness,
To greet the water lily fair
Which alone is living there.

Each spring he came to see new
flowers
Nestled in their watery bowers.
One spring no watcher came to see
The bird, the bank, the flower, the
tree.

But something happened strange
instead

The tree is cut, the moss is dead,
The lake is drained, the lillies gone;
Oh God, why ever was it done?

Gone is the beauty that was here!
The sigh of wind falls not on my ear.

Their tools, why did You let them
bring?

The white man's ruined everything.
—Martha Elder Wernet, 8E

BY A STREAM

One graceful bending red skin,
One lily, purest white,
The glow of setting sun
Foretells of coming night.

In the shadowy depths of forest
He reached a crouching hand;
The Indian did not notice
The sinking of the sand.

Alas; too late was he,
The sand crept all around.
He's still on bended knee
With the lily safe and sound.
—Margaret Fleming, 8B.

MY POEM

The breath of Spring is in the air,
The birds are in the trees.
We hear the msinging everywhere,
Likewise the hum of bees.

And when the weather warmer
grows,
No more we'll go to school
But, flinging off our shoes and
clothes,
Will seek the swimming pool.

I hope this year to spend the time
Out on Grandfather's farm,
And not be bothered making rhyme—
For me it has no charm.

—Howard Ladd, 8C.

SUMMER

And now the month of March is
past
Summer months are here at last
I go with fishing line and hook
To a nearby pond or brook.

Marbles rolling on the ground,
Woodpecker making welcome sound.
Frog's a-croaking in the morn,
Caring not for rain or storm.

There's no more ice and no more
snow.

To the swimming hole we'll go;
And kites are flying in the air,
That's why summer is so fair.

—Herbert Jacobson, 8C.

A DAY IN THE WOODS

When I am not in school or work-
ing, I like to go hiking or spend the
day in the woods. I usually have
friends to go with me. We take our
dinners. We take water in our can-
teens and put the mat the edge of
the brook, to keep cool. We are
then going to build a fire to cook.
After that we sit in the shade and
talk. Then we can play our games
when it isn't so hot.

After we have spent the after-
noon playing we start for home
picking the violets as we go. We ar-
rive ohme after we have taken our
flowers to a sick boy.

—Christian A. Roth.

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