

BROOKS CONTEST DATE IS SET

MAY DAY PLANS COMPLETED

May Day this year is planned for Wednesday, May 21, but if the weather is bad it will be postponed until Thursday or Friday, on which ever day the weather may be best.

The whole program is very much in the hands of the students this year, although Mr. McCord, Mr. Stone and Miss Oelschlager are the faculty advisors, Miss Oelschlager having charge over everything.

The program will take place as follows: First, the parade to Reilly Stadium, then go straight into the Mass Drill. After that the Queen will go over to her throne, which will probably be the same place as last year. The maid of honor will precede the queen and crown her. There will probably be ten attendants, five being those nominated for queen and the other five picked by the queen herself.

After that will be the grade schools' exhibition, drills by first, second, third and fourth grades; May Pole dances by fifth and sixth. The Junior High pupils will have marching games and folk dances. Senior High will have boys and girls' tumbling, and dances including the Virginia Reel by boys and girls. Then there will be a dancing pageant, like the one of last year, only this one will be Peter Pan, done by Senior High.

Over 2,000 school children will take part in this. The Mass Drill will be led by three boys and three girls from high school; the games and dances have been made up by the school children and the high school band will furnish the music.

The May Queen will be Zella Krepps; the maid of honor, Helen Walton. The attendants are not decided upon yet.

RAVENNA TEACHERS VISIT SALEM

The teachers of Ravenna High School visited here Thursday, April 17th, after our being recommended to them by Mr. Simmers, the Case representative. The whole corps, superintendent, principal, music teacher, and all came to see how our school is run.

We had been having essays and so forth for the Brooks Contest, so the student activity was not at its best, but they got a good idea of our routine.

We sincerely hope they went away carrying a favorable impression.

REPORT OF MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT

Mr. Englehart and Mr. Ray, both instructors of the manual training department, are helping the boys wonderfully in the progress of their objects. If we were to visit the department we would see objects of interest such as tables, book racks, desks, stands, lamps, sewing tables and cedar chests.

The system is very complete in wood working. The machinery consists of lathes, band saws, planers, jointer, circular saw, drill press, air-compressor and a new shaper which was just purchased this year.

The boys first taking up the course are introduced to the principle and operation of the machinery by the instructor. They then take notes on the finishing of the wood, the different kinds of wood and how to plan the objects. The work is then designed and started on. Joints are designed and fitted very carefully. Joints also are cut very carefully. Then the object is placed together and glued. After this the finishing

takes place which includes the sanding, staining and lacquering or varnishing.

They have a shop foreman to supervise the shop while the instructor is out and a tool-boy to check the tools taken out and brought back.

Every Friday is clean-up day when the boys are busy sweeping, placing the objects in place and straightening everything up.

Every new idea or suggestion which is worth considering is put into effect to be tried and if it is superior to the older method then it is adopted. Just lately the finishing room has been painted white which adds to its appearance. It has to be located away from the workshop due to the dusty conditions.

In conclusion I wish to say that we all hope for more advanced machinery in future years, in which to make more perfect objects.

ENTRIES DUE MAY 3rd

The C. T. Brooks "Prize Fund" makes available a sum of one hundred dollars for prizes to be offered for excellence in English.

Prizes will be offered for the three best entries in each of the following: Short Story, Essay, and Oration. The first prize in each event shall be \$18, the second \$10, and the third \$5.

Entries shall be judged in the short story and essay classes, as follows: Excellency of English 70%; subject matter 10%; originality 10% and delivery 10%.

No manuscript shall exceed 1,000 words in length.

All manuscripts shall be handed to a group of preliminary judges, two weeks before the date of the contest. The preliminary judges shall pick from all entries the five best manuscripts in each class, judging on the items listed above, excluding delivery. The five so picked shall compete in the final contest.

If, in the judgment of the preliminary judges, the entries in any class are underserving of rewards, they shall order the prizes in the other divisions increased correspondingly and declare no contest in such class.

Preliminary judges shall be chosen by the Board of Education from the corps of teachers from Salem schools. The final judges shall also be chosen by the Board of Education and shall be disinterested persons, not residents of Salem.

Any under-graduate of Salem High School, who shall have maintained his eligibility under the rules of the State Athletic Association up to the date of the preliminary judging, may enter one manuscript in any division of the contest, but shall not compete in more than one event at the final contest.

In the preparation of manuscripts no help may be secured from any teacher of Salem schools, and each contestant shall file with his entry a statement affirming this.

Each contestant in the final may rehearse his delivery with some teacher of the High school, but no changes may be made in the manuscript after the preliminary judging.

All manuscripts shall be written in ink or by typewriter on one side of the paper only, unruled paper, 8½ in. by 11 in. size. Manuscripts are to be handed to the principal not later than May 3, at 4 p. m., and shall not be folded.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1930-31

The boys' basketball schedule for 1930-31 has been completed and the schedule for the girls' games will be completed soon.

The schedule as it stands at the present is as follows:

Date	Boys
Dec. 12—	
Dec. 13—	
Dec. 19—	Canton (t)
Dec. 20—	Akron East (h)
Dec. 26—	
Dec. 27—	Massillon (t)
Jan. 2—	Alliance (t)
Jan. 3—	E. Liverpool (h)
Jan. 9—	Niles (h)
Jan. 10—	Lisbon (t)
Jan. 16—	Youngstown East (h)

Jan. 17—	New Philadelphia (t)
Jan. 23—	E. Liverpool (t)
Jan. 24—	Dover (t)
Jan. 30—	E. Palestine (t)
Jan. 31—	Ravenna (h)
Feb. 6—	Warren (t)
Feb. 7—	St. Mary's (h)
Feb. 13—	Wellsville (h)
Feb. 14—	Ravenna (t)
Feb. 20—	Alliance (h)
Feb. 21—	Wellsville (t)
Feb. 27—	Struthers (h)

GIRLS.

Date	
Dec. 12—	
Dec. 13—	
Dec. 19—	
Dec. 20—	
Dec. 26—	
Dec. 27—	
Jan. 2—	
Jan. 3—	E. Liverpool (h)
Jan. 9—	
Jan. 10—	Lisbon (t)
Jan. 16—	
Jan. 17—	
Jan. 23—	E. Liverpool (t)
Jan. 24—	Leavittsburg (t)
Jan. 30—	E. Palestine (t)
Jan. 31—	Columbiana (h)
Feb. 6—	Warren (t)
Feb. 7—	
Feb. 13—	Wellsville (h)
Feb. 14—	
Feb. 20—	Leavittsburg (h)
Feb. 21—	Wellsville (t)
Feb. 27—	Struthers (h)

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY HELD APRIL 16

A short assembly was held Wednesday, April 16, to introduce the seven nominees for May Queen, to the student body. They are as follows: Anna Van Blaricom, Zella Krepps, Helen Walton, Virginia Harris, Mary Louise Layden, Emma Benedict and Alta Moores. Needless to say it will be a very close contest because each girl in her own way seems to be endowed with a certain regal grace.

THE QUAKER

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Editorial Comments

A PEEP INSIDE

It's 4:15 in the afternoon of that momentous and exasperating day when Quaker material goes to press and as usual, the editor is in the typing room at the high school, correcting, blue penciling, and trying to keep calm. Trying to keep calm!!! That's the hardest task of any I've ever attempted. Perhaps it's just because I am naturally an excitable person. But still, I think it is not entirely that; who could be calm under such trying conditions?

And indeed they are trying conditions! In the first place, one never knows until just before the issue comes out whether or not there is sufficient material to fill the columns of The Quaker. There is ever present that insistent, gnawing worry—"Will there be enough material?" Then there is today—due to my absence from classes last week—a complete ignorance as to what has already been delivered into the hands of officials at The Salem News building. Above all there is the tremendous task of writing an editorial. Concerning the latter—I was looking windowward and had decided to write something sweet and poetical about spring's lovely habit of breaking out into dainty blossoms and pretty new leaves. But Sire Weatherman chose that very moment to sprinkle a little grey dabble of rain on the aforesaid leaves and blossoms, so I gave that idea the bye-bye.

As nobody is overfond of the editorial anyway, I chose at last to inflict on readers as true a tale of weal and woe as any ever written. So here 'tis—if you find it funny, that is all right with me; but if you get indignant, all I can say is, "Sorry; it'll never happen again". And so, good-day.

THE EDITOR

Gordon Hamlin, Allen Sheppard and Robert Boruse have been selected to represent Reserve at L'Ecole de Montcel in France. They will be under the leadership of R. W. McGill, mathematics instructor. The party will leave July 11.

—Reserve Record-, Hudson, O.

Read About:
The Same Old Thing

Again she's at it! I wonder if she will ever discover that her attempts are in vain. Reducing! The word itself is enough to make me have a hollow feeling in the region of my stomach.

What are the reasons for reducing anyway? From what I have heard, they are quite numerous. Some people reduce because the doctor says they have too much fat around the heart, some reduce because their best beau has at one time admired some thin girl and yet others reduce because the dress they want is too small for them.

I can see why people want to reduce figures of expense but when it comes to reducing personal figures you can cross my name off the list.

Many people say that they are going to reduce but sooner or later most of them break their resolutions and go back to their old habits.

Last week I was talking to a lady who is usually very jolly and always making bright remarks, but at the time of which I am speaking, she was even more joyful than before. She had lost six pounds in two weeks! Now isn't that wonderful, but wait until I tell you how she did it. She only ate every other day and on her eating days she had only two meals. She didn't say what she had then but I'll bet she made up for lost time. I know that sounds like a fish story, but it isn't. Oh yes! I forgot to say that if she got hungry on her fasting days she would get some orange juice. I just wonder how long she has kept it up.

How many of you have had someone in your own home reducing? I have, and believe me I certainly do get tired of saying, "Yes, I think you do look thinner," when I really think she has acquired more weight. Of course everything has its advantages and disadvantages. When she doesn't eat sweet things, her loss is my gain.

When the person of whom I am speaking, first started to reduce, she was going to quit eating candy, cake and everything that is fattening. But gradually she was back at her old habits.

About three weeks after that she started to use the reducing machine. This she kept up longer than anything else but eventually it also became a thing of the past.

After that came the eighteen day diet. The books on how many calories to eat, and quick ways to reduce, were quite numerous. Instead of this being an eighteen day diet, it was a six day. She started on Monday and the next Sunday she was invited out to dinner.

And now, she's at it again. This time she has an orange for breakfast, she eats her lunch and at night she has grapefruit but the grapefruit looks like a minutes desert. It has mounds of sugar all over the top.

Now if any of you want to reduce I should advise you to go to a deserted island, only be sure that you

AUTHORS COLUMN

Freckles—Carl McQuilkin
Hoosier Schoolmaster—Mr. Henning.
Drums—Ed Raymond.
Wings—Connie Tice.
Heroes of Progress—Norm Early.
Louder Please—Lorin Battin.
We—Virginia Simpson, Ray Smith.
The True George Washington—George Ballantine
Life of the B—Sam Drakulich
Odd Number—Isabel Jones
To Have and To Hold—Skip and Alta.
Romeo and Juliet—Elnora Stratton and Phil Leider.
Pie-eyed Piper (Pied Piper of Hamlin)—Dan Holloway.
The Great American Family—Dick Keller and Vivian Callahan.

'NOTHER ESSAY

ANSWERING A
MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENT

At last I have received the longed for monthly magazine. How anxious I am to read those amusing advertisements. In one they want an agent to sell goods and guarantee him a steady income of three hundred dollars a month. Another states that they will present you with a new car free if you will sell certain articles. Well, that's unsuitable for me, it takes too much energy. I want something I can accomplish with brains.

Here's one. They are offering me \$10,000 for solving the illustrated puzzle and sending it in. How easy that seems. The object of the puzzle is to find the different movie stars in the illustration. It may not be so easy after all. Five minutes of searching. They still appear all alike. Five more minutes; there she is. She is slightly blushing while the others are not. What a remarkable puzzle solver I must be. But I'll get paid \$10,000 for this sweating of my brain. I must tell my folks and everyone. I'll tell dad that I'll present him with a new car when I obtain my money by return mail. And Ma, I'll buy a nice new fur coat. Just think; in a few days I'll have such a fortune that I won't know what to buy first. Won't it be remarkable?

I can hardly wait. Let's see, I'll mail the letter now, and by Friday I ought to have my blessed greenbacks, while on Saturday I'll buy all the luxuries I desire and be all prepared for the happiest Sunday I've ever spent.

Thursday comes. I must sit on the front porch and await the mail man, for the check may happen to appear ahead of time. But I am mistaken. No mail for me on Thursday. Surely it will come tomorrow. I didn't sleep much Thursday night. The thought of my great fortune is burning through my thoughtful head.

can't get any food.

—"Bobbie", "31"

Experiences Of
Wrigley

Poor Wrigley was in great distress. His little sister, P. K. had just been carried off by that horrible monster—the high school boy. He turned to tell Uncle Beeman what happened but Uncle Beeman was not there. "What has become of uncle?" he asked, turning to Juicy Fruit.

"What, isn't he here?" gasped Juicy in alarm. "Why he was—O, here comes that old rogue, Black Jack. Have you seen anything of uncle Beeman?"

"Oh, don't I though. Uncle Beeman was just—"

"Look out," cried their friend, Tea Berry. "Watch out Wrigley." But it was too late. Wrigley had already been seized by the hand of their enemy.

Wrigley had been seized from amongst his friends and thrust into a very dark cavern. Overcoming his fear he began looking about. He espied a stranger who had a very odd but interesting appearance. During the many hours that followed Wrigley became acquainted with this stranger who called himself Pen Knife.

Wrigley and Pen Knife were becoming very good friends but they were not to be together very much longer, for Wrigley was suddenly grasped and drawn out of the cavern. He had not even had time to say goodbye to Pen Knife.

This was a sudden change and Wrigley was rather dazed. He soon came to realize what was happening.

(Continued on Page 3)

Friday comes, but it's a different Friday. The air is full of fresh sweet scents. A gentle breeze is swaying the beautiful trees. I get my car ready in front of the house, so I can rush to the bank at once. At last the mailman is in sight. I run toward him excitedly, "A letter for me?" I inquire. "Yes indeed," comes the reply.

A leap followed by an outcry of joy, a dash for the car and I find myself rushing for the bank. I can hardly await my wonderful fortune. At last I reach the bank which is crowded with people.

"I wish to cash a check," I said, opening the letter. A small space of silence follows. "Er—I beg your pardon I cannot find it. I—I must have lost it."

Aw! The most bitter moment of my life. They've only sent me a personal letter, stating I must sell a certain number of subscriptions to a magazine, and after salvaging another puzzle I'd be almost sure of obtaining the \$10,000. How disgusting! My plans are all spoiled.

Upon reaching home a chorus of voices echo in my ears.

"Where's my new car?"

"Where's my new coat?"

"Did you bring the \$10,000?"

How embarrassing! As if I was the bank. Oh well, things do have tragic ends. On the next occasion I'll make sure that there are no "free" items.

PETER DUDA.

BENNIE OOSTERBAAN SPEAKS

At last, on April 4, the long-expected and much-talked about Bennie Oosterbaan appeared. Because of his unusually brilliant athletic career, and because of his not-at-all unhandsome face and form, Bennie made an appeal to both the boys and the girls of Salem High School.

For about three-quarters of an hour, he entertained the students with a most fascinating account of his experiences. Mr. Oosterbaan, who was graduated from Michigan University last year, was three times All-American—in football, basketball and track.

"When you get out on the field, you don't care anything about individual honors, but you are fighting with all your spirit for the school and for the team," declared Oosterbaan. "You can't realize what a feeling it gives you to grip the hands of your team-mates before the game. Then, if ever, the whole team is melted into one unit."

He urged the students not to neglect their scholastic work, because after all, that is the prime reason for going to school. He said that the people, who barely managed to get through high school, usually flunked when they went to college, because they had no foundation.

In conclusion he said, "Whatever you do, do your very best. Give and give until you don't have anything left. Don't give just what you think you are able to give, but give more than you are able to give."

Before Mr. Oosterbaan's speech, Miss Oelschlager presented letters to the members of the hockey and soccer teams.

Experiences Of Wrigley

(Continued From Page 2)
ing. His coat that he had been so proud of was forcefully being torn from him. Next his silver suit, which had been the envy of Black Jack, was torn from him and he was thrust into another cavern. It was red in color and at one end were large white projections. Wrigley soon learned what these projections were for. He was shoved forward towards these white "rocks" as he called them. He moaned as he was crushed between the "rocks." Again and again this torture was repeated. What was to become of poor Wrigley? Would it never stop? At last Wrigley became unconscious of what was happening. He could no longer feel any pain. The "rocks" must have thought that he was ground into powder by this time.

Wrigley slowly regained consciousness. He tried to think about what had happened. Very slowly the wheels of his brain began to turn. He wondered why he felt so cramped up. Then he remembered. He shuddered to think of those terrible white "rocks."

Listen! What was that he heard? A voice? Wrigley followed the

CLUB NEWS

THE LAMARCKIANS

The Lamarckians met in 107 Wednesday instead of going on a hike as had been planned. Miss Smith gave a report on the Home Study Charts.

HI-TRI

At the last meeting of the Hi-Tri each member brought a girl from the sophomore or junior class as a guest. Rev. Meyer spoke on "Easter and what it means to the High school pupil."

HI-Y

The coach of Ravenna talked to the Hi-Y at their last meeting about the summer Hi-Y camp. Plans for the activities of the club for the rest of the year were also discussed.

GENERAL SCIENCE

Mr. Jones, chemistry and physics teacher, gave an interesting talk at the last meeting of the General Science Club.

Alumni

Oscar Tolerton spent a week in Salem recently. He attends Lafayette College at Easton, Pa.

Walter Deming, a student at Cornell University, spent his spring vacation in Salem.

Myron Bolta, '29, is in Fort Sherman, Panama with the Unoted States army.

Bob Campbell spent last week in Salem. Bob is a student at Northwestern University.

Fritz Filler, who has been attending Ohio University at Athens returned home due to sickness.

sound. He came to a little figure which had once been a stick of gum. She said her name was Bubble Gum. They took a liking to each other right away. It was almost a case of love at first sight. Wrigley called her "Bubbles." He asked where they were. She said that they were both "wads" now and that they were in a great big waste basket.

Wrigley and Bubbles began to feel rather drowsy. Both realized that they did not have much longer to live. Bubbles said, "Wrigley, dear, I shall be waiting for you up there."

Bubbles did not have long to wait for Wrigley soon followed her to "Chewing Gum Heaven."

"BEEZY" '31.

That Buggy Ride

We're off! We're off! What a grand and glorious feeling! But how long would this feeling last! Would this vehicle hold together long enough to get them to their journey's end? He was really worried but he would not let her know it. If anything should happen everything would be all off for him.

ATHLETICS

SALEM TRACKSTERS WIN TRIANGULAR CLASH

Competing with the track and field athletes of Canton McKinley and Akron Central, Salem High contestants reaped first honors from eight of the fifteen events. The Salem squad, composed of a large group of veterans and a string of promising underclassmen took the lead by a wide margin of points finishing with 72½ points to Canton's 49½ and Central's 39. Canton nabbed five first places and Central two.

McKinley with a large number of athletes returning from the successful season of 1928, was doped strong to win and Salem fans were thrilled as they watched Myron Whinnery squelch Ross, fast Canton dash man, in both the 100 and 220 yd. run.

Especially strong in the weights, the Stonemen expressed talent in practically all the events but proved weak in relay tactics.

Whinnery and Ed Beck were high point men for the Red and Black, each garnishing 10 points.

Beck soared to a height of 11 ft. 3 in. in the pole vault to claim first place in that event and dropped himself over the bar at 5 ft. 6 in. to win the high jump easily.

Terry socked the shot put to a 43 ft. 9 in. heave while Bill Smith tossed it for a close second. Harold Walker, consistent winner in the mile trot, finished far ahead of his field in good time, followed by his brother Clarence who knocked off a second. Bill Smith took the discus for a 111 ft. ride but Ray Smith brother competitor, forced the veteran to his worthiest throw. Henry Reese snapped the tape after clicking over the 220 low hurdles in 29.9 seconds to win in a fast field. Thomson, promising comer, claimed a second in the 120 yd. high hurdles.

Reese lately discovered himself a broad jumper and took a close second in that event.

The inaugural victory furnishes an excellent starter for our different schedule but as other county schools show exceptionally high marks in their opening meets, keen competition is very evident.

It will take all of Stone's material to capture the high spots in tonight's relay among the experts

He knew that she had only consented to go because it would be a change for her. But when she had said she would go she had never even thought of the change that really did come about.

The buggy was really very old-fashioned—that is, what there was left of it. The axle was just about broken "in two." About every other two "wrongs" were missing from the wheels. Two of the floor boards were gone. Only about a half of each shaft remained; that is, just merely enough to hitch the horse to

of 20 schools.

100 yd dash—M. Whinnery (S) won, time 10.5 sec; Ross (Canton) second; Junius (Akron) third; Norris (Akron) fourth.

220-yd dash—M. Whinnery (S) won, time 24 sec.; Ross (Canton) second; Junius (Akron) third; Beuter (Akron) fourth.

440-yd dash—R. Nason (Canton) won, time 54 sec.; Norris (Akron) second; Beuter (Akron) third; Horstman (S) fourth.

Mile run—H. Walker (S) won, time, 4 min. 51.9 sec.; C. Walker (S) second; Phister (Canton) third; Rogers (Akron) fourth.

Shot put—Terry (S) won, distance 43 ft 9½ in.; W. Smith (S) second; Rich (Canton) third; Hinton (Canton) fourth.

Discus—W. Smith (S) won, distance 111 ft. 3 in.; Shaller (Akron) second; R. Smith (S) third; Warren (Akron) fourth.

120-yd high hurdles—McCormack (Canton) won, time 18.2 sec.; Thompson (S) second; E. Miller (Canton) third; M. Whinnery (S) fourth.

Pole vault—Ed Beck (S) won, height 11 ft. 3 in.; McClelland (Canton) second; Miller (S), Clevenger (Canton) and Hayes (Canton) tied for third and fourth.

Javelin—Schott (Canton) won, distance 152 ft.; Howard (Akron) second; Strebler (Canton) third; Raymond (S) fourth.

220-yd low hurdles—Reese (S) won, time 27.9 sec.; Billings (Canton) second; McCormack (Canton) third; Weigand (S) fourth.

Half mile run—Gottshall (Canton) won, time 2 min. 9.4 sec.; H. Walker (S) second; Irwin Back (S) third; Norris (Akron) fourth.

Broad jump—H. Brown (Akron) won, distance 20 ft. 6 in.; Reese (S) second; Lease (S) third; Frizzell (Canton) fourth.

High jump—Ed Beck (S) won height 5 ft. 6 in.; Brown (Akron) second; Ward (Canton) and Lease (S) tied for third and fourth.

880 yard relay—Won by Central. (Norris, Beuter, Junius, Brown).

Time—1:39.

Mile relay—Won by McKinley. (McCormack, Gottshall, Miller and Mason). Time—3:45.6.

(The horse looked about as bad as the buggy—enough said.) The upholstery was moth-eaten. (That is where one may get the idea of buggy.) The top was full of holes and one of the braces which held the top up was broken. He made sure that he sat on that side, sitting in such a way that he could hold the broken brace without her knowing it.

She did not seem to notice the appearance of the buggy. As I have said, they got started without any
(Continued on Page 4)

INTER-CLASS TRACK MEET

SOPHOMORES WIN INTER-CLASS TRACK HONORS

Nosing out the Juniors by a small margin of points the Sophomores with a large squad of comers claimed supremacy in class track competition for a second season.

The meet was closely contested to the last between the second and third classes, but the seniors with scanty material fell far in the rear defeating the freshmen by a few points.

As letter men were barred from the meet, many green underclassmen were given an excellent chance to test themselves and to display what wars they had.

Many surprisingly fine marks were made by a string of boys whose talent had been heretofore unknown and which may prove of use to the varsity squad.

Beck's classy trot in the half-mile surprised every one except those who had noticed his practice early in the season.

Lease surprised everyone including himself with his crude leaps in the high and broad jumps. Perhaps with a little polish he will fill a much needed position on the varsity.

Pole vault—Miller (S) won height 10 ft.; Seroka (F) second; Rill (F), Walker (J) and Loschinsky (Sr.) tied for third and fourth, and fifth.

Shot put—R. Smith (J) won, distance 39 ft. 9 in.; Hippley (J) second; French (S) third; A. Corso (J) fourth; Catlos (S) fifth.

100 yard dash—Arnold (F) won, time 11.2 seconds; Thompson (J) second; Moff (S) third; Horstman (S) fourth; Weigand (J) fifth.

Mile run—C. Walker (J) won, time 5 min.; Brantingham (J) second, 19 ft. ½ in.; Cessna (S) second; Holloway (S) third; Todd (Sr.) fourth; Shasteen (S) fifth.

One-half mile relay — Seniors (Drakulich, Cox, Phillips, Todd) won; time 1 min. 49.2 sec. Sophomores, second.

440-yd. dash—Horstman (S) won time 58 sec.; Drakulich (Sr.) second; Beck (S) third; Pauline (F) fourth; Bowling (S) fifth.

Discuss throw—R. Smith (J) won, distance 107 ft. 10 in.; French (S) second; Sartick (J) third; A. Corso

(J) fourth; Catlos (S) fifth.

120-yd. high hurdles—Thompson (J) won; Schmid (Sr.) second; Cox (Sr.) third; Fitzpatrick (S) fourth. No fifth place. Winning time, 20 sec.

High jump—Lease (J) won; Sidinger (F) second; Loschinisky (Sr.) Cox (Sr.), Gibson (S), Pauline (F), Fitzpatrick (S), Heston (J), Carpenter (S) tied for third, fourth and fifth.

220-yd. dash—Weigand (J) won, time 26.2 seconds; Horstman (S) sec. Drakulich (Sr.) third; Gibson (S) fourth. No fifth place.

Half mile run—E. Beck (S) won, time 2 min. 12 sec.; Harris (F) second; Sidinger (F) third; Holloway (S) fourth. No fifth place.

Javelin throw—Raymond (S) won, distance 136 ft. 9 in.; Schmid (Sr.) second; Webber (J) third; Keyes (F) fourth; Affolter (J) fifth.

220-yd. low hurdles—Carpenter (S) won, time 30 seconds; Weigand (J) second; Schmid (Sr.) third; Thompson (J) fourth; Mullett (F) fifth.

Broad jump—Lease (J) won, distance 19 ft. ½ in.; Cessna (S) second Pauline (F) third; Gregg (J) fourth; Phillips (Sr.) fifth.

Mile relay—Won by sophomores. No opposition.

The sophomore totaled 71 points, juniors 65, seniors 36 and freshmen 29.

Three boys tied for high-point honors each representing one of the upper three classes, Thompson, Horstman, and George Schmid netting 11 points each. Lease, promising junior claimed second honors with ten points and Ed. Beck and Weigand claimed third and fourth with 9½ and 9 points respectively.

Lease's 19½ foot broad jump. Ed. Beck's 2 minute 12 second half mile, Horstman's 440 at 58 seconds, Ray Smith's 100 foot discuss heave, and Lease's 5 foot 6 in. leap in the high jump mark the high spots of the competition.

Ray Smith's discuss toss fell only five inches short of the county record, claimed by Bill Smith of Salem in last year's competition.

might happen. He became very nervous. But who wouldn't?

The buggy hit the first rock. It trembled all over. The horse became frightened and started down the hill at a terrific speed.

The sudden plunging forward of the buggy caused him to lose his hold in the brace and the top fell in, on them. This caused more excitement to this breath taking ride. Everyone and everything was near collapse when they reached the bottom of the hill.

They had been jolted up quite a

THAT BUGGY RIDE

(Continued From Page 3)

trouble.

He chose a very old and untraveled road. It was overgrown with grass in many places and the tracks were barely visible.

Every thing was going along fine. He had even stopped worrying. But this peacefulness, as one might call it, was not to last long.

They came to a dropping off place. By this I mean a very steep and stony hill to go down. He shuddered to even think of what

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DID YOU KNOW THAT

1. George Goodman and Si Brantingham fainted in Biology Lab. They sat in the same seat in different classes; maybe the seat is bewitched.

2. Harold Walker stood inside the clock for two entire acts of the Junior play.

3. At a certain high school girls' home, thirteen (13) chicken sandwiches disappeared and Dan Holloway was the only one present.

4. We noticed, at the track meet that three of our most attractive men-teachers have been taking advantage of Dell's selling-out-sale.

5. For a few times the Quaker Box was very full with some excellent material, but lately it has fallen down quite a bit. Please make use of it.

6. Did you know that the Authors Column jokes are very welcome, also material for Alumni editor, and Society News, as well as suggestions and criticisms concerning any department in the paper.

CURLY GETS A HAIRCUT

Curley Dawson, foreman of the Bar X Ranch was loping gently on his horse to the ranch. He was a young man of twenty-four, with a sun-tanned Herculean physique. His head was covered with a crop of curly, brown hair, hence his name Curly. His features expressed that he was used to the hot life of the desert and sun. He was dressed in an ordinary cowpunchers outfit, with a Colt's revolver hanging at his side. Tilted to the back, his gray Stetson hat showed plainly the curly, brown hair which had a tendency to fall to the front of the head.

Topping the ridge west of the Bar X, he gazed wonderingly into the valley below as he spied a carriage with two people seated on it. One person was frantically beating the animals. Curly, who was always ready to lend help, came loping along until he reached the scene. He found himself facing the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun held by a man who was at least fifty-two years of age.

"Put it down, Mister, drawled Curly, "I'll help you out." He saw that the buckboard was held back in a batch of heavy mud and often a little work the carriage was back on the road.

"I'm much obliged to you, young feller," said the old man, "I'm Tom Norris and this is my daughter, Virginia."

"I'm Curly Dawson, foreman of the Bar X." "But I don't see why you leveled your gun on me," he continued.

Tom Norris explained that he mistook Curly for Shag Torrey, an escaped convict from prison.

"You see," he continued, "I had this man put into prison for cattle rustling on my outfit fourteen miles back. He swore he would get me and

SOCIETY NEWS

The Junior Music Club served a supper, Wednesday, April 16, at the home of Mrs. Astry, State Street. The members of the club practiced for an operetta, "Ladies Aid," to be given soon.

Connie Tice spent spring vacation at Camp Sandoneida near Malvern Ohio.

The Junior and Senior play casts held a steak fry at Westville, Friday night, April 18th, after which they went to the home of Virginia Harris.

Members of the faculty of Ravenna High school visited in Salem High, Thursday, April 17th.

The Hi-Tri Club are planning a tea dance, to be held at the home of Barbara Benzinger, May 3.

SENIORS HOLD CLASS MEETING

Some problems of great interest and importance to the entire High school were discussed on Tuesday, April 14, at 11:30 during a Senior class meeting. Glenn Whinnery, the president presided.

The nominees for May Queen were chosen as follows: Zella Krepps, Mary L. Layden, Helen Walton, Anna Van Blaricom, Alta Moores, Virginia Harris, and Emma Benedict.

As the Senior class always leaves some gift to the school when they graduate, it is quite a task to choose the gift. A few suggestions were made and a committee has been appointed to investigate all suggestions.

Rev. Sidney Mayer of the Methodist church was chosen to deliver the class sermon.

THAT BUGGY RIDE

(Continued from Page 4)
bit, but this was nothing to what was to happen.

There was a small stream that had to be forded. The horse had not stopped when he had reached the bottom of the hill but had plunged on into the cold water. The poor old buggy had buggfully stood the rest, but this was too much. In midstream it collapsed.

When he had fished himself out of the floating ruins he looked up to see her wading ashore. She turned and waving, called back to him, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

"BEEZY" '31

he broke prison a week ago and was reported seen in our neighborhood, so now I am getting away to the hills," he finished.

Curly seemed interested and of course, it must have been for the girl's presence.

"Well, if you need any help call on me," he said.

"Much obliged, young feller," called back Norris, "I'll be seeing

Continued on page 6

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SCHWARTZ'S

HERE'S ONE ABOUT

"Eyes"

It must have been an observing male who first said "Eyes are the mirror of the soul" for since time immemorial men have been drowning themselves in their liquid pools to such an extent that a woman who has lusterless, imexpressive orbs, finds herself playing second fiddle in the game of life—popularity.

I once heard a man say that he married his wife for the alluring way she could drink her tea. "It was her eyes, he declared. They looked irresistible from above the brim of the tea cup as she poised it."

Sparkling eyes are always beautiful—as expression is the keynote of all true beauty. Nothing is so transitory as physical beauty. Eyes are blue, brown or hazel and must remain so; they are round, oval or almond in shape and must continue in like contour nature has decreed. All mascaras must be disregarded for there is no hope of embellishment in the realm of cosmetics. Thus—it leaves us in the field of health and expression only in which to practice the art of development in the beauty of the eye.

How one thrills to the coquettish glance of brown limpid orbs of the vivid brunette; a spire to many actions by the innocent shy blue of the fragile blond and do we not aspire to kindness by one single glance of the soft, gray, gentle eyes reproach? Yes, eyes be they light or dark are beautiful mirrors revealing to us the character of the person within. Beautiful windows which are transparent—to which no blind can veil the baseness or the innocentness of the soul. Shapely lips may utter falsehoods but the eyes, speak the truth; they cannot deny the utter falsehood which is hidden from the external surface.

Woman should cultivate the charm, the art of the use of the eye. It is by such means that romance has had its beginning for the eyes convey messages, messages that are not forgotten as one passes from youth to old age. How well the lad recalls the first dance his Lady Fair condescended upon him—and the maid, how she blushed when first she gazed into her hero's eyes and read then the message so well known by mankind. Oh, eyes give either a great joy to me, and yes, many heartaches to another.

Eyes, such beautiful mirrors are delicate, exquisite gems which are not fully appreciated. To man they are something to discern objects and no more—and so heedless to all advice he goes on little realizing their worth until old and feeble. Then perhaps 'tis too late, for they have lost their glamour—have become dimmed and faded with old age.

Then the priceless gems grow sleepy and the tired eyelids close gratefully; close to open no more.

—Emma Benedict, '30.

IMAGINE IF YOU CAN

Miss Hollett and Miss Beardmore's relief if everyone made up his spelling and handed in his absence slips on time and ordered the right number of invitations.

Henry Resse with a Dutch accent. Where Susan Lutsch got that accent of an aristocrat.

The school buying comfortable chairs for in the hall or in the library. Some people say those are not very comfortable there now.

How Mr. Springer feels concerning all the different excuses made for absences.

The night relay anything but a success.

What the seniors are going to present as a gift to the High school.

—Q—

Curly GETS A HAIRCUT
(Continued From Page 5)

you again." A few minutes later Curly was in the yard of the ranch and after caring for his animal he stepped into the house.

The next day he related his adventures to the owner of the Bar X and after expressing his intentions of calling on Norris, the owner said, "But you'd better get your hair cut before calling. I'm betting you're going sweet on the young miss." Curly blushed, but said nothing.

About three in the afternoon, Curly was seen riding into the yard of the Bar W, a neighboring ranch, to get his hair cut. A puncher there knew the trade better than the barber himself. Had Curly known the mixup it was to cause him, he would have refrained from having it cut.

Due to a recent joke played on the Bar W punchers by Curly, they were prepared now to pay him back. They pounced upon him without warning and soon had Curly pinned to the ground. In a few minutes the job was done, but oh! what a job! When Curly fixed himself before a mirror, he found his head, bald, and looking like an egg.

"It's just a joke on you," sang out a puncher, "for the one you played on us; take it as a joke, will you?"

Curly appeared to have taken it as a joke, but inwardly he was flaming.

"How shall I face the Norris' now?" he asked of himself. "Oh, well, he sighed, it will grow again."

A few days later he was riding range when he came upon a rider coming toward him. Since his haircut, he was accustomed to pull his Stetson low down over his head. The rider noticed this, but seemed to be friendly. The day passed without further trouble.

The following day he set out for the Norris household. He was riding his horse gently, when in the distance he espied several horsemen coming toward him. He halted his horse and as the other riders came up, he noticed the nickel-plated badge on the foremost man, indicating that he was the sheriff.

Continued in next Issue

Salem High Calendar
For Final Term

April 19—Triangular Track Meet—Canton McKinley, Akron Central, away.

April 25—Salem High Night Relay Carnival.

May 2—Freshman - Sophomore Party.

May 2 and 3—Ohio Relays at Columbus.

May 7—N. E. O. Big Ten Meet at Salem.

May 9—Brooks Contest

May 10—County Track Meet at East Liverpool.

May 17—Northeastern Ohio District Track Meet at Salem.

May 21—May Day Festival

May 23 and 24—Ohio State Track Meet at Columbus.

May 26 and 27—Senior Exams

May 27—Junior-Senior Prom.

May 29, June 2, 3—Final Exams.

May 30—Decoration Day (Holiday)

May 31—Mansfield Dual Meet.

June 1—Senior Class Sermon.

June 3—Senior Farewell.

June 4—Recognition Assembly.

June 5—Commencement.

June 6.—Alumni Banquet.

—Q—

OVER TELEPHONES
IN SALEM

"Berlin?"
"No Tia Juna?"
"Yeh Venice she gonna be in?"
"I don't know. Alaska sister."
"This is Louis Ville. Who's speaking?"
"Carolina."
"How about Dayton you?"
"Gotta Mobile?"
"Nome. Mississippi's car is here though."
"I room with her Nice. We could include her and make a double date."
"Memphis all right with you, fix it up."
"I'll be late. At Tennessee you."
"Okeh—I'll bring Edinbergh along for your roommate."
"All right. Her name's Virginia."
"Pretty Chile. Where'll we go?"
"Denver gonna make this a gay party?"
"Why not? Got any private Stockholm?"
"Pawtucket all. But if you get Hungary we'll go India favorite restaurant."
"You're big hearted. Does your old Man Hanover a lot?"
"So so. He owns a few Des Moines in West Virginia."
"I'll bet you're the Maine at traction around here."
"Quit kiddin. Nevada steady in my life."
"Jamaica resolution not to?"
"Nope. Well, see you later and we'll Rome around. Splendid evening isn't it?"
"Yea it's a Butte. So Long."
M. L. L. '30

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 To Have and to Hold....A Diploma
 Midsummer Night's Dream..Junior
 Vision of Sir Launfal.....AN A
 All's Well That Ends Well....Senior
 —Magician, Barberton, O.

WATHR FORECAST

This weather forecast is given to us as a special favor from A. L. L. Wett the world's greatest weather prophet.

Saturday: Sunburst, so bring on your bumbershoots.

Sunday: Fare—Twenty-five for adults and fifteen for children.

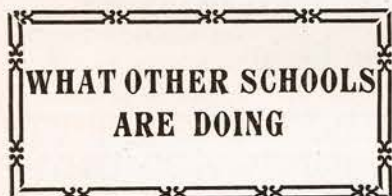
Monday: Total eclipse of the moon followed by light showers.

Tuesday: Wind from the south-east. Slightly colder and probably hail towards evening.

Wednesday: Same as Tuesday only different.

Thursday: Noon will fall at 12 o'clock, warning of its arrival given by a dozen strokes of the town clock.

Friday: Fair within though cold without.—Ravenna Hi Times.



WORDS TO NEW SONG PUBLISHED FOR STUDENTS

Salem's Sweetheart Song by Jean Lunsford

Chosen by Popular Acclaim

In answer to the many demands for the words to the Salem High School Sweetheart song, the following contribution is given. The words were written by Jean Lunsford, a junior:

You are my Salem high school sweetheart;
 Please don't tell me some day we must part.

You are my one inspiration.
 Though you go away
 I'll come for you some day.

You are my Salem high school sweetheart.

Always you were mine right from the start,

For I'll always be true
 To a girl as sweet as you,
 For you are my Salem high school sweetheart.

Although no official action has been taken, the song has been generally accepted by the students, who have been clamoring for copies of the words.

—The Clarion,, Salem, Ore.

IN THE RESTAURANT

I'm not a bt hungry—I'll just have aa cup of tea and a muttered buffin.

Ha-Ha, You mean a buffered muttin.

You're as bad as I am. Of course, I mean muffered buttin.

A buttoned muffer.

A muttined buffer.

A buffined mutter.

Oh, Pshaw, let's take buscuits.

Teacher: Repeat what I say.

Freshman: What I say.

Muntz: I call my Ford a snake.

Coppock: Why?

Muntz: Because it rattles before it strikes.

High: Your father Scotch?

Hat: I'll say! He was even born here to save the cost of the trip over.

Teacher: John appeared in immaculate evening dress. What does immaculate mean?

Johnny: No gray stains on it.

This was heard in a Freshman English class:

Teacher: Johnny how many days in October?

Johnny: Thirty days has September,

All the rest I can't remember
 There's the calendar on the wall
 Why bother me at all?

Mr. McCulloch (at band practice): Now we will play "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Dan Holloway: Gosh- I just played that.

Mr. Guiler: What was the purpose of the Civil war?

F. Smith: To civilize the people.

Mrs. Engelhart: Where do pine apples grow?

E. Stratton: On pine trees.

"Laughter creates an appetite," said the Scotchman as he started to cry at the dinner table.

Ginny: Phil, do you really love me?

Phil: Why, of course, dear.

Ginny: How much?

Phil: There's my check book. Just look at the stubs.

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Snore and you sleep in the alley.

Teacher—"Name three well know gases."

Student—"Sohio, Shell and Hi-Speed.—Sandusky Fram.

"The Dart," Ashtabula, Ohio.

"The Thielensian," Greenville, Pa.

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News Items of Junior High

A DECEIVING APPEARANCE

One evening about twilight I was driving along a lonely road. Ahead a few hundred feet an old man was slowly walking down the road. He had a stick over his shoulder with a red bandana handkerchief tied on the end. He walked very slowly as if tired and weary.

I had always been against giving rides to strangers but this poor fellow softened my heart. I stopped and picked him up. He said it was not very often he got a ride and was very grateful for mine. He told me the recent unemployment wave had thrown him out of work and that he had acquired the wanderlust.

We had reached a very lonely spot when I suddenly heard a sharp voice say, "Stop the car and reach for the sky." I immediately obeyed and quickly glanced at the old man. To my surprise the tire face of the old fellow had changed to the steady eyes and hard face of a youth. In his hand he held an ugly revolver. The old man had then a remarkably disguised young man.

I was robbed of over two hundred dollars and a good car. Although ninety nine out of every one hundred hitch-hikers are honest I never after that picked up one.

—Troy Cope, 8A.

SPRING SPORTS

Oh, Spring is here at last
With all its happy sports
The wintry winds are past
And gone to other ports.

Now roller skates do call
From every home and town,
Even the very small
Quite often tumble down

The stores are kept quite busy
Handing out marbles till
Indeed they're almost dizzy.
And never can stand still.

The girls are skipping rope
Using mother's clothes line;
She will not care I hope
Or they won't feel so fine.

The boys are in the field;
Come Tommy bring your bat
And Jimmy bring your shield,
We know where it is "At."

Away up in the air
The swallow swiftly fly,
They seem to have no care
Altho they're up so high.

Then summer's sultry skies
Soon make us seek the cool,
Swiftly vacation flies
And we return to school.
—Catherine Ladd, 8C

My Autobiography

In Germany many years ago, the Ruggys were all teachers, some of them professors in Heidelberg University. The Ruggy who came to this country was a "blacksheep" being the only one who didn't wish to teach, instead he was a farmer. Mother's people followed various callings. Several hundred years ago, in the city of what is now Baltimore, the first son of Lord Blackmore was born.

In October 3, 1916, in the Salem City hospital there was born the great, great, great, great, great, grand daughter of that child of whom the nurse said, "She isn't a good girl and never will be," the prophecy by the way, has come true. That child is I.

Of my early life I can remember very little except that one day, very calmly without warning I went by myself, to visit my grandmother Harris and nearly drove mother to distraction. There were very few children in the neighborhood and I spent most of my time with a boy a year or so my junior. I had one cat, before I was eight years old, that seemed to like me better than my brother George, mainly I suppose, because one day, he very rudely interrupted its progress through a fence by pulling its tail. From my early days I was taught the manners of a lady and brought up to be one, not that I am.

When I was six years old I started to school along with about forty other poor unfortunates. In first grade nothing happened, but in second grade the outstanding thing in my memory is being told repeatedly not to make "crow's nests," as the teacher irritably called them, for periods. In third grade we reached the high point of glory. We wrote with pen and ink! The rest of the years up to eighth grade went by without much happening. In eighth grade I was initiated into the mysteries of infinitives; gerunds, participles and physiology.

I stayed at home a great deal because of my leg. This staying at home was broken by monthly trips to Pittsburgh to see my doctor.

My only source of income was and still is the weekly allowance for drying dishes.

I have not yet decided what I will take up as my life work. Having told my life up to now, I think it best not to try to divine holdings of the future.

—Ruth Ruggy, 8E.

FOREIGN COMMENT

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