

SALEM WINS NIGHT RELAY EVENT

HIGH SCHOOL VOTING CONTEST PLANNED

As a rule, one of the problems that confronts every High School class, is how to raise money to melt their little expenses. Well, for the time being, Lease's Drug Store has solved the problem.

I will proceed to explain. Lease's Drug Store is conducting a contest in which the four classes of the High School will be entered. With each five cent purchase at the Drug Store every customer is entitled to one vote for this favorite class. Hey! That's a dare. Who will be favorite, you Freshmen, you Sophomores, you Junior or Senior? Well the fact is, it's up to you to see your friends and ask them to either save their votes for you or cast them for your class. A ballot box will be placed in a convenient place to receive the votes. As to complete details just take a little trot down to Lease's and inquire.

The following rules must be observed:

1. Ballots may be cast at any time during contest. Votes will be counted each week and the results posted.

2. Each class may have two representatives present to assist in counting the votes.

3. Our employees will not select votes or take part in this contest.

4. Any attempt of unfairness will be sufficient reason for us to disqualify a class.

5. The class having the largest number of votes at the end of the contest will be declared the winner.

And, Oh Yes! I almost forgot! What's the result of all this? Just fifty cute little dollars for the class with the largest number of votes and thirty-five for the class placing second.

The contest ends June 2, 1930, at 6:30 p. m. so let's go! and keep going!

STUDENTS WIN HONORS AT KENT

The team of Salem students that went to Kent, Saturday, May 3, to enter the Scholastic Contest of Northeastern Ohio, was defeated as a team. Certain honors were received in the contest: Mary Louise Miller won first place in both English II and the Latin II tests; Robert Stewart gained third place in

PARTY HELD BY UNDER CLASSES

For the first time in the history of the High school the Freshmen and Sophomores voted to have their party together.

The gym was decorated in the class colors of the Sophomores, blue and gold, and the traditional colors of the Freshmen, green and white. The orchestra pit was decorated in imitation of a garden.

The first hour was spent in playing games. Then we were entertained with dancing by Doris King. Another very clever idea was the dramatizing of an American Ford. There was also a play given by Sophomores and Freshmen, called, "And Then the Lamp Went Out." The grand march preceded the dancing—everyone received favors. The favors for the boys were hats, while the girls had pencils to use with the dance programs. Dancing was the chief entertainment of the evening.

The refreshments consisted of white cake and ice cream; the cake being white with a green numeral '33, while the ice cream was yellow, with a blue '32.

The party was certainly enjoyed by both classes.

THE SALEM HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE CLUB

A new club was organized last Monday, April 28. The club was named the Salem High School Debate Club. On May 5, officers were elected and they are the following: President, Newell Pottorf; vice-president, Harold Mathews; secretary-treasurer, Lorin Battin. Arrangements have been made for programs for the next two meetings after which new officers will be elected for the next school semester. Officers will be elected thereafter every semester. To date there are twenty-four members. The purpose of the club is primarily to create interest in public speaking and debate. Mr. Guiler, debate coach, is faculty manager.

Chemistry, and Newell Pottorf ranked fifth in English IV.

The contestants were accompanied by a member of the faculty, Mr. Hilgendorf. Although the other contestants received no awards, they received great enjoyment from entering.

STONEMEN SUPERIOR IN NIGHT RELAY CARNIVAL

Blaring the competition of sixteen Ohio schools the Red and Black tracksters startled a great mass of fans, hailing from many districts of the State.

After sieving the long list of athletes to a suitable number by the afternoon preliminaries, those outstanding artists surviving the tough grill, represented their school in the after dark contest.

The Night Relay included all the events of a regular track meet with a variety of relays as specialties that were even more thrilling under the artificial light than daytime would have shown them.

Salem, although clinging to the lead through practically all of the meet, was closely pursued by Canton McKinley and John Adams of Cleveland. Finally as the number of remaining events narrowed a triangular race between the three schools mentioned above, caused great enthusiasm by a great crowd of attendants.

The Red and Black featured strength in practically all of the great variety of events. Significant ability in the weights and long distance scampers produced the majority of over points.

A surprisingly large group of comers put up notable exhibitions for Salem.

Bill Smith and Harold Walker, the only Salem boys to nab first place honors in individual events broke former school records in the discus and mile run.

Smith's 121 ft. heave, an outstanding feature of the evening smashed a fourteen year old record in the discus throw. Smith is one of the few High School lads of the State to exceed the 120 mark.

Walker, Salem's veteran miler, tramped the four laps in four minutes and forty seconds, breaking his own record.

John Terry completed an excellent heave of 44 ft. 8 in. with the iron ball but the gigantic Conrod of Wooster chucked the shot over the 45 foot mark and forced Terry's fine throw to a second.

Competing in a fast field Myron Whinnery knocked off a third place in the century dash, while Arnold promising comer was disqualified in the semi-finals.

A great race staged by young Keith Harris was one of the evening's thrillers. Keith after lagging until the finish slipped around

three men in the finish of the half mile to place second.

Irvin Beck, Horstman, Ralph Everstine, and Keith Harris, an excellent combination of half milers, took first place in the two mile relays.

Beck ran his heat in fast time and placed fifth in the half mile event and Ray Smith discus hurler took a third in a fast group of high hurdlers.

Preliminaries held in the afternoon took toll in the Salem squad. Reese, crack hurdler and broad jumper, having been weakened by previous sickness, fell exhausted holding a twenty yard lead in his heat. Reese was unable to compete in the finals but his mark in the broad jump scored in the preliminaries held over to take a third place in the event.

As the four mile relay began we led Canton McKinley by one point. The race was a thriller because final results were at stake. Brantingham led off and held a steady pace. Sam Drakulich, second runner, kept the distance at an even gap running a good mile. Clarence Walker pulled through second but left a large gap for his brother Harold to cover. Harold soon caught his man but failed to gain much ground. The final sprint was neck and neck and Walker, driving himself to a spurt won.

The four mile win gave us a five point lead on McKinley and a total of forty-eight points. McKinley massed forty-three.

Glenn Whinnery was painfully injured when he failed to clear a hurdle and fell, which his chance for second place in the event was certain.

Salem Takes Three Firsts

Salem took only three firsts in the entire meet but had two seconds, four thirds, and a fourth and tie for fourth and four fifths and one tie.

Lambeth proved to be the outstanding individual athlete in the meet, taking scoring honors. The Canfield senior failed to win a first but tied for first and second in the pole vault, took second in the broad jump and third in the javelin and shot put for 14½ points.

Appelby was second with 13½ points getting a first and tie for first and second in the low hurdles. Sweeney of Youngstown South was third in scoring, getting 10¾ points.

DETAILS ON PAGE 3

THE QUAKER

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Editor-in-ChiefLois Greenisen
Business Manager Howard Heston
Faculty AdvisersEleanore Workman
Robt. P. Ulrich.

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SCHOOL DAYS

It is just about the end of another school year. It hardly seems possible that it has been eight months since we entered this building to receive our first assignments. Compare our attitudes then and now:

The Freshman thought "Boy! I'm in High School now." Now he thinks "Well next year I'll be a Sophomore and I sure will show those Freshmen a thing or two."

The Sophomore at the first of the year thought, "Boy! I wish it were Hallowe'en, Freshmen, yum! yum! At the end of the year he thinks "Well next year I'll be an upperclassman. After all the sophomores aren't so very important."

Then the Juniors, how do they feel about it? In September they say, "Good night, how could I have been so conceited about being a Sophomore? Sophomores? Ha, Ha. Then come final exams. The Junior says, "Well next year I'll truly be somebody. Won't I lord it over those dinky little Juniors though?"

But during all this contemplation what is going through the Seniors mind? He has reached that highest point in the High School, a Senior. What does it mean to him? In September he is keenly aware that it is his last year. He decides to enjoy it as much as possible. All too soon come the Prom and then Graduation. Is the average Senior glad to get out of High School? No, I don't think so. Every graduate, I'm sure, looks on his High School years as four of the happiest of his life. The friendships he has made are dear to him, and his experiences during that time will always remain among his most cherished memories.

RUTH COSGROVE

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK

A letter from Brooklyn, New York arrived in the Quaker office the other day. It was written by Marian Shaw, a former member of the class of '30. Marian says that although she lives in New York, she has not forgotten Salem nor the members of the Senior Class, and

Editorial Notes

The stationery and cards ordered by the graduating class arrived Thursday, May first. It was put in Mr. Alan's office, and all Seniors are urged to call there for their orders as soon as possible. We suppose that now will begin that tremendous annual contest of the underclassmen and Juniors, the object being to collect more senior cards than the other fellow.

—Q—

Now is the time when we meet biology enthusiasts on the street, muddled and tired, but very happy—pockets loaded with spoils of the hike which, though to us they are but weeds and stones and bits of grass, seem to them more interesting than a baseball game.

—Q—

And speaking of baseball games, have you heard of the behavior of one of our Kent contestants at the Kent State-Oberlin baseball game last Saturday? Young Dan Holloway saw only one inning of the game—he spent the remainder of this time searching for flowers. He's just another of these biology lovers.

—Q—

We offer our congratulations to the class of 1932. They certainly breed brains among those sophomores. Why do we thing so? Well, lockee—Mary Louise Miller, of the aforesaid class of '32, entered two contests at Kent State College—English II and Latin II—and won first place in both!

—Q—

Did you ever pause for a few moments to look about you at the ridiculous high school boy? Our girls seem to have some slight sense of the fitness of things, but it is a common thing to see our boys wearing orange ties with bright scarlet sweaters, or crimson socks with bright green shirts and brown-and-purple ties. Ugh! Can't something be done to give our young men better taste, so that we who love beauty will not have our finest feelings hurt at these revolting misfits?

—Q—

Lilac-time is here again. Doesn't it strike you that we have had an uncommonly dry April this spring? Everyone seems to be glad that June is not far off—except perhaps the seniors. But that's about enough concerning the weather, don't you think?

—Q—

The biggest mystery here at Salem High School just now is: who are the lucky ones who will soon be declared winners of the Brooks contest? The five orators are busy learning their orations and the fifteen people whose work has been qualified for the finals are all keyed up and excited. I feel sorta envious. Oh, well—we can't all be literary lights, can we?

she desires a copy of the "Quaker" annual. Now that certainly proves what Salem School spirit does to one.

Editorial Comments

You would be surprised if you could see the editor of the Quaker at this moment. Never did you see, hear of, or read about a mortal so agitated as I am right this minutes. Why? Well, you see it was this way. The Brooks contest is to be on deck Friday the ninth, and as a result every typist is excruciatingly busy.

As a result, here am I, who has never before so much as looked a typewriter in the face, sitting in Room 308 and pounding away at a Royal. It may not seem so terrible to you at first thought, but I assure you it is no trivial matter to me. One of our most well-liked "gentlemen" teachers came into 308 a few moments ago and when he saw me struggling along at about five words a minute, he laughed—he laughed most cruelly, most cruelly indeed. Ho-hi-hum. (That last word was originally intended to be "ho-hum," but at the crucial moment I found out that I was utterly unable to locate the letter "u" and so I had to invent a new word all my own. And, as it is really getting quite late, I must be leaving the school—

Anyway, this experience has filled me with a wholesome respect for the brave girls who offer to do the work of typing all write-ups, stories, and so forth for the Quaker bi-weekly. Believe me when I say it is SOME JOB! AND in what manner!

Signed, EDITOR LO

Another thing to wonder about is the Illinois boy who broke Lowell Allen's record in the pole vault. We just can't see how he could do it. But it seems just everything in the world is short-lived—if it is at all worth having.

—Q—

It's amazing how much space these brief remarks of mine have taken up! I'm really astounded, aren't you? I'm afraid I'll have too much if I don't stop; so I'll save the rest of the things I want to say for the next issue—which by-the-by, is the last issue of the year. 'Bye now!

Signed,
EDITOR LO

HI-Y HOLD ROUND TABLE

Back in the trees of Oscar Hippley's farm the Salem Hi-Y group gathered about a roaring fire to enjoy a big feed and a beneficial meeting.

As we sat about the fire, each fellow was told by every member of the club, the faults and good points of his character. The purpose of the round-table was to give each boy the opinions of others about him as to his own quality. Perhaps a fault revealed is corrected easily.

—Q—

He: Does that story you are reading end in a modern way?

She: Yes, they were married and lived happily for a few days.

Read About:

A FRESHMAN'S FOLLY

"Wine, women, and song."

That was the byword of the young college freshman, Thomas Bruce Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong insisted on calling him "Bruce" so Mr. Armstrong had to let her have her way. (That was understood).

Bruce was a typical, or ultra-typical college freshman. He was tall and slim and dark. But his beauty was only skin deep. He was the most preposterous, supercilious, arrogant, presumptuous—well, words just couldn't describe him. He was all of that and then a lot more.

A petting party was his ambition and he wouldn't accept an invitation anyplace unless he was sure beverages were served.

Nevertheless, he had the great fortune of meeting a girl, Doris Hoopeman, a girl of his own class, who was quite a different thing than those he associated with. She was a blonde and had the bluest of eyes. She met Mrs. Armstrong and from that moment Doris decided that not only for her own sake, but also for that of Bruce's mother would she do all she could in her power to "bring him back to earth." Mrs. Armstrong hoped highly for Bruce's future but it seemed that he "got with the wrong crowd" at college. His father was a dear fellow but very stern and proud. Had he known even the minor misdemeanors of his son, the shame would have killed him. His only son!

Bruce really thought more of Doris than he knew and twice as much as he cared to admit. The "gang" Bruce went with didn't know girls like Doris and so Bruce kept away from her company when with them, which was too often.

Only the other day had Bruce asked Doris to go to a dance and then kept her waiting while in the meantime, his gang had changed his mind and taken him with them. Doris could do nothing but patiently wait her chance. And then it came.

Bruce's fraternity was giving a dance for Doris' sorority so naturally Bruce asked to take her.

As Doris descended the stairs ready to leave the house, she met Bruce.

"Gee, but you look sweet tonight, Doris."

"Thanks," Doris replied icily.

"I'm sorry about the other night, Doris, I meant to let you know I couldn't come—but—er—honest, honey, I'm going to stay sober to-night—for you."

"Is that a promise? she asked, still coldly.

"Oh, Doris, you don't understand!" Bruce slumped back in the car rather hopelessly.

"No, and I'm afraid your own mother doesn't either. And if you don't hurry and come out of it, you'll find yourself sadly left."

That was all they said till they got there. Doris hadn't meant to

(Continued on Page 8)

CLUB NEWS

THE LAMARKIANS

The members of the Lamarkians Club went on a hike to Bentley's Woods, April 30. Lunches were taken and eaten in the woods. Many birds and flowers were seen and everyone had a good time.

SALEMASQUERS

Members of the Salemasquers club gave a play entitled, "The King's English" at their last meeting. The characters were: Nate Caplan, Chet Gibbons, Lois Greenisen, Leonard Krauss, George Ballantine, Clarence Christen, Desmond Mullins, Hunter Carpenter, and nick Nan.

COMMERCE CLUB

The Commerce Club was entertained Tuesday, April 29, by Mr. Mathews, who gave an interesting talk on "Punctuation," after which he distributed sheets to be corrected. A prize of \$1.00 is to be given to the student having the highest score.

DEBATE

Mr. Guiler and seventeen ambitious students met last week, April 28, to found a new club, the debate club. This club is to be open to the enrollment of students of any of the four classes. The constitution was adopted at this meeting and ballots were cast for the office of president. As yet this office has not been announced. Here is your chance Freshmen.

CURLY GETS A HAIRCUT

Continued from last Issue

"That's Shag Torrey, the man you want, Fleming," spoke out a member of the horsemen.

On further notice, Curly took in the recognition of the rider he met the day before while riding range. "How do you know?" asked the sheriff

"Yesterday I met up with him on the range and as I came up to him he pulled his hat low down over his head. Cattle rustlers have notched ears and I take it that he meant to cover them," replied the other.

"Take off your Stetson, feller," said the sheriff.

What a predicament for Curly and his bald head. Thinking they would laugh at him, he gently exposed one ear, then the other.

"Are you satisfied now?" queried Curly.

"The sheriff became more angry and roared out, "Take off your hat."

Curly did so and at the same time exploded, "Go ahead and laugh now, you curious range rats."

In an instant Curly had drawn his Colt and was guarding his prisoners. With a command from Curly, each man dropped his belt with guns and cartridges and soon were scattering across the range, with Curly's unaimed slugs prancing be-

HI-TRI

The Hi-Tri is planning several important events with which to bring a very successful year to a close. On May 3, a tea-dance will be held from three o'clock to five o'clock at Barbara Benzinger's home. Then on May 29, they are going to have a swimming party at Youngstown. This has become an annual occasion and is always planned by the juniors as a farewell to the seniors.

The officers for 1930-31 will be elected at the next meeting on May 8 and will be formally installed on May 29.

HI-Y

On May 1, the Hi-Y club held one of their best meetings of the year out in the woods at Oscar Hippely's. It was a night meeting, and the usual Hi-Y refreshments of hot dogs, pop, marshmallows and pickles were enjoyed. The famous Round Table was then in order. Each member of the club stood up, and the other members criticized him, or aired their grievances against him. The comments were freely given and seriously received.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The French Club held their meeting last week in the auditorium. The pupils in the play were: Philip Leider, Wesley Davidson, Benson Miller, Marie Fisher, Vera Gilson and Mary Flip.

low their horses feet.

Curly now gave his horse rein and was heading toward the Norris homestead. He suddenly heard the distant cracks of pistol shots. As he neared the house he saw Tom Norris lying on the ground, face down with arms outstretched. Inside the house he heard a girl's scream for help. In a few strides he was in the doorway and he beheld a man struggling with Virginia. Immediately, he intervened and with a few well-directed and forceful punches, he had the outlaw completely cold. Then he bound him securely and propped him in the corner of the house.

Then he stepped outside and walked to the prone figure on the ground. It was still alive and the heart was pulsating with short, but distinct thumps. Applying first aid, Curly soon had the man come to senses. Inspecting the body for bullet wounds, he found that a slug had grazed the head, inflicting an ugly, but not a serious wound.

A few minutes later Curly heard the thumping of horses' hoofs. Going to the door, he saw the sheriff and the other riders advancing to the ranchyard gate. They dismounted and walked up to the porch.

"Well, we got you again, Torrey, and no getting away this time," spoke up the sheriff.

ATHLETICS

NIGHT RELAY CARNIVAL RESULTS - IN DETAIL

100-yd dash—Senai (John Adams) won, time 10.6 seconds; Ross (Canton) second; M. Whinnery (Salem) third; Match (Niles) fourth; Platz (John Adams) fifth.

Two mile relay—Salem (Irwin Beck, Horstman, Everstine, Harris) won, time 8 min. 45 sec.; Youngstown Rayen, second; Canton, third.

Mile run—Harold Walker (Salem) won, time 4 min. 40 sec. (New Salem High School record); Dugan (Niles) second; Tupta (John Adams) third; Susor (Youngstown South) fourth; Clarence Walker (Salem) fifth.

440-yd dash — Mason, (Canton) won, time 54.9 seconds; Ozimic John Adams second; Norris (Akron Central) fourth; Scott (Youngstown South) fifth.

Discus—Bill Smith (Salem) won, distance 121 ft. 5½ in.; (new Salem High School record); Patrick (Youngstown Rayen) second; Conrad (Wooster) third; Ray Smith (Salem) fourth; Patterson (Leetonia) fifth.

Medley relay—Niles, (Llewellyn, Link Reese, Dugan) won, time 8 min. 28 sec.; Warren second; Canton McKinley third; Alliance fourth; Youngstown Rayen, fifth.

120-yd high hurdles — Appleby (Akron East) won, time 17.2 sec.; Sweeney (Youngstown South) second; Thompson (Salem) third; Steinberg (Youngstown Rayen) fourth; Hochman (Rayen) fifth.

Pole vault—Appleby (Akron East) and Lambeth (Canfield) tied at height of 11 ft.; Beck (Salem) third; Miller (Salem) and Handel (Rayen) tied for fourth and fifth.

High Jump—Juzek (John Adams) won, height 5 ft. 9 in.; Trybyszewski (John Adams) and Barr (Youngstown South) tied for second and third; Brown (Akron Central) fourth; Russell (Alliance)

and Ed Beck (Salem) tied for fifth.

Shot put—Conrad (Wooster) won, distance 45 ft. 5 in.; Terry (Salem) second; Lambeth (Canfield) third; Fisher (John Adams) fourth; Bill Smith (Salem) fifth.

220-yd dash—Senai (John Adams) won, time 24.2 sec.; Lopez (Alliance) second; E. Schreiber (Canton) third; DeViese (Youngstown South) fourth; Junius (Akron Central) fifth.

Half-mile run—Gottschall (Canton) won, time 2 min. 7.2 sec.; Harris (Salem) second; Wagonhauser (Leetonia) third; Miller (Wooster) fourth; Irwin Beck (Salem) fifth.

Half-mile relay — Canton (E. Schreiber, Barbour, Ross, Mason) won, time 1 min. 39 sec.; Niles second; John Adams, third; Akron Central, fourth; Salem, fifth.

220-yd low hurdles—Sweeney (Youngstown South) won, time 28 sec.; Appleby (Akron East) second; Billings (Canton) third; McCormack (Canton) fourth. No fifth place.

Mile relay—Canton (Miller, McCormack, Barbour, Mason) won, time 3 min. 43.2 sec.; John Adams second; Youngstown South third; Wooster fourth; Warren fifth.

Broad jump — Brown (Akron Central) won, distance 20 ft. 4 in.; Lambeth (Canfield) second; Reese (Salem) third; Scheible (Youngstown Rayen) fourth; Sweeney (Youngstown South) fifth.

Javelin—Wolf (Rayen) won, distance 161 ft. 6 in.; Estey (Akron) second; Lambeth (Canfield) third; Schott (Canton) fourth; Conrad (Wooster) fifth.

Four-mile relay—Salem (Drakulich, Brantingham, Clarence Walker, Harold Walker) won, time 20 min. 14.9 sec.; Rayen, second; Wooster, third; John Adams, fourth; Canton, fifth.

HI WHY COLUMN

HI WHY?

1. Why were the Freshmen and Sophomores so excited last week?
2. Why does Sammy Drakulich look so much like Peck's Bad Boy?
3. Why was everyone so nervous last Wednesday morning?
4. Why does Dorothy Kaercher insist on chewing gum like that?
5. Why did Salem win the Night Relay?
6. Why does Skippy look so happy when Alta comes along?
7. Why did I write this column?
I KNOW—
BUT I WON'T TELL YOU.

"I will get away, but with no force," drawled Curly, "I've got you man for you."

"Meaning?" asked the sheriff

Returning to the house, Curly took hold of Torrey and dragged him to the feet of the sheriff.

"There's Torrey," sneered Curly, and the next time you look for trouble make sure of your evidence."

The sheriff manacled Torrey and with the buckboard, he also took Norris to the doctor.

Virginia stood stock still during the scene and after the horsemen left, she said, "Curly, that was an expensive haircut."

"Yes," drawled Curly, "but look what I have in return." And saying this he took Virginia in his arms.

—By Nick Attomare, '31.

ASSEMBLIES

ASSEMBLY—APRIL 18

Gaines M. Cook was the speaker in the assembly of April 18. His subject was on "World Peace." He said that he believed in time war would be completely banished from the face of the earth. He also showed how Hoover's training as an engineer will help him to carry out his policies.

Mr. Cook, who has been at the Christian Church for the past week, was introduced by Rev. Evans of that church.

At the beginning of the assembly, Zella Krepps was declared Queen of the May. Zella, chosen by a popular vote of the student body, will preside over the May Day festivities on May 21.

ASSEMBLY—APRIL 25

Science Club had charge of the assembly on April 25. Chet Gibobns acted as master of ceremonies. The first thing on the program was a banjo solo by John Greenisen. With the assistance of Louis Benedict, a beautiful piece was rendered.

The next part of the entertainment consisted of a brilliant repro-

duction of the seventh round of the Dempsey-Tunney fight with Nick Nan as Gene and Ewing Gregg as Jack. The referee, Lou Magnesia, played by Louis Benedict, won his bet against all odds.

At the beginning of the Assembly Mr. Springer made a few announcements in regard to the Night Relays.

ASSEMBLY MAY 2

The band opened the assembly on May 2 by playing the well-known "Stein Song" of the University of Maine. Several other numbers, including "American Patrol" and an overture from "Norma," received a loud applause from the students.

Mr. Springer announced that in several days the band will give a concert free of charge, to show their appreciation to the townspeople who have helped them.

Winners of the semi-finals in the oration division of the Brook's Contest were disclosed. They are as follows: Bertha Marsilio, Nila Hoffman, Newell Pottorf, Daniel Webber and Louis Briskin. These people will deliver their orations in the assembly on May 9.

Here's An Unusual Story - Read It

EIGHT O'CLOCK

Raleigh Van Ryseller Smythe stepped from the seat of his big limousine and alighted at the entrance of a cafe. Turning to his chauffeur he said: "You may drive on home, Fred, but do not forget to return for me at six." With a muttered, "Yes sir," Fred swung the big car out into the traffic and sped away with a roar. Smythe turned away and entered the cafe.

This scene was enacted at Guffanti's ninety-ninth street cafe in the summer of 1926. Raleigh Van Ryseller Smythe was a tall young man with a wide generous mouth which tried to lessen the effect of sneering, cynical eyes, a monocle, and an air of utter boredom. His jet-black hair contrasted sharply with his fair, cleanly-shaven face. His evening suit fitted him like his skin and brought out his narrow hips and broad shoulders, his figure, like an athlete.

When Smythe appeared in the door-way, the manager, himself, came rushing forward and ushered him to a table evidently reserved for him. The manager seated himself at the same table with the air of an old friend and together, they watched the performance. After a while, they both ordered drinks and consumed them, still without speaking a word. Finally, with the air of one making a plunge, Smythe turn-

ed to his companion and said: "George, I want your help and advice." Without giving his companion a chance to reply, he continued: "I want a man who will murder for a price. I want a real gunman, a man who never misses."

Without the slightest surprise—in fact, as if this was a daily occurrence, George remarked: "Well, if that is what you want you are certainly playing in luck today." I've got just the man you want; excuse me a moment, please."

Rising, he walked away and presently returned with a pallid-faced, rather loudly dressed young man, whom he introduced as One-Shot Capello. The boy, for that was all he appeared to be, murmured: "Pleased to metcha"; while Smythe merely bowed in return.

Smythe, totally ignoring the boy, turned to George and said, "Why, he is too young a mere boy, surely he cannot be an experienced gangster?"

George, looking rather affronted exclaimed: "This lad has quite a reputation, so much so in fact, that he demands, and is able to get, as his regular fee, ten thousand dollars."

Smythe instead of looking properly impressed, as was doubtless expected, drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket, and threw ten one thousand dollar bills on the table in front of Capello. It was now George's turn to look impressed, which he did not fail to do. Smythe, replacing his wallet, proceeded to talk business with Capello.

"The idea," said Smythe, "is this."

(Continued on Page 5)

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DID YOU KNOW THAT

Mike Corso got lost while his Biology class was on a bird hike in Bentley's Woods, and he didn't get back till noon.

Red Ballantine has a mania for training Lady Bugs. If you want to get on the good side of Jack, just take him a couple. He aspires to be a flea trainer.

Mr. Williams doesn't have enough blankets where he lives so he borrowed a High school blanket.

For some reason or other, Woolworth's have had a sudden run on six inch rulers.

Miss Oelschlager is going to Europe this summer.

On May 14, the High School Band is giving a concert free to the public in appreciation of support this summer.

That the public ate \$72.46 worth of food at the first Night Relay.

Nick Nedelka expects to travel in Europe this summer with the orchestra that played here for the second semester association party.

Newell Pottorf won a \$1,200 scholarship from Oberlin College. Twenty scholarships were given altogether, ten came to Ohio, and we are very proud to think that a student of Salem High got one of those.

Eight O'clock

(Continued from Page 4)

I have a deadly enemy, a man who is leaving no stone unturned in his efforts to ruin and destroy me. Digressing somewhat from our present talk, I will say that I never expected to retaliate in kind. But this persecution has grown obnoxious; it has become an unbearable state of affairs. So, I resolved to eliminate him, and that is why I have come to you tonight.

"When I become ill I go to a specialist; when learning to play a game I go to a professional; so, when I desired to eliminate this man I came to you, who, I understand from my friend here, are a specialist in this kind of work. This, I believe, will be perhaps, the simplest and easiest case which you have ever undertaken or ever will undertake.

"Pay close attention now and I will explain to you why. Ever since I contemplated this step, I have observed and made a note of habits and character of this man. He is very methodical and has certain fixed habits. For instance, he always arises and retires at the same hours every morning and night.

"However, the habit which we are most concerned with is this. His dinner is always served punctually at seven o'clock. He arises from the table at exactly seven-forty-five and goes to another room at the back of the house. Here he sits in a chair with his back to the window, which is always open at this time, until at eight-thirty. As I said before, he is a man of settled habits, and this routine never varies.

AUTHORS COLUMN

A Great Big Man From the South
Harold Hackett

Yes, We Have No Bananas
Johnny Greenisen and
Louie Benedict

Aviation And All About It
Dwight Von Getz

The Lady Bug
Red Ballantine

Sonny's Schoolin'
Bill Gibson

The Battle of the Monsters
Louie Wisner vs Elwood Hammell
The Place of Little Hope

Springer's Office
Man About Town

"Shine" Everstine
Dangerous Days

Final Examinations
Little Men—Ellwood Hammell and
Louis Wisner.

Little Women—Lucille Dickenson
and Helen Diehl.

The Virginian—Ray Smith.
The Keeper of the Bees—Newell
Pottorf.

They Had To See Paris—French
Club.

Freckles—Augie Corso
The Varmint—Connie Tice.

Much Ado About Nothing—Bones
Eddy.

Red of the Redfields—Red Mullins.
The Haunted Book Shop—Library.
Fairie Queene—Zella Krepps.
Glitter—Joe Hertz.

"Now what I want you to do is this. Get there at seven-forty-five and—ah, exterminate him promptly at eight o'clock sharp." Here, unstrapping a platinum wrist watch, and handing it to Capello, "use this, you need not return it; shall we consider this a little extra remuneration for promptness?"

Nodding, as a sign that the interview was at an end Smythe paid his check, and walking out to the street stepped into his limousine, which the reliable Fred had brought, and was whisked away. Smythe went directly home and dressed for dinner. His dinner, also was served at seven. Immediately after dinner he went to his study and sitting in a chair, musing over the events of the day, fell asleep. Certainly his conscience did not appear to trouble him much. He did not act at all like a man who had cold-bloodedly doomed another man to die in exactly one hour. Nor, as one looked at his face in repose did he appear at all as the sort of a man who would be capable of conceiving such a mean and cowardly plan. In fact as he sat in his chair with his head thrown back he looked more like a boy who had beheld one of his ideals crumble or who had been disappointed in love.

How time flies. It is now eight-thirty and George is seated in a back room waiting for Capello to return and report. Suddenly the door is dashed open and Capello stands swaying on the threshold. He is as pale as death and there is a ghastly expression on his face. It is some moments before he can

(Continued on Page 6)

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Oil Changed?

Car Greased?

—Expert Lubrication Done—

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Owned and Operated by E. C. Sheen, Jr.

HERE'S ONE ABOUT

ADAMS AND MONROE

I've read about the rivalries
In times of long ago
But none were as intense as that
Of Adams and Monroe.
Adams was a tiny town,
A thousand folks or less,
All of whom were honest men
Who loved their town the best.
Monroe was several miles away
From Adams and was known
To have as many loyal men
As any town could own.
The men of Adams hated those
Who lived inside Monroe
Their feeling was returned in full;
'Twas jealousy you know.

On every single Monday morn
Each town would choose a man
To fight a duel with guns or knives,
Or merely with his hands.
The Adams men would sometimes
kill
The fighters from Monroe,
But often they themselves would
die
From thirst of hated foe.
As years went by, their numbers
died
Till only two remained
To fight each other to the end,
For never-dying fame.
They fought till daylight slowly
waned
And each was nearly dead;
Then both collapsed in pools of
blood
Where open wounds had bled.

So thus it is with modern man;
His hatred makes him so
That he himself is treated as
He wished to treat his foe.
—Dale Wilson.

SALEM & ALLIANCE
HI-Y CLUBS MEET

A large group of Alliance Hi-Y boys came down to Salem to attend a joint meeting held in the Salem School April 24, 1930.

Mr. Whinnery, principal of the Leetonia High School, gave a very interesting and inspirational talk on vocation. Mr. Whinnery presented arguments and figures on vocational problems that could be made materially useful in the decision of a young life. By the application of actual figures and reasoning he proved the value of a college education.

A basketball game between the two clubs was close and exciting.

Salem led by a margin of eight points at the half and seemed to have the game set when an Alliance forward suddenly broke into a streak and scored 12 points from action. The Salem boy recovered and the final score was 28-25 with Alliance leading.

He: What's the capital of Ohio?
She: The letter "O".

EXCHANGE

The Perfect Student

The perfect student is one who can;
Break the present gum chewing
record.
Get five A's without the least bit
of study.
Sleep all study periods.
Make all athletic teams.
Make a grand rush to all his class-
es (Allowed one second for this
feat).
Consume his lunch without leaving
any traces.
Skip classes at all times.
Act as a dignified Senior.
—Hi Times, Wellington, Ohio

Graduat' Soon

(To tune of "Singin' in the Rain")
What makes me study and what
makes me write,
Why do I go out at night and get
tight,
Why does each swell Jane go crazy
for me,
And I'm all het-up with ecstasy—
Gee!
Why do I come late to school every
day—
Because that diploma is not far
away.

Chorus:

I'm graduat' soon; just graduat' soon;
What a glorious feeling when it
comes around to June,
I'm thru with the desks and thru
with the tests
You bet your sweet life that's a load
off my chest,
Let the tardy slips come, let the ab-
sent slips go
I'm not comin' back to this school
any mo'
I'll walk down the hall and I'm not
gonna bawl,
For I'm singin' 'cause I'm gradu-
at' soon.
—Magician, Barberton High School

I'm singing in my Ford,
Just singing in my Ford;
It's the gassiest feeling I ever
adored.
I jump down the lane,
With a bumpy refrain,
I've grease on my face and I'm
ready for rain.
Let the gas all run low
And the tires all blow out,
I know where I'm at and what it's
all about.
I push up the hills and coast down
the dales,
I'm happy, I'm happy in my Ford.
—Magician, Barberton Hi School

"Ten Commandments of Type-
writing"

1. Thou shalt not erase.
2. Thou shalt not cuss while typ-
ing.
3. Thou shalt love the long assign-
ments.
4. When thou makest a mistake on
one side of thy paper turn it
over and make another.
5. Thou shalt love thy dear teacher.

6. Beat not thy keyboard; it might
break.
7. Cheweth not gum whilst thou
typeth, for there is many a slip
twixt the type and the lip
8. Covereth thou thy typewriter;
otherwise thy teacher may be-
come angry and cover thee with
exceeding wrath.
9. Putteth thy chair up to thy
table when the bell ringeth.
10. Always gather thy paper up and
putteth it in the waste paper
basket.

—Beall High Chime, Frostburg, Md.

A Parody

'Twas the night before Monday
And all through the flat,
Not a creature was stirring
Not even the cat.
But the light in one bedroom
Burned on through the night,
And the eyes of one boy
Burned with feverish light.

After coming in late,
Getting ready for bed,
There came of a sudden
A thought to his head.
"Oh Gee and Oh Gosh—
There's my lessons to do,
And I'm so darned tired
I can't add two and two."
So down at his desk
He must flop with a sigh,
At his Latin and Algebra
To have a hard try.
But the pale morning light
Through the windows does peep
At the unopened books
And the lad there asleep.
—The Lariat, Akron, Ohio.

Exchange

We wish to mention a new mem-
ber of our Exchange group, the
Beall High Chime, Beall High
School, Frostburg, Maryland.

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EIGHT O'CLOCK

(Continued From Page 5)

Speak and then he gasps out, "Whisky, get me a shot, fer Gawd's sake." George rushes out and gets him some whiskey which he gulps down like water. After a while he calms down and George seeing this starts to ask him some questions.

Capello forestalls all questions by sitting down and saying, "Here's de lay. I got dere at a quarter t' eight. At five t' eight I puts de silencer on de gat. I got pretty close t' de window so I'd croak him de first shot. When de watch says eight I lifts up de gat and lets him have it. He sorta jerks up in de chair when it hits him and I gets a good look at dat bozo's face. And who wus it but de guy what paid me for de job, Smythe!

FINIS

J. H. C. '30

Alliance Wins
Golf Match

Golf opens its second season in Salem High's history. The Salem team with three of its members returned from last year's varsity, lost 11 to 4 to Alliance.

The match was held on the Salem course Saturday, April 26, and Alliance presenting a strong combination won easily.

Red Mullins, the only member of the Red and Black four to score, won all four of his points while Rex Harrington, Pidgeon and Nate Caplan lost 4-4-3.

A return match with Alliance is to be held there and the Red and Black foursome hope to recover honors.

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Freshman to classmate: Is "Two Years Before the Mast" a "dairy"? (diary).

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

T. Snyder: (During Track Meet) See that good looking boy over there?

R. Snyder: Yes.

T. Snyder: He looks just like Dan Holloway.

Teacher: Tell me something about the Japanese race.

Ruth W.: I didn't see it. I was sick.

The human brain is a wonderful organ; it starts working as soon as we wake up in the morning and never stops until we get to school.

M. Reich: We had a word test in History today.

H. Duncan: Yes? What was the word?

L. Beck: You don't write funny jokes, do you?

L. Benedict: I don't know. I threw some in the stove though and the fire just roared.

Miss Douglas: What is a polygon?
Student: A polygon is a dead parrot.

They call her Ann Aesthetic—she makes them dizzy.

Mr. Guiler: Nick, can you tell why the rivers are navigable for so short a distance in Africa?

Nick A.: (Who had not been listening) Because they are short.

Ralph: Mr. Harris, I love your daughter more than words can tell.

Mr. Harris: Well, maybe you can say it in figures.

Helen: Darling, how could you live without me?

Dwight: Cheaper.

He: I was struck by the beauty of the town.

Second He: You shouldn't get so familiar with her.

ARE YOU A TRAFFIC BLOCKER?

Do you stand in the halls between periods and gather your friends about you, obstructing traffic so that passersby must either sprout wings and fly or stand and be late to class?

Some day when you are starting your last minute rush to class, you will find yourself surrounded by a glaring infuriated mob. Then what will you do?

We advise you to keep going.
Lakewood High Times.

F. Smith: Ouch, I bumped my crazy bone.

Mr. Jones: Oh, well, comb your hair so the bump won't show.

Current phrase: I was born and grazed in Chicago.

Lella Beck: What happened to your old Scotch friend who bought the filling station here on the corner?

Marg. S.: Oh, he's a nervous wreck. He had to quit.

Lella: Why, wasn't business good?

Marg.: Wonderful. But every time an autoist bought gasoline, Scotty had to give him free air.

Englishman: What's that bloom-in' noise, I hear outside this time of night?

American: Why, that's an owl.

Englishman: Of course it is, but 'oo's 'owling?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

I have changed my mind. Does the new one work any better?

Clerk: This book will do half your work.

Newell P.: Gimme two, quick!!!

The neighbor: Your cat made an awful noise on the back fence last night and—

Mr. Brantingham: That wasn't the cat; it was Bob playing his violin.

R. Votaw: How many subjects do you carry?

K. Koontz: I carry one and drag three.

R. Vataw: That's nothing. When I was a Freshman I dragged three and left one behind.

V. Callahan: What's a nightmare?

D. Keller: A milkman's horse.

John: I have a horse named Bonaparte.

Clifford: Did he win any races?

John: No, I named him for his bony part.

THE WIENER'S WAIL

I'm a wiener
Aren't we all?
Just a wiener
Aren't we all?
In my bun, when day is done
The mustard comes to call!
Then I'm eaten—all in all,
It's so painful—I could bawl!
And when I'm "et"—I'm happy
then, you bet
I'm just a dog!
But aren't we all?

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— and —
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THE ECKSTEIN CO. MEN'S WEAR

Harsh Barber Shop

28 Broadway

RAY KENNEWEG BARBER SHOP

State Theater Lobby

News Items of Junior High

THE ORIGIN OF THE ORIOLE

Once, many hundred years ago, before we had such a beautiful bird as the Oriole, there lived a boy named Orio. In those days it was the custom for children to go out into the wide, wide world to seek their fortune, so of course Orio was out searching for his.

One day, just as the sun was setting, he saw a speck of orange peeping forth from the tall and ugly weeds which sprang up around it in the woods. Going over to it, he found the most beautiful flower that ever grew. He was so enraptured over his discovery that he proclaimed it the greatest fortune anyone ever found. If you could have seen it I am sure you would agree with him.

That night Orio built himself a cabin from the trees around him. He built it beside the flower he called his treasure. He pulled all of the noisome weeds from around the flower. Then he beheld the flower in full glory. It was a beautiful orange tulip-shaped flower, flaked with black. He cared for the flower daily. He always sang while caring for it. His voice was so sweet and cheerful that anyone sad or cross would begin to smile when they heard it.

One day as he was caring for his treasure he thought he heard music, much sweeter than he had ever heard before. He listened intently!

A FRESHMAN'S FOLLY

(Continued From Page 2)
talk thus to Bruce but she couldn't help it.

"I'll see you in the gym," Bruce said to Doris when they arrived. But he didn't. They were late and Bruce didn't see Doris right away. Instead, he saw the flaming redhead, Helen and the dizzy blonde, Milly. Then he saw the rest of the gang and Doris was forgotten.

Doris came in the gym and felt very downhearted upon seeing Bruce. He passed her several times during the evening, looking for someone else, probably his next dance partner. His glance no sooner met hers than he immediately looked away.

At the end of the dance, Bruce was consulting with his "gang" and Doris knew he was going on one of his wild parties again, and when in such a condition it was hard to say what he was liable to do. She no sooner thought of what to do, than the thought was put into action.

Bruce was feeling good—a little too good, when he reached a roadhouse, a few miles away, into which they went. He was feeling sick when his friend Wade called him into an adjoining room for a few words.

IMAGINE IF YOU CAN

Martin Weber—Studying.
Dick Scullion—Hearing the teacher.
Robert Wonner—Getting 65 in History.
Grace Rosseler—Talking.
Art Bell—Sitting still.
Kenneth Hess—In school every day.
Edgar Huddleston—On the Honor Roll.
Walter Schell—Thin.
Elizabeth Unti—In Grace Rosseler's dresses.
Quindola Sanderson—With straight hair.
Mike Spack—Having a pen.
Art Fleisher—Without a sweater on.
Donald Starbuck—Not making queer noises.

7-E

Yes he heard some beautiful music. It couldn't have been the flower so it must have been the wind. Every day he heard the same sweet music.

One morning he went to see the flower? Suddenly he heard the same sweet music as before. He looked up. There was his flower, flying! Singing! Why, it was a bird, a beautiful bird! It was the most gorgeously colored bird on earth and the music was the sweetest ever heard by human ears.

The flower had learned to sing so sweetly that it became a beautiful bird. It was named Oriole, after the boy, Orio, who taught it to sing so sweetly.

DOROTHY McCONNOR, 7-D

It was into this room that Doris, a few minutes later, found Bruce seated beside a table writing out a check, while Wade was patting him on the back.

Doris no sooner took in the situation than she interrupted before it was too late.

And it was a good thing that she came in just then. A cry of "Police!" was heard in the other room and Doris only had time to half drag, half carry Bruce out a side entrance and get him into her car and get away as quickly as she could.

When Bruce came to, all he could say was "Doris!" and then he closed his eyes and thought it all over. Then he said:

"Doris, stop!"

Doris did so.

Then she looked at Bruce and Bruce gulped and looked at her.

"Doris, I never realized till now, how much I need you. I owe you more than my life—my future happiness, my reputation. Won't you assure me of them?"

Doris didn't say anything—she couldn't, but Bruce said, "Let's go home and tell mother!"

"As a rule man's a fool,

When it's hot he wants it cool,

When it's cool he wants it hot,

Whatever it is he likes it not!

—Julia Bodo, '31.

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New Polo Shirts

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