

# SENIORS TO PRESENT PLAY

## ASSOCIATION PARTY TO BE HELD TONIGHT

The first Association Party will be held this evening in the school gymnasium. All members of the Salem High Association in high school and junior high will be admitted free but non-association members must pay fifty cents.

The various committees have been working hard during the past week in preparation for the party. The decoration committee includes Ruth Auld, Miss McCready, Miss Horwell, Paul Smith, Dorothy Wright, Dorothy Whitcomb, Steve Zatzko, Wilbert Webber, Ralph Stifler and Lionel Smith.

The "eats" committee includes Mary Lou Scullion, Miss Shoop, Miss Ritt, Burt Schaeffer, and Tom Snyder. The entertainment committee includes Bill Smith, Lerin Battin, Mr. Clarke and Henry Reese. All students are urged to attend the party as it is going to be a grand affair.

## STUDENTS VISIT ENGRAVING PLANT

On Friday afternoon Nov. 21, six representatives of the Quaker staff journeyed to Canton to visit the Northern Engraving Company. The people who went were: Miss Workman, Marye Miller, Dorothy Harroff, Howard Heston, John Reeves, and Clarence Patten.

The visit was made in order that the Quaker staff might get some ideas and help for the Quaker Annual which is published at the close of the school year.

The visitors were shown through the plant where the engraving is done. John Reeves spent his time with the artist of the company and received much help on his work in the annual. The students and advisor enjoyed the trip very much and were much benefited by it. They now understand just exactly the work of the engraver.

## COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS

The Senior class has chosen the commencement speakers. They are as follows: Daniel Weber, Ruth Auld, Dale Wilson, Barbara Benzinger, Susan Lutsch, Henry Reese, and Howard Heston. The alternates are Dorothy Harroff and Victor Orashun. The three honor graduates will be speakers and this accounts for the alternates.

## SENIORS HOLD CLASS PARTY

The Seniors held their annual class party in the high school gym Friday night, November 21. The gym was beautifully decorated for the occasion in the class colors, blue and silver. About one hundred thirty-five Seniors and faculty were present.

At 7:30 a brief but interesting program was given. A quartet composed of Louie Benedict, Willie Smith, Jack Perkins, and Len Krauss sang a clever song about various members of the class. Next a dance was given by Joan Carnes. Victor Orashun then led a group of students in a play "The Gathering of the Nuts" in one act. Dale Wilson lent a comic bit of advice to the girls. The grand march and a hand-shaking stunt concluded the program. (Ask the Seniors with whom they shook hands).

Bartholemew's orchestra furnished the music for dancing. The prize waltz was won by Sue Lutsch and Hugh Bailey. Following this, refreshments were served by the "eats" committee.

Eleven-thirty came too soon as everyone seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. This was the last real class party for the class of '31 and it was surely a success.

## Junior Party

The officers and committees of the Junior class are now industriously preparing for the forthcoming social event the Junior Party, which is to be held December 12, in the gymnasium. The entertainment committee is busily hunting for new and original ideas for entertainment, and the "eats" committee is planning appetizing refreshments.

Every Junior is planning to attend this party because it probably will be the only one the class will have with the exception of the Junior-Senior prom. The association will enable many students to attend this year because it pays the expenses.

We are certain that the marvelous Junior class spirit will make this party a success. Juniors! show the faculty and your fellow classmates that you have the real class spirit and cooperation by attending the Junior party.

Miss Workman, our class advisor, said that the elaborate plans for this party will make it one of the best parties of the year. The only way for the Junior class to show

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## ANOTHER CHAMPIONSHIP

All week we've been reading about the wonderful showing our cross country team made at Columbus—beat every other team there by a margin that was very decisive.

Not only that; "Si" Brantingham, Salem' ace, has made a new state record by covering the two and one-half miles in thirteen minutes and eleven seconds. If you don't think that's going some just take off your shirt and try it.

The trip to the Capitol was made Friday afternoon and evening by automobile. The boys camped in a hotel for the night but before turning in decided to look around the town for awhile.

They visited one of the state buildings where Bill Miller who is small enough to be the team mascot had the privilege of sitting in the Governor's chair. Bill didn't want to leave that place because the seat was so soft and comfortable.

About nine o'clock next morning the race started. There were 152 entries from 28 different high schools.

The runners are on the home stretch.

Somebody, (along the side lines) "I've a five spot here that says that Salem lad will pass the boy leading." Else. "You're on."

Somebody (fifty yards later as "Si" forges ahead like a steam engine just getting hot) "See! What did I tell you?"

Else. "I guess you win" (pulling out a pocket-book and putting it back all but five dollars)

The race has been won and Salem has again proven its superiority in athletics.

The first five Salem runners placed as follows:

Brantingham—First.  
Hortsman—Fourth.  
H. Walker—Fifth  
E. Beck—Fourteenth  
Shasteen—Fifteenth  
Don Miller also came in among the first thirty.

To find the score, each place counts that number of points. For instance first counts one, fourteenth counts fourteen. Therefore the team with the lowest number of points wins. Only the places of the first five members of the team are counted.

Our places totaled only 35 points, this being a lower score than that held by any previous championship team. The two nearest competitors each had 102 points.

## BROKEN DISHES TO BE GIVEN DEC. 17-18

When the Senior class players present Martin Flavin's delightfully wholesome comedy entitled "Broken Dishes" at the Salem High School Auditorium on December 17-18, they will introduce to the people of Salem two of the most lovable characters known to the drama, viz.: Cyrus Bumpsted, played by Dale Wilson, who fairly seems to live his part, and his daughter, Elaine, played by Margaret Steele.

Cyrus is an example of monumental patience and good nature. In the midst of the continual bickerings of his wife, played by Susan Lutsch, and elder daughters, played by Garnet Lodge and Dorothy Haroff, his temper remains unruffled. He is one of those men whose desire for peace and willingness to be good to others has been mistaken for weakness by all, excepting his loving little daughter, Elaine.

For thirty years Mrs Bumpsted has nagged her husband. In and out of season she barks at him—her disappointment that she married a weakling and a failure instead of the grand young man named Chester, played by Victor Orashun. Mrs. Bumpsted has built him up in her mind as a long lost love who left her to become rich. She has tried to make him the hero of her daughters' lives. However, she had not succeeded in doing so with Elaine, who is in love with Bill Clark, as a result of Chester being the hero of Myra, and Mable, they have never found any man to fit their dream and have become old maid school teachers.

He is a fabulous figure in the play. Chester turns out to be all sorts of a scamp who has spent most of his time in jail. When Cyrus tries to conceal the bitter truth from his wife, he rises to the majestic.

Donald Lease plays the part of Bill Clark very well. Bill Clark is a tall, strapping, clean, wholesome looking country boy. His hands and feet are undeniably large and he is not overdeft in handling them, but he is in no sense and by no stretch of imagination a "clumsy yokel."

Henry Reese plays the part of Sam Green splendidly. He is an old friend of Cyrus and the contrast of the weak, hen-pecked husband and the strong minded old bachelor is very marked. He appears very gruff but his bark is worse

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## THE QUAKER

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## THE TASK OF BEING LOYAL

Did you ever stop to think that so many people make such a weighty problem out of just plain Loyalty? Heavens—in this day and age it doesn't pay to make a mountain out of a mole hill. You'll reach the mountain soon enough. At least, Ye Sons and Daughters of the Revolution must think it is the hardest thing on earth to be loyal to one's own Battle-Field. It really isn't hard at all, because Loyalty brings out the finest and truest qualities of an individual. Now, do you understand just why it is so easy to be loyal? I thought so.

The words that were spoken by Bill Smith in Assembly the other day were very true. Where is our Spirit; where is our Loyalty?

It is essential that we show our Loyalty to our school in every way, every day. Basket ball is coming soon. Again, the boys will need our help. Are we going to let Katherine and Paul be humiliated because of our lack of Spirit and Loyalty in cheering in Assembly? I should say not.

And again, here comes the Senior Play, "Broken Dishes". It is bound to be a smashing success. The play will need the help and cooperation of the entire Senior class and also of the underclassmen. The cast alone knows what work it is to prepare a play for presentation. We at least owe the cast and the coach a little assistance.

So, brothers and sisters, lets cause a new sensation, and see what point we'll reach tomorrow. I bet you ten cents to a doughnut that our destination will be the highest step of Loyalty.

—Q—

## ISN'T IT THE TRUTH

Free verse is often quite free from both rhyme and sense.

Blind people smile; people with good eyes do the grumbling.

A porcupine is the only animal that can point in all directions at one time.

A pedestrian today is the survival of the fittest.

It is easier to give good counsel than to follow it.

## Exchange

In Galion, Ohio they held a night school. Many parents attended and it was a great success. Afterwards they held an assembly which was very interesting to all. Souvenirs were given to all the parents by the Girl Reserves. They were pictures of the high school.

"Nothing But The Truth" was presented October 29 at the Hood River High School of Oregon.

—Q—

## CALL OF FALL

Colours flying everywhere—

A dash of blue, a dash of white;  
Our team upon the field,  
An echo of "Fight, team, fight."

A jiggling cheer leader full of pep,  
A running, jumping referee.  
We even pass up the candy kid,  
For it's the game we see.

An anxious crew upon the bench;  
A working crew playing the game.  
Carrying that pigskin every chance  
A touchdown is our aim.

Let's sing the song of Victory;  
Let's cheer that team on, too;  
We know all can't play that game;  
Then the next best thing let's do.

—SANDUSKY FRAM.

—Q—

## UP-TO-DATE RMYMES

Jingle, jingle, little bells,  
How I hate your noisy walls!  
When into class it's time to go,  
You always find me far too slow.

—Q—

Mary had a history book,  
Its pages were unread,  
And everywhere that Mary looked  
Her conscience raised its head.

—Q—

Little Mary has lost some sleep  
And don't know where to find it;  
Leave her alone, the class will go on,  
Leaving Mary behind it.

—CENTRAL OUTLOOK.

—Q—

## ADVICE TO STUDENTS

When from the nearest grocery  
A banana you do steal,  
Throw away this luscious fruit  
And only eat the peel.

Surprise the teacher with your wit,  
You'll get some grade, it's true.  
Just tell why hot dogs do not bark,  
Or pussywillows mew.

When sneaking home at half-past four,  
Be sure you always slam the door;

Fall up the stairs, and knock your shin,  
To let the folks know you're just getting in.

When you find that life's all wrong,  
And everyone's a bore,  
Here's a real sport, smoke a rope,  
Or nail the baby to the floor.

When your chewing gum is chewed and done,  
And you long for another lick,  
Trade it on the installment plan,  
For a bigger and better stick.



What is this I hear? What are all the skepticisms about? Who are all trying to discover? Well, well, I laugh, I am among you and yet you are as unconscious of the fact as some men are that prohibition is in effect. When I think of the three modern and unaccomplishing Sherlock Holmes, Dale Wilson, Dan Weber and Harold Walker, I hold my sides as I rock to and fro with mirth. I might suggest that they use a magnifying glass to go over the panels of the school with the hope of finding some revealing finger prints, or perhaps a few pure (I insist that they be pure) blood hounds be introduced into this mystifying case.

Dear Wizard: —Q—

Here I am a small but willing lad who has tried every conceivable method to make these flitting heart breaking maidens fall into my fond outstretched arms. Ah, I grieve most bitterly when I think of this horrible catastrophe which has so unjustly descended upon my innocent head. They simply won't fall for my homely features, so I am vainly pleading for your good advice. Sadly,

A very, very despondent lad.

P. S. Please rush your advice without delay because I am on the brink of suicide.

My dear Senior: (probably)

You might put out your foot in the corridor with the clinging hope that the victim will be one of the cherished type, but beware, if you use this strategy, that your victim is not one of the stronger sex who will heap additional misery upon an already laden head. However, now since Father Nature has spread his coat of white over this cruel world to form some extremely slippery spots on the pavement, you might stand by and harvest the results. Yes—and don't forget the old song, "When the Banana Peels are Falling. They'll Come Slipping Back to You."

—Q—

Dear Wizard:

Here I am involved in a most disastrous condition. I just can't make myself ask any of the fair sex to share my humble company. What shall I do to stimulate my power of speech in this matter?

Imploringly,

H. ASHEAD.

My dear Howard:

You might take a private or special course in Public Speaking, but even at that I am rather skeptical as to whether this can help you in this matter. You might, however, listen to Joe Hertz, his technique is simply divine.

Dear Wizard:

You asked me, in the previous issue, the reason I usually draw girls; also if it is my natural ability, or my interest in the fair sex. To tell the truth it is neither.

I find that girls like to be flattered by drawings, therefore, I use them because I think they are the best subjects. In my estimation girls are more interested in fashion than in anything else.

Could you advise me as to what I should draw most? I would like to know just what Salem High wants.

Yours for the asking,

JOHN "PACKY" REEVES.

Dear John:

Are you certain that you mean the first paragraph of your letter? Better consider again, before you break the many hearts of the charming feminine companions who were lucky enough to be your company in previous days and who may be in the future.

I don't think that I need advise you as to what you should draw because I think that your work has been excellent. Only don't let this make you lax in your efforts. I wish to thank you for the wonderful picture you drew for me, that is the one you will always see heading this column.

Now "Packy," again I beg that you change your pessimistic views of the opposite sex to more enlightened ones, and perhaps in the end you will have their minds turned from fashion to something else.

Obligingly yours,  
THE WIZARD.

Dear Schoolmates:

Here is the greatest color scheme of the year. Don't you think that red and light red are powerfully blinding. Whether you believe it or not it is a fact never the less. "Red" Dan is known by every one for her fiery beacon which is supposed to keep the young sailors on the sea of infatuation off the dangerous reef of entanglements. But now it has dimmed itself just enough to catch an unaware victim who should have been able to guide himself safely through my sea because of his similar virtues. This person who is none other than "Red" Mullins is the happy shipwreck. Better hold him fast, "Red", or one of the rescuing ships that float so lightly through our corridors may come to his rescue.

Hopefully,

THE WIZARD.

P. S. This is entirely confidential, so please do not breathe a word, to any one.

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**SALEM AND ALLIANCE  
BATTLE TO SCORELESS  
TIE IN TURKEY DAY TILT**

Mr. Weather was supreme last Thursday at Mt. Union field sending the weather down to zero. The teams were fighting their annual Thanksgiving day game and also for the championship of the Big Ten.

Good football was impossible and the attendance was held down to 3500 because of the weather.

Three opportunities to score were used up because of fumbling and Alliance was held twice when close to our goal line. Passes were tried by both teams although neither gained very much and Alliance gained only a few yards by her forward passes.

Ed Beck failed to get away as usual and Bill Windland, Alliance star did not shine as much as he usually does.

The breaks were evenly divided although Alliance received hers at more opportune times than Salem did. Alliance made eight first downs to Salem's three. Alliance made most of hers on forward passes.

Alliance received to start the play and on the first play tried a double pass that went over the goal line. The second pass was illegal so did not count.

Mike Corso recovered a fumble and the only outstanding thing that happened was a 20 yard run of Ed Beck's. Both teams punted a great deal, playing for the breaks.

A punt of Beck's rolled to the 3 yard line but Alliance was able to get rid of it. Each team fumbled twice before the half ended and Bill Smith ran a punt back 29 yards for the only large gain of the game.

Alliance kicked off and recovered when Keyes fumbled. End runs took the ball down to the 8 yard line where Salem held for downs. Alliance tried many plays with the ends coming around, taking the ball from center. Some of these were quite successful. On a bad punt Salem got the ball in mid-field. Beck punted and Gainor punted back but we gained 20 yds. on the exchange to take the ball on Alliance's 30. After another exchange, Bill Smith tried a place kick. The wind was across the field and took it wide. Alliance took the ball on her twenty and punted out. Beck fumbled 15 yards behind the line and Alliance recovered on their own 35. With two minutes of the game remaining, Alliance completed two out of three passes to bring their down to the three yard line. Alliance held here and there bringing to a close the only scoring threat of the game.

This is the last football game for Salem High for A. Corco, M. Corco, Hackett, Weigand, Sartick, and Bill Smith.

**Summary**

Sidinger ..... L.E. .... Gainor  
M. Corso ..... L.T. .... Henley  
Hackett ..... L.G. .... Furculow  
Sartick ..... C. .... N. Peters

Weigand ..... R.G. .... R. Peters  
A. Corso ..... R.T. .... Pugh  
Keyes ..... R.E. .... Maxwell  
Smith ..... Q. .... Quick  
Beck ..... L.H. .... Trott  
Carpenter ..... R.H. .... Abaffy  
French ..... F. .... Windland

Referee—Jacobs (Akron).  
Umpire—Williams (Girard).  
Head Linesman—Ellis (Youngstown).

Time of periods—10 and 12 minutes.

**Statistics**

First downs:  
Salem, 3, Alliance 9.  
Forward passes:  
Alliance completed five out of 17 attempted.

Salem completed none out of eight.

Alliance gained 63 yards.

Penalties:  
Salem 40 yds; Alliance 20 yds.

Punts:  
Beck kicked eight times average 36 yds. One blocked.

Alliance kicked eleven times average 28 yds., two blocked.

Salem High record for 1930 grid year:

Salem	Opponents
9	26—Canton McKinley.
12	0—Akron West.
95	0—Leetonia.
27	6—Warren.
40	0—New Philadelphia.
14	6—Youngstown East.
13	7—Wellsville.
6	6—Youngstown South.
26	0—Sebring.
45	0—Lisbon.
0	0—Alliance.

**IMAGINE IF YOU CAN**

Barbara Benzinger as a flapper.  
Connie Tice keeping house.  
Ruth Jones in an evening gown.  
Augie Corso talking "Baby Talk."  
Betty Coles without her temper.  
Charles Snyder in a hurry.  
Hank Eddy when he grows up.  
Elwood Hammell in long pants.  
Don Lease, short.  
Paul Snyder with black hair.  
Howard without Treva.  
Salem High without "The Quaker."  
Tom Snyder serious.  
Freshmen not green.  
Kathryn Cessna with her hair up.  
The football team without the Corso family.  
Ralph Everstine quiet.  
Mary Edith Gilson as a "tomboy."  
Florence Jones noisy.  
Heloise Shelton twenty years from now.  
Susie Lutsch short.  
Ray Ritchie sensible.  
The teacher's opinion of yourself.  
"Willie" Smith walking over three blocks.  
Why everyone wants Senior pictures. Someone must have mice in his cellar.  
Harold Hackett dressed for a "kid's party."  
Leila Beck knowing her Salesmanship.  
Shorty Umstead reciting in History IV.

Them: Are you ticklish?  
Abie: No, I'm German.

**Some Poetry**

I have loved these things:  
A woodland drenched in moonlight,  
wet with dew,  
The rippling of a pond, the bubbling  
of a brook;  
The housetops seen from a sky-  
scraper,  
Small and insignificant beside this  
greater work of man;  
A small child, with faltering steps,  
Running anxiously, to meet a loved  
one.  
A quiet corner, unnoticed in its  
silence.

—HELOISE SHELTON.

I wonder what Fate has in store for  
me,  
Shall my life be one of sad displeas-  
ure?

What price will cruel Fate demand  
as my fee?

I wonder just what will be my meas-  
ure,

Shall my heart always be full of  
sorrow?

Shall Woe continually hide with me?  
Joy and Happiness can I never bor-  
row?

In my heart shall green eyed Jeal-  
ousy see?

Shall every new day be a rainy mor-  
row,

So as to add to my intense sorrow?  
These questions I ask and what is  
the reply?

I'm afraid the answers are based on  
a lie,

Only Time alone, will reveal my  
fate,

So I shall be merry while I wait.

—REBA GABLER.

As Armistice Day rolls round again  
And the shrill whistles and the  
church bells knell,

Attest the fact that peace indeed  
does reign

And solemn ministers their art em-  
ploy

To make martyrs of those who the  
price did pay,

Once more must I say as another  
has said:

There's work to be done to prevent  
this war of ours

From passing into popular mytho-  
logy as a holy crusade.

—DANIEL WEBER.

—Q—

**SAIL ON**

The sun was falling quickly in the  
west;

A vessel was sailing at its best.  
The clouds were hanging over head;  
A sign that sailors always dread.

2

"Ah, turn back," an old sailor cried,  
"This storm we have no hope to ride.  
In all my life I have not seen  
Such signs so dreadful and serene."

3.

The captain was a sailor old  
On all the seas was there none more  
bold.

"Sail on with judgment we'll abide;  
abide;

We'll turn back only on the other

side."  
4.  
The storm came quickly with dan-  
gerous threat;  
The wind blew as if the sail to rend  
The hull did only squeak and squirm  
As if it were a dying worm.

5.  
From the captain's deck unheard or-  
ders came,  
But they all seem to have proved in  
vain,  
For many long years have come and  
gone.

And weird winds mock, "Sail on,  
sail on."

—VICTOR ORASHAN.

There was once a young fellow  
named Ned

Who was never quite right in his  
head

He went far out West  
To look for bird's nests

And is buried now, quite full of  
lead!

—EIWOOD HAMMEL

There was an old maiden named  
Carrie,

She often decided to marry;  
In spite of her tears

She spends all her years  
Alone with her cats and canary.

— WESLEY DAVIDSON

There was an old man from Rye  
Who stood looking up at the sky.

I said, "Lose something,  
Pap?"

He said, "Why no, you big  
sap.

I'm just watching the angels flit  
by."

—RICHARD WHITE

There was a young boy named  
Vance

Whose only delight was to dance  
He danced all night long

Til the clock soon did gong  
And brought him out of his trance

—DOROTHY HARROFF

There was a young girl named Ella,  
She thought she'd go after a fellow.

She said "I'll get a rick  
I'll get out of the ditch."

But she came back dressed like  
Cinderella.

—Q—

There was a young man from  
Ghent,

For fighting he thought he was  
sent.

He thought he could fight  
Any man in his sight

But now he's considerably bent.

—LOUISE CALKINS

Frances: What is the most inter-  
esting chapter in Ivanhoe to you?

Catherine: The sixth.

Frances: Why?

Catherine: Because it's the only  
one I've read.

—Q—

Teacher: Jimmie, what language  
is spoken in Algeria?

Jimmie: Algebra, Ma'am.

## SALEM SONG SHOP

You're Driving Me Crazy—Dancing Fools' Jazz Band.

Who's Calling You Sweetheart, Tonight—Mary Koenreich.

The Man I Love—J. French.

The Chant of the Jungle—The Bands Theme Song

My Love For You—When They Know Their Stuff.

My Ball and Chain—Edward tearing toward Kresge's.

Easy as A B C—Algebra II—Oh yeah.

I've Just Made a Habit of You—One Will Always Stand Out.

Bye Bye Blues—After the Business Depression Is Over.

Be My Baby—Catherine Cessna.

Sleepy Time Gal—Jean Harwood.

I Miss a Little Miss—Hilda Stahl.

I O U—Association Dues—be gory.

The Little Things of Life—Elwood Hamme land Raymond Coburn.

Hello, Baby, How Do You Do—Chick Snyder greeting the Freshman Supply of Girls.

Three Little Words—Me Old Pal.

We'd Make a Peach of a Pair—Yarwood and Harwood

I'm Tickled Pink With My Blue-eyed Baby—Mr. Jones.

I'm Only Human After All—Buttercup Ballantine

My Baby Just Cares For—????? Jack Carpenter.

Sing Something Simple—Henry Reese.

Baby's Birthday Party Day—What the Senior Party almost turned out to be.

I'm the Words and You're the Melody—Mr. Brantingham and the Band.

Sweet Jenny Lee—Dorothy Whitcomb.

O, Mister Have You Seen Marcela's Sister—Fellows, give yourself a treat.

Have a Little Faith in Me—Purn's dashing Sport Job.

Body and Soul—We Slave at S. H. S. for Nine Months.

Ten Cents a Dance—Five Cents a Pencil (Hurts)

But Don't Tell Him What's Happened to Me—Jack Ballantine coming out of a hefty operation. Ha, Ha, we fooled you.

What Good Am I Without You—Johnnie and Ed.

Something to Remember You By—Just an old sweat sock from Salem High.

I've Got Rhythm—Dan Holloway.

You're Only Passing Time With Me—Four years in any High school.

When the Summer Is Gone—Winter will be here—Clever?

My Future Just Passed—A. V. Henning, Prof.

There's a Song in My Heart For You—Chester Brantingham.

To Whom It May Concern—We had a rip-snorting football team, alright, alright.

Every Love Affair, Needs a Lovin' Pair—A. Corso.

## WHO'S WHO

Henry Reese

"I think Salem High is one of the best high schools in the state. Whatever they are asked to do, the students back it with all they are worth." This is the comment of Henry Reese, thrice president of the class of '31. "Especially," he says, "is this the case with the class of '31. The spirit with which they have undertaken things, and carried them out has made it much easier for me as president. I have enjoyed it and still am enjoying the work."

As president of the Salem High Association he remarks as follows: "Any plan of association is good, but our new money saving plan is exceptionally so, being a decided improvement over our old plan."

Henry was recently declared their first choice as commencement speaker by the senior class. He also is prominent on the football team having seen action both as quarterback and as fullback.

Although Henry has not very definitely decided just what he intends to do when his high school days are mere memories, he thinks that he will go to college and take up law.

Henry says that he has no true hobby. There is one thing, however, he likes to do above all others—that is, fish. Perhaps some day we may hear one of his fish stories. He refuses to comment on miniature golf.

Surveying the enviable high school records of the president of the class of '31, the Association President, commencement speaker, football player, and fisherman, we are inclined to prophesy that as he is a leader among his fellow students, so also will he be among his fellowmen. Our best wishes are with you, Henry!

## SOCIETY

Alroy Bloomberg spent Thanksgiving and the week-end in Cleveland. He attended the Case-Reserve game.

Dorothy Astry spent Thanksgiving and the week-end in Canton.

Albert Allan spent Thanksgiving and the week-end in Youngstown. He acted at the Play House in "The Drunkard".

Harold Bush spent Thanksgiving and the week-end in Minerva.

Dorothy Astry and Dorothy Benzinger spent November 22 in Cleveland.

John Schuster spent November 27 to the 30th in New Middleton, O.

Miss McCready spent November 27 to the 30th in Alliance and Pittsburgh.

Helen Horning spent Thanksgiving in New Baltimore, O., and the week-end in Alliance.

Ruth Arthur spent the week-end of November 29, in Beaver Falls.

Claris Bailey spent the week-end of November 22, in Sharon, Pa.

Bernice Hilditch spent Thanksgiving and the week-end on Nevin Island.

Mr. Williams spent the week-end of November 29, in Mount Victory, Ohio.

Miss Lanpher spent Thanksgiving and the week-end in Leetonia at her home.

Vera Gilson spent Sunday, Nov. 23 in Youngstown.

Barbara and Dorothy Benzinger spent the Thanksgiving vacation

visiting in Cleveland.

La Verda Capel visited in Canton, the week end of Nov. 22.

Miss Shoop spent Thanksgiving at her home in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Brautigam spent the Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Sidney, Ohio.

Miss Horwell visited in East Liverpool over the Thanksgiving vacation.

## JUNIOR PARTY

Continued from page 1  
its appreciation for the work of the faculty and committees is to attend and participate in the fun. Don't miss the party. It is going to be a wow!!

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## Alumni

The entire student body wishes to extend their sincere sympathy to Florence Binsley, whose mother died very recently.

Many students from Western Reserve university, Cleveland were home for Thanksgiving; among them were: Virginia McKee, Virginia Callahan, Anna Van Blaricom, Eleanor Stratton, Marion Cope, Dick Harwood, Gus Tolerton, and Chester Kridler. They all came home on the same train making business for the good old Pennsylvania.

Benson Miller and Robert Van Blaricom were home for the holidays, coming all the way from Ohio State.

### SCHOOL GOSSIP

It really must be convenient that Willie, the Smith lives so near to a gas station, due to the fact that he wastes no time to get the tank filled, and just burns up the road tearing down to Lisbon.

According to Jess Pugh, the only thing a public speaker needs is a public; but we must contradict this statement due to the exhibition on the stage Wednesday before Thanksgiving in saying that all football players need is a speech, because they certainly had a public. But still one can't excel in everything. I was wondering why Lorin wore his bear-skin ensemble. It wasn't really as bad as all that.

They tell me that Mudgie Bell is carrying four languages; well she certainly seems to be nuts about French. We must look into this—Eh, what?

We are curious to know what a certain Ford touring car (Model 1902) was doing at the Country Club after the Senior hop. My gracious, these out of town boys.

There certainly seems to be an epidemic of appendicitis operations among the Juniors. It certainly is tough, but we must hurry back to school for the Association shin-dig and the Junior free-for-all.

I just imagine that there was a gay bit of unbreaking training coming home on the bus, Thanksgiving. It must be a wonderful feeling of self-satisfaction to have held off so long. How about it, boys?

Every night after school about 4 o'clock, we see Don Lease coming back down East Third street again. Where in the world could he have been???

How on earth do these Buick sedans get smashed up so easily especially when half the football team is along?

Ed will probably be taking an interest in basket ball now. Well, so has Business College; but our

Walter Deming came home from Cornell U., Ithaca N. Y.

Daniel Willaman, student at Ohio State, was home for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Martha Krauss, student at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh spent her vacation with her parents.

Joseph Paul Bodo of the class of '23 recently married Esther Anna Hammell of Pittsburgh, where Mr. Bodo is employed by the F. W. Woolworth Co. and also attends the University of Pittsburgh.

We heard that James Pidgeon, student at Choate prep school, Wallingford, Conn., spent the Thanksgiving week-end in New York City.

Red-Head doesn't seem to be so interested. Mercy—what can this mean?

## WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU

We're loyal to you, Salem High  
We're "Red and Black", Salem High  
We'll back you to stand  
Gainst the best in the land  
For we know you will win Salem High  
So smash that blockade, Salem High  
Go crashing ahead, Salem High  
Our team is our fame protector  
On! boys for we expect a victory  
from you, Salem High.

We're loyal to you, Salem High  
To the "Red and Black," Salem High  
With your banners in hand  
And a right royal band  
From all parts of the land Salem High  
Tho' restless we roam, Salem High  
Your halls are home, Salem High  
Our arms are outstretched to greet us  
Shouting, your students meet us  
Welcome to old Salem High.

—GARNETT LODGE.

### "BROKEN DISHES"

Continued from page 1  
than his bite.

Rev. Dr. Stump, played excellently by Donald Miller, is a tall, lank, birdlike-looking man with a rumbling voice and the disposition to beam. He is very near-sighted and as deaf as a post.

Detective Quinn, played by George Ballantine, is as big as a giant. His face is round like a moon and red with cold. He is short of breath and wheezy as to voice, which has a hint of a brogue.

He who cannot laugh at this play had better see his physician. It is a heart-warming comedy in which laughter and pathos follow in rapid succession.

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## 'NOTHER STORY

### OTHERWISE

Yes, those were great days," mused President Lindbergh, as he sat on the south porch of the White House, and gazed at the clear sky with its numerous airplanes floating silently about like butterflies. He was much older than we know him now, and the airplanes differed so radically from ours today that I shall not attempt to describe them. You see this was the spring of 1961, and great changes had taken place in both parts of "We"—the man and the plane.

"What days?" innocently inquired his grandson, who also had been watching the aerial traffic, which was heavier than usual that morning.

"Oh, when I was young," returned the President, in that wistful tone characteristic of old folks when they think of their youth. "I was just recalling a little experience I had some thirty years ago or more. It happened 'way back in the spring of 1929 about this time of year, I guess. Maybe you'd like to hear it?"

"Sure, gran'pa," urged the youngster. "I'd like to hear stories about when you were young, all the time".

"To be sure," pursued the President. "Well, 'way back in the spring of '29, I was still courting your grandma. We hadn't been married yet and she was living down in Mexico City where her father was an ambassador. I flew down there pretty often and for the most part had little trouble with my plane. But there was once when I must admit I thought myself a "goner", and I guess 'most everyone else thought so too.

"I had left Mexico City in the morning and was steering for Brownsville, Texas. That spring the rebels and the government were staging the annual revolution, and my course led me over the war section —"

"Rebels?" interposed the boy. "What sort of a thing is a rebel?"

"A rebel? Oh, that's just a person who doesn't like the government, so he and another rebel get together and start a war with the government. Then along comes the federal army, and rebels are heard of no more, until a couple more start the federal steam roller in their direction again. The government must have them all killed or tamed down now, though, for there hasn't been a revolution in Mexico for twenty years.

"Well, anyway, the government and the rebels were staging their annual campaigns and I was bound for Brownsville. In those days airplanes weren't nearly as trustworthy as they are now, but I felt secure, as I had always kept mine in the best of condition. I had covered perhaps half of my journey safely

and calculated that I should soon enter the war zone. My motor was working perfectly so that I felt no particular apprehension until it suddenly began to miss. It rapidly became worse until after a few seconds my motor stopped completely. I had no place to land, for all I could see was forest. I had plenty of altitude, so I went over into a steep dive and started my engine again.

"It worked so badly that most of the time I just skimmed the treetops by inches. I knew I would eventually have to come down and when I saw a small clearing ahead I congratulated myself as just plain lucky. I landed and after a short inspection found my gas line clogged with dirt. The difficulty was soon remedied, and my outlook was becoming rosier when a band of rebel cavalry burst out of the woods and overwhelmed me in an instant. When they found no arms about me they were distinctly suspicious and conversed heatedly in low tones. Finally the leader ordered me in gruff, broken English to "come along," and I chose but to comply.

"After a short walk through the forest we came to the rebel headquarters, where there was some more argument. I learned afterwards that their camp had been in the clearing previously, until they had been driven out by federal aviators. Finally they informed me that I was a spy in the pay of the federal government. Of course I was no spy, but then that knowledge did me no good when I couldn't make them believe it. No sir, they were sure I was a spy, and they were just as determined that I should go where all the good spies go when they get caught. Then ensued an argument as to who should have first shot at me.

"The situation, I must confess, did look a bit desperate. I had done them no harm. But I was a traitor and a spy, they said. So far, nothing had been said of my name. In the commotion I had almost forgotten it myself. As a last resort I drew myself up haughtily, and said in an impressive manner, "I am Lindbergh!"

"The effect was magic. Immediately the wrangling ceased, and every soldier stared blankly at me. From the rear an officer, who had just arrived, came forward. Closer he came and halted at ten paces from me. Slowly a smile of recognition passed over his countenance. It was General Escobar, commander-in-chief of the rebel army. I had met him in Mexico City. From every side came the sudden shout, "Hail Lindbergh! Vive Lindbergh!" After that it was different. They treated me like a prince, but you may be sure I gave thanks to God. It might have happened otherwise—you know what I mean."

—Q—

Music teacher: Thomas, isn't your voice a little squeaky today?

Mervin: I've got a cold ma'am. Maybe I'm only hitting on one ton-sil.

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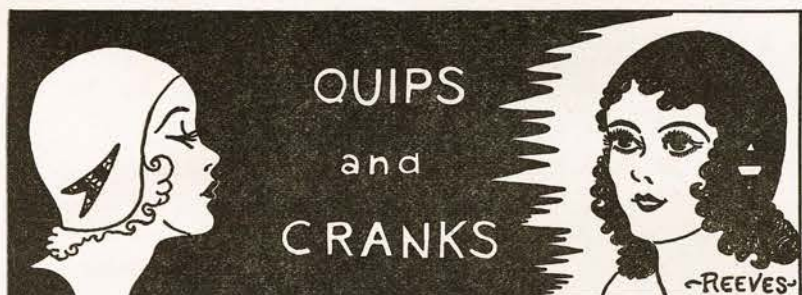
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QUIPS  
and  
CRANKS

G. Ballantine—Dad, I have found a pocket knife.

Father—Don't you know to whom it belongs?

G. Ballantine—Yes, but he didn't notice anything.

—Q—  
Those girls look exactly alike. Are they twins?

No, they merely went to the same plastic surgeon.

—Q—  
Office Boy—I'd like the afternoon off, sir, my grandmother—

Employer—I know—she died.

Office Boy—No, sir; she wants to take me to the baseball game.

—Q—  
Gentleman passenger in crowded street car—Take my seat madam.

Lady (having stood up for over a mile)—Thanks! I get off at the next stop too.

Maid—Are you going out in the car on Sunday, ma'am?

Mistress—No.

Maid—Then, I'd like to ask for the loan of it; mine's being repaired.

—Q—  
Science is the continuous discovery of its own mistakes.

—Q—  
A Bostonian visiting in Providence heard a buzz and said to his host—Ah! a Roger Williams mosquito!

Why Roger Williams?  
Banished from Massachusetts.

—Q—  
A Dutchman claims to have seen his son in America by means of television. Hans across the sea!

—Q—  
Customer—You say this automobile has a new device that prevents skidding?

Salesman—Yes, the minute the car begins to slide, the wheels come off.

—Q—  
Student (leaving high school)—Goodbye, sir, I am indebted to you for all I know.

Teacher—Don't mention such a trifle.

—Q—  
Doctor—I'll examine you for \$15.

Patient—All right, Doc. And if you find it, we'll go 50-50.

—Q—  
Well, Dorothy, I see your sister, Barbara has a bandaged hand. Has she had an accident?

Yes, reckless driving.

Ah, a motor car, I presume.

Oh, no,—a nail.

—Q—  
Sue—say, did the English shoot Joan of Arc?

Marge—Naw! Burned at the stake.

She—Well, I thought so too, but it says here she was canonized.

—Q—  
Mother—How much was your orange, Jean?

Jean H.—I don't know, mother. The shopman wasn't there.

JOKES

The best joke of the season is on Miss Lanpher. She was shopping with Miss Ritt in the back of a department store, and when she reached the front of the store on her way out, she proceeded to hand to Miss Ritt what she thought to be a forgotten purse. Much to her chagrin, Miss Lanpher learned that the purse did not belong to Miss Ritt, but to a strange lady. Miss Lanpher hastened to the back of the store to return said property, only to find the infuriated owner coming to meet her.

—Q—  
A modern efficiency expert died and was being conveyed to the grave. Six of his fellow employees were acting as pallbearers. As their slow march neared the tomb, the lid of the casket was suddenly raised. The late efficiency expert sat up, his gaze resting critically upon the six pallbearers. "There are too many of you on this job," he said. "If you didn't put a wheel under this casket you could count out the services of five men and do the work in half the time."

—Q—  
"What a darling car! And how do you get in it?"  
"Oh, but you don't. You put it on!"

—Q—  
B. J. Cope (in stalled automobile). "Oh, sir, would you do me a favor?"

Trombone player (D. Holloway). "Sure, miss, what is it?"

B. J. Cope: "Won't you just blow up my tire while you have your pump out?"

—Q—  
Bill: I dropped my watch in the river and it's been running ever since.

Charlie: What, the same watch?  
Bill: No, the river.

—Q—  
Said Ike to Mike: "Lend me ten ten dollars and give me five dollars of it now, then I will owe you five dollars and you will owe me five dollars and we will call it square."

—Q—  
Two faces were close together, the man's grim, tense; the other face was small and white, with two slender hands pressed tightly against it. It was those frail hands that riveted the man's horrified gaze.

"Terrible!" he said, still staring. And in his voice was hopeless, stark tragedy, for the other face was the face of his watch and these little hands told him that he had missed the last train.

—Q—  
Teacher: I have only a moment to spare.

Scholar: Good, tell me all you know.

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## Junior Column

### JUNIOR COLUMN

It may be a co-incidence, or it may have been meant to happen, but regardless of the cause, we have had three of our class in the hospital—all suffering from appendicitis operations.

We certainly have some fast steppers in our class. A few weeks ago at Columbus Harold Horstman, Irwin Beck, and Bruce Shasteen assisted Wilfred Brantingham and Harold Walker, both Seniors to win the cross country meet. Harold received a gold team medal and an individual bronze medal. Irwin and Bruce received two gold team medals. The Junior class wishes you luck, boys.

Mary Campbell, Jack Ballantine and Virginia Grama have successfully made the debate team. We are looking forward to four good debates this year.

### SOPHOMORE COLUMN

Each of the students of the sophomore class has the slogan of the well-known "Veni, vidi, vici,"—I came, I saw, and it seems that each one intends to conquer.

The president of the sophomore class and another prominent lad made the first team on the football squad this year. This is introducing, although an introduction is not necessary, Gordon Keyes and Purn Sidinger.

It pleases us to know that out of our well appreciated band eleven of those members are sophomores. They are: Bill Holloway (the Sophomore's Rudy Valle), Rachael Cope (the girl with the golden voice), Duane Dilworth, Keith Harris, Doris King, Margaret McGrail, Dale Leipper, Clarence Hartsough (the lost chord), Claire King, Marion McArtor, and Bruce Arnold.

Albert Hanna has quite a dark story to tell of his freshman year in this high school, Ask him about it.

Violo Bodo is a new member of the debate team, Lewis Brisken having been on since a freshman. Violo being like most girls is quite a talker.

Did you know that it is quite the thing to have your name appear in this column, that two of the four Corso brothers in high school are in our class, and that Rachael Cope makes up school songs?

Any news for this column will be appreciated.

### WE WONDER

Why the boys always go on the left side of the gym?

Why Don Lease is always around 208?

When the 206 board will be without names?

What girls would do without powder?

If all Seniors are dignified?

If George Ballantine will make a good detective?

How the Freshmen will enjoy their first party?

Why Salem couldn't have a modern High school?

How "Red" Ballantine and Homer Silvers feel?

If the new people like Salem High? Where Ed Beck got the basketball?

Why all the girls are letting their hair grow?

How Mary Ruth Allen would look with her hair cut?

Why they call Dan Holloway, "Savage"?

Why John Balta is so quiet?

How come all Freshmen are green? How many rabbits Coach Lewis shot?

When Ray, Kuhlen is going to wreck his Ford?

Why Karl Kuhlen never recites in Latin class?

Why Mary Koenreich is so "boy carzy"?

Why Bob Rhodes is always writing spelling?

Who wrote this column?

## CLUB NEWS

### LOS CASTELLANUS CLUB NEWS

After the business meeting of the Spanish Club, initiation of the new members was held in the auditorium. The initiates entertained the old members with some good anecdotes and readings. Those taken into the club are: Paul Snyder, Catherine Blythe, Dan Balan, Marjorie Bell, Lucille Dickinson, Lena Nono, Vesta Mohr, Mary McLaughlin, Thelma Cooper, Katherine Knepper, John Doyle, Viola Lautzenhizer, Fred Minamy, Bill Bowling, Dorothy Blackburn, and Reba Gabler.

Many of the clubs have had their pictures taken this last few weeks.

The Commerce Club held an election of members. The results were, president, Jack Carpenter; vice-president, Gordon Scullion, and secretary-treasurer, Freda Rich. They had an initiation party at the High School Tuesday night.

### THE WIZARD

(Continued from Page 2)

Here are a few questions that have been puzzling me. Perhaps you can help me out. Why does Paul Hoffman make a weekly pilgrimage to Lisbon? Why does Margaret Nagy wear a 1929 class ring? And why did Jean Hawkins and Dorothy Arthur always stand in the north corner or the east bleacher during most of the football games?

I have received quite a number of letters requesting help or advice other than the ones here, but the rest of you should not be so bashful; send in anything you wish to ask and I shall attempt to answer.

Watchfully yours,  
THE WIZARD.

WHO IS THE WIZARD?????

"Were you very ill with the flu, Rastus?"

"Ill, man, Ah was so sick dat every night I looked through the casualty list fo' mah name."

## A Few Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

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