

MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

# The Quaker

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR

VOL. XI NO. 6

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER, 19, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS

## CLASSIC PLAY COMING JAN. 8



Floyd Bralliar

### Naturalist on Assembly Program

More entertainment! One of the country's most eminent naturalists and authors is coming here to give us another assembly program, January 18.

And what he doesn't know about birds and insects isn't much. When you stop to think, there are over 500,000 kinds of insects. And birds—we could find nearly 50 species right around here every day if we only knew how to look for them. A man who studies families like these is bound to be interesting. He has been called another John Burroughs because of his knowledge and his ability to transmit it into a story.

Mr. Bralliar's story is found in "Who's Who in America." If you ever get your name in that book you can turn around and give yourself a great big slap on the back.

For many years he was a school teacher. As a college professor he taught agriculture and the related sciences. He has written several books of note and is working on another now. Mr. Bralliar's work in Madison, Tennessee, keeps him busy most of the time. In this state he has been actively engaged in every agricultural movement since 1907.

Any school fortunate enough to secure Professor Bralliar's services is sure to find his lecture very fascinating.

—Q—  
Old Folks (1890): What's the younger generation coming to?????

Old Folks (1930): What's the younger generation coming to?????

## GREETINGS !

Now that our school days for the year 1930 have come to an end we all are looking forward to our Christmas vacation and to those joys that are in store for us in the coming year. The Quaker staff of Salem High School extends its heartiest wishes to the students and the faculty of our school for a very merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. The staff sincerely hopes that everyone will receive what he desires from Old St. Nick and will thorough-

ly enjoy his gifts.

While everyone is resting during vacation, they also might be making resolutions for the betterment of our school which will be carried out on their return. In conclusion, the staff wishes to express this sentiment, "May you all live double your share of three-score and ten years, and may we be able to publish your future activities in some future issue of 'The Quaker!'"

### ASSOCIATION PARTY A SUCCESS

The first Association party of the year was held Friday, December 5, in the high school gymnasium. The gymnasium and orchestra pit were very beautifully decorated in pastel shades. Over five-hundred students of the high school, faculty, and students of the Junior High who belong to the Association, attended.

At 7:30 a brief program was presented. Mr. Arnold Lutes sang two solos; he was accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Berry. Next a one-act play was given by Junior members of the Salem Masquerade Club. The play was entitled "Good Advice," and was directed by Garnett Lodge. The cast included Louise Grove, Mary Burke, Selma Liebschner, Lorin Battin, John Paul Olloman, and Kathryn Knepper. It was introduced by Dorothy Harroff.

Immediately following this the dancing started, Bartholemew's orchestra furnishing the music for the occasion.

In the intermission two men from Youngstown entertained with a string duet. Refreshments were served by the "eats" committee.

This party was indeed a great success, and everyone enjoyed himself immensely.

### NEVER KILL A RAT! !

Mr. Henning claims to have shot a rat instead of a rabbit while hunting, and the rat was traveling sixty miles per hour. Mr. Henning must be given the credit of course, for if you don't think it's hard to do, just try it yourself some time.

### JUNIOR HIGH PUBLISHES PAPER

We think it is a very good idea for the Junior High to put out a paper of their own and we wish to commend them on their splendid talent and originality shown in their first issue.

In publishing this paper the students are gaining experience which they will be able to use in editing our paper. They get a chance to show their responsibility, to express their originality, and to gain a sense of cooperation. Also a school paper creates a common interest which is necessary for any successful school.

We want to thank the Junior High School for the news that they have given us. We shall miss it very much indeed. However, we know that their talent is being used elsewhere for a good cause and that we will benefit by their experience when they become a part of the High School.

### SENIORS BUSY

Just about the time this important issue of the Quaker goes to the press and everyone is thinking and planning how he will spend his two weeks of vacation, the members of the Senior class seem to be the busiest. They are selling and reserving tickets for their class play. The stage committee is putting some of the finishing touches on the stage for the best appearance of everything, and the cast is constantly at work learning the last few lines so as to be assured that the play will be a success.

—Q—  
What did she pay for her leopard skin coat?  
Spot cash.

### "MACBETH" AND "JULIUS CAESAR" TO BE PRESENTED

Thursday, January 8, the Shakespeare Players under the direction of James Hendrickson, will present two of William Shakespeare's most famous plays at the High School auditorium. The casts include some of the best professional actors of the day, such as Claire Bruce, Stanley Cobby, Robert Greene, John C. Hickey and James Hendrickson.

The players are being brought here for the benefit of the sophomore and junior English students and for others interested in literature. A great many parents and citizens of Salem and nearby towns are expected to attend the plays.

The plays are not being given to make money. However, the balance after expenses are paid, will go to the Association and will be divided among the various organizations, the band receiving a double portion.

"Julius Caesar" will be presented at the matinee performance at 2:00 p. m. The tickets will be 25c for students and 50c for adults. "Macbeth" will be put on at 8:00 p. m. Tickets for the evening show will be 35c for students and 50c for adults. Student combination tickets for both shows may be obtained for 50c, thereby saving 10c. The first four rows in the auditorium will be reserved and will cost 75c.

Here is certainly an opportunity for all who are interested in classical literature and drama to see two good plays, right at home and at the lowest possible cost. The ability of the actors and the success with which they present their plays are shown in these remarks:

"Youngstown audiences may have seen more elaborate stage settings, but it is doubtful that they have seen more forceful acting." — Youngstown Vindicator.

"The company which played here in our University Theater was made up of intelligent and competent actors. I feel that an educational institution is fortunate in being able to present such a performance to its students." — Prof. G. T. Weaver, University of Wisconsin.

"I have seen, I suppose, fifty performances of the various Shakespearean plays, and I have no hesitancy in saying that this was one of the finest I have ever seen." — Prof. Sam L. Greenwood, Baldwin-Wallace.

Don't forget the date, folks, January 8, 1931.



## THE QUAKER

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## Is There A Santa Claus?

(The following editorial, originally printed in the New York Sun, September 21, 1897, was written by Francis P. Church, associate editor of that newspaper. It has become a classic of Christmas sentiment and has probably been reprinted more than any other newspaper article. We are glad to include it in this Christmas issue of the Quaker.)

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in The Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We shall have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on

Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

—Q—

## BUY NOW

Millions of haggard, starving men, ill-clad and freezing to death, waiting in line for many hours for a piece of bread and a little warm soup! Millions of small children huddled together in the corners of bare rooms, freezing and starving. These are the deplorable conditions of a fearful business depression. In fortunate contrast, many more millions constantly employed, enjoying the luxuries of life, yet hoarding their money lest they too be gripped by the fearful business depression. Are you and your parents fortunate enough to be of this latter class? If so, buy! BUY NOW! What do you need? What will you need? Buy these things now! Help remove the retailer's stock. He will place another order with the manufacturer. The manufacturer will call back his men. The bread lines will grow shorter! Starving children will be fed and clothed! By a super-human effort the now almost motionless wheels of industry will be made to move.

Join! Join the Red Cross, but be not satisfied with that. Join the small army of buyers—get your neighbor to join—and form a mighty host which will command the wheels of industry to move and stand by to help them gain their accustomed momentum.

In this great land of Liberty, millions of men, wanting work, yes, even praying for it, are dependent on charity. Perhaps we should be glad that they have even Charity on which to depend. But how much better, how much more American it would have been to have used the vast sums which the Americans so generously and so heroically contributed to Charity, to set the wheels of industry in motion, which condition would not need charity, than

to deny industry its sustenance and cause the fearful, never-to-be-forgotten conditions which demand charity on an enormous scale.

Once more I demand: "You, and your parents, buy now! Are you a Christian? Buy now! Give work to the hungry! Then, when the wheels of industry have gained once more their momentum, when there seems no more danger of their stalling, then, as a Christian, as an American, and as a citizen of the world, join with your neighbor to stamp out the deplorable conditions which permit the fears of a few to hurl a mighty nation, a mighty people, into the chaotic conditions before us today.

—DANIEL WEBER '31.

—Q—

## Exchange

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,  
Or a key for a lock of his hair?  
Can his eyes be called an academy  
Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head what  
gems are set?  
Who travels the bridge of his  
nose?  
Can he use, when shingling the  
roof of his mouth,  
The nails on the end of his toes?

What does he raise from the slip  
of his tongue?  
And who beats the drum of his  
ears?  
And who can tell the cut and the  
style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?

Can the crooks of his elbows be  
sent to jail?  
And, if so, what did they do?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder  
blades?  
I'll be hanged if I know—do you?  
—Morsooze.

—Q—

## SIGNAL CHECK!

1st. voice on phone: This is Fritz.  
Do you love me, Bubbles?  
2nd. voice: Of course, dear.  
1st. voice: You two timer! This  
isn't Fritz. It's Johnny.  
2nd. voice: You double-crosser.  
This isn't Bubbles. It's Bee.  
—Clarion.

—Q—

## ALPHABETICAL TEA

Jane (at the tea table): "I'm  
afraid you don't like tea."  
Jim: "I like tea well enough, but  
I'm crazy about the next letter."

—Q—

Daughter—"Yes, I've graduated,  
but now I must inform myself in  
psychology, philosophy, bible—"

Practical Mother—"Stop, I have  
arranged for you a thorough course  
in roastology, boilogy, stitchology,  
darnology, patchology and general  
domestic hustleology. Now get on  
your working clothesology."

Hard Herald.

—Q—

Does the wind bother you?

No, talk as much as you please.

## IF ANY ONE HAS

Got married  
Borrowed a stamp  
Made a speech  
Robbed a bank  
Sold a dog  
Lost a wallet  
Skipped an assembly  
Broken his neck  
Committed suicide  
Shot a turkey  
Been away  
Taken a vacation  
Been caught in the rain  
Been in 10 period classes  
Made a bad bet  
Broken a shoe string  
That's news! Hand it in to the  
editor.—Tech. Pen.

## POOR WILLIE

There was young boy named Willie,  
Who acted exceedingly silly.  
He stood on his head  
On his mother's best bed,  
And when he was spanked cried  
shrilly.  
One day while his mother bought  
dilly,  
That little mischievous Willie,  
Searched near and searched far  
For the old cookie jar,  
Till the cookies were found by sly  
Willie.  
When mother came back with her  
shopping sack,  
Loaded with sweets for her darling  
Willie;  
She searched near and far,  
And found an empty jar,  
Beside sorrowful, sick, little Willie.

—B. H. C.

—Q—

A danca  
A data  
Perchanca  
Out lata  
A quizza  
No passa  
Gee Whizza!

—Q—

## Isn't It the Truth—

Everybody cheers for the happy  
ending. A happy ending makes for  
a fine beginning and a fine begin-  
ning makes a happy ending and  
there you are all over again.

A baker should make as good a  
lover as he does a pie-maker, since  
both require lots of crust and apple-  
sauce.

—Q—

PATRONIZE OUR  
ADVERTISERS

When you receive your copy of  
the Quaker read the advertisements.  
Remember those merchants who ad-  
vertise and when you buy your  
Christmas gifts, go to them first.

They have shown you that they  
are interested in you and your paper  
by buying advertising space. Our  
Quaker would be impossible if it  
were not for the true and loyal  
friends of your school. They have  
helped you; now you should help  
them.

The Quaker, through its distribu-  
tion of eight hundred copies, reaches  
most of the homes in Salem and is  
read extensively throughout the city.  
Do you see how we may reward our  
advertisers this Christmas? Let's  
do it!



## CLASS NOTES

## THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Basketball is the popular school activity for this time of the year. Of the many sophomore girls who went out for it, Mary Keonreich, and Ruth Jones made the varsity. Mary Weigand and Betty Chappell made the reserves. However, the boys have done just as well since Purn Siding made the varsity, and Bill Corso, Frank Culler, Gordon Keyes, Bill Pauline, Keith Harris and Donald Greenisen made the squads.

—Q—

## Do You Know That:—

Purn Siding is president of the General Science Club?

Jim Irey spends most of the noon around 208 lockers? Funny. His home room is 106.

B. J. and J. spent the week end visiting their pal, Peggy Fleming in Rochester, Pa.

—Q—

Have you noticed any difference in this issue of The Quaker? A temporary change in executives resulted because the Senior play took up all the spare time of Dorothy Harroff, editor, who enacted the part of Myra Bumpsted in the play. Marye Louise Miller, assistant editor, supervised the assignments for the features and other articles, and then set up the "dummy" at The News office where the Quaker is printed.

Clarence Patten, assistant business manager, scheduled the individual pictures of the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes. These pictures were taken a week ago, December 12, by the Huntzinger Company of Piqua. This plan will make quite a change from the last edition of annual in which the undergraduates were photographed in groups.

—Q—

## SOCIETY

Camille Hoperich was in Pittsburgh for Thanksgiving.

—Q—

Hazel Johnson spent Thanksgiving in Leontonia.

—Q—

Albertine Krauss visited relatives in Cleveland on Thanksgiving Day.

—Q—

Marjorie Bell is going to Pittsburgh for the holidays.

—Q—

Leila Beck is planning to spend part of her vacation in Beaver Falls.

—Q—

Betty Coles will spend a few days of her vacation in Erie.

—Q—

Wesley Davidson plans to spend part of the Christmas holidays in Cleveland.

—Q—

Vivian Callahan is spending part of her vacation in Sebring.

—Q—

Dorothy Harroff is going to Pittsburgh Dec. 22.

—Q—

Connie Tice is spending the week-end of Dec. 20 in Canton.

## JUNIORS HOLD PARTY

The Junior class party was held in the gymnasium, Friday night, Dec. 12, 1930. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated in the class colors, against a dark background representing the midnight sun of the Northland for the orchestra setting.

At seven thirty an interesting program was given. First Santa Claus (otherwise known as Daniel Bayard Holloway) appeared on the scene with his bells tingling and jingling. He brought a sheaf of letters which many of the aspiring Juniors had sent. These were especially interesting to all. Next a jolly snowball fight was held by several of the girls. Lastly, The Marriage of Santa Claus was read by Mary Louise Miller. Imagine our surprise when Mother Goose (Catherine Flick) consented to become Santa's wife if he would accept her children also. Santa agreed and so Jack and Jill, The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, Little Bo-peep and all the others became Santa's children, and lived happily ever after. Next five of the boys took a trip to the North Pole. The extremely frigid temperature of this territory required that the travelers take suitcase and overcoats with them. Five more boys took the trip. The winners of each race, Tom Snyder and Louis Wisner, respectively, took a return trip. Louis won and received a prize which, of course was an aeroplane.

The grand march led by Mary Lou Scullion and John French, concluded the entertainment. Red and white candy canes were distributed as favors. At the conclusion of the march the dancing began. Later in the evening an intermission was held during which Betty Lee Kenneweg and Albert Allan entertained with several dances. Immediately following refreshments were served.

Altogether, the party was a delightful one, and every Junior present had a wonderful time. The faculty who attended also enjoyed it. The Juniors are to be congratulated upon the way they cooperated with the committees in making this a success.

—Q—

## WHY BORROW PENCILS

Why borrow pencils? Have you not noticed our new pencil machines? All you have to do is "put a nickel in it" and pull down the lever. Out rolls a bright, shiny, red pencil. The words "Salem High School" are printed in black upon the red background. There is also an eraser on it that will erase.

Maybe you do not know where these machines are located. One is between 206 and 205—just above the monitor's chair. The other is between 306 and 305. These machines won't run off, but you can help to make them run out. You must buy your pencils somewhere, so why not buy them from Salem High School?

## CLUB NEWS

## Lamarckians

The Lamarckians held their regular meeting in 107 on Wednesday, December 3.

Miss Smith demonstrated a test for sugar diabetes, Ronald Hoopes acting as the patient. Judging by the results of the test, it seems that Ronald does not have diabetes. Miss Smith also discussed the symptoms of the disease. It is an incurable disease, but a person need not die from effects of it. By taking insulin regularly, a diabetic person will live longer than he would otherwise.

Bessie Mileusnic told the club about a new disease which baffles medical science. This disease has caused the death of many people but still the doctors cannot come to a conclusion as to what it is.

The other topic discussed by Miss Smith was "The Florida Fruit Fly," which has been carrying disease, but which, by spraying the trees, may be permanently exterminated.

These two interesting topics were taken from the Science News Letter.

—Q—

## Los Castellanos

The last meeting of the Spanish club was held in the auditorium. A few remaining new members were initiated and a reading on a Spanish Christmas was given. The rest of the time was spent in singing the Spanish versions of Christmas carols.

—Q—

## Hi-Tri

The Hi-Tri gave two Thanksgiving baskets this year. They have started to hold discussions on various topics of interest in the meetings. It is planned to have Rev. Mayer talk to the club some time before Christmas. This may be a joint meeting with the Hi-Y.

—Q—

## Science Club

The third meeting of the Science club was held in Room 302. There were 27 members present. Dan Holloway decomposed water by electrolysis. There were other experiments also.

Possibility of a trip was discussed slightly; decision will be made at the next meeting.

—Q—

## Commerce Club

The Commerce club held a meeting Tuesday, December 8, in Room 307. Plans were discussed for the social meeting to be held December 16. An account of the major and minor members was given by the secretary. Mr. Hilgendorf then gave a short lesson on parliamentary law.

—Q—

## French Club

The last meeting of this semester of the French club was held December 10 in 307. Ruth Cosgrove was in charge of the program. There was no business taken up. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. Vice President Peter Duda took charge because the

president, Barbara Benzinger, had handed in her resignation. Peter Duda will automatically become president of the club.

Wesley Davidson reviewed the life of Sarah Bernhardt. A Christmas story was read by Lucille Dickinson. The next meeting will be held January 7, 1931. Plans were made to have a playlet, of which Leila Beck will have charge.

—Q—

## Debate Club

The Debate club held a social meeting on December 8, and from all voiced opinions, it was a success. An emergency committee has been appointed for the purpose of having an entertainment when business meetings do not last full thirty minutes. Our entertainments usually consist of readings, debates and short speeches from members of the club. A debate team which will debate against the varsity team on the honor roll was selected by Lewis Briskin, president of the club, although this debate will not take place until after Christmas vacation.

—Q—

## Glee Club

The Glee club held a meeting Tuesday, December 9. They practiced the numbers which they expect to sing in assembly Friday, December 19. They will sing [Amaryllis, Skating Song, and Waiting in the Shadows.

—Q—

## LATIN CLUB

William Bowling, the Latin Club's new secretary, read the minutes of the last meeting. Forty-four members answered the roll call.

Some good Latin limericks were read by Helen Palmer.

As the meeting was the last to be held this year, a Christmas program was presented. Clair King and Marion McArtor played several trumpet duets. After an interesting story about the hot, treeless Christmas of Italy, the club attempted to sing several Christmas hymns in Latin.

The next meeting will be held Tuesday, January 6. The program will be in charge of Sarah Spiker.

—Q—

## THEN AND NOW

Long, long ago the children said,  
"Tonight we go early to bed;  
While sound asleep in bed we lie,  
Santa will come—by and by!"

True to their hopes, Santa did come,  
Bringing them books, candy, a drum.  
They retired late that night of  
Christmas day,

After much strenuous work and play.

If asked, "Did Santa write today?"  
A modern child of six will say,  
"No, he didn't and just because—  
There really ain't no Santa Claus!"  
—Elwood Hammell.



## SALEM SONG SHOP

What a Fool I Have Been to Have Believed in You.—A modern child's version of Saint Nick.

Stolen Moments—The note-writing epidemic in study halls.

My Time is Your Time—Bill Holloway (Sophomore Rudy Vallee.)

Travelin' All Alone—Edwin tearing for another touchdown.

You're the One I Care For—The six weeks' grade in geometry.

Lonesome Road—Salem to Steubenville.

Chasing Rainbows—Robert Eddy.

Maybe It's Love—The desire to possess gold footballs.

Don't Ever Leave Me—French dictionary for use in further translations.

I'm Puttin' It on for Baby—Members of Senior play cast.

Laughing at Life—Connie.

I'm So Afraid of You—Mrs. Englehart between 1:00 and 1:15.

It's All Right with Me—That the Christmas vacation begins on December 19.

I Cried Myself To Sleep—When I learned there ain't no Santa Claus.

Don't Forget Me in Your Dreams—A senior's prayer for a senior speech.

Wasting My Time on You—Four years of Latin.

Opportunity Knocking at My Door—American Legion campaign—ah, ah, Opportunity knocks but once!

When the Organ Plays at Twilight—Calvin Conway at the S. H. S. console.

I'm Proud of You—The all-county teams.

## ISN'T IT THE TRUTH

The worst kind of people are the unkind kind.

A speeder usually gets his rights, but they are his last rites.

One way to get a hundred million is to marry it.

The quickest way to lose your balance is to overdraw your account.

Women are cheerful losers—of adipose tissue.

A pedestrian is a survival of the fittest.

"May the best man win" is a natural wish, but it doesn't go at a wedding.

A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

## WHO'S WHO

## DALE WILSON

The second commencement speaker of the class of '31 is Dale Wilson, better known to some as Dale Earl Wilson. The class of '31 showed rare judgment in choosing him for commencement speaker in that he is a fine speaker. This year Dale will probably be a speaker on the negative debate team.

Last year Dale took first prize in the essay division of the annual Brook's Contest. It is on the Quaker staff that Dale perhaps most distinguished himself. Hardly an issue has been printed this year without a poem signed—Dale Wilson. He has come to be known as the school poet. When commenting on poetry, however, he says, "It gives one a sense of personal satisfaction to be able to write a poem, but I wouldn't try to earn a living by writing poetry."

When it comes to dramatics, Dale is in his own element. He is a member of the Salemasquers and last night and Wednesday night performed exceptionally well in the Senior play, "Broken Dishes."

When questioned as to what he most liked to do, he replied, "I like to laugh;; laughing is my pet diversion, but I can't laugh over a bit of 'cheap' humor." This accounts for Dale, the humorist. We are all familiar with the Wilson chuckle. He has no true hobby besides this, although he does like to do things. There is nothing he hates more than monotony. He must always have something new to work on—to look forward to.

The next scholastic institution to harbor Dale Wilson will be some college in which he intends to study journalism. No, he does not intend to be an editor. He does not like that type of writing. To put it in his own words, he likes to be "independent." He wishes no one to tell him what to write. However, whatever he undertakes he will finish; we know Dale, and we are hoping for great things!

## ALUMNI

Thelma McEldowney (class of 1930) has resigned at the Church Budget Envelope Co., and accepted a position in the Citizens Bank.

Chas. Wilhelm is still making good in dramatics, this time with Mount Union College plays. We remember well his abilities in Salem High along this line, especially "Grumpy."

Lena Starbuck ('30) is now Mrs. Albert Althouse. Best wishes from S. H. S. to Lena!

Harold Matthews is home until the first of the year convalescing from his appendicitis operation. We are glad to see him around the building occasionally.

Marion Cox very successfully produced a one-act play at the Methodist church last Sunday evening. The play was entitled "And He Came Seeing."

## FACULTY MAKES PLANS FOR VACATION

Miss Peterson and Mr. Lewis are going west, Miss Petersen to her home in Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mr. Lewis to Olin and Woodbine, Iowa, and also Jefferson, South Dakota.

Miss Lehman is spending her vacation at her home in North Manchester, Indiana. Mr. Brautigam is spending his at Sidney, Ohio; Miss Hollett at her home, Lakewood, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Englehart, at their home, Bucyrus, Ohio; Mr. Sander at Ravenna, Ohio; Miss Horwell, at Wyoming, Pennsylvania; Miss Lanpher in Leetonia; Miss Lawn, in Williamstown, West Virginia; Miss Douglass in Wellington, Ohio; Miss Ross at Washington Court House; Miss McCready, in Alliance, Ohio; Mr. Jones at Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Williams at Mt. Victory and Toledo, Ohio; Mr. Henning at Canton and Columbus, Ohio; Miss Ritt at Circleville, Ohio; Miss Cherry, at Canton, Ohio; Miss Shoop, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. Stone, Salem, Lancaster and Logan, Ohio; and Mr. Clarke, Norwalk, Ohio.

These faculty members are staying in Salem: Miss Beardmore, Mr. Alan, Mr. and Mrs. Springer, Mr. Guiler, Mr. Hülgenhof, Miss Smith, Miss Williams and Miss Hart.

## These are High Spots for December

It is interesting to know what important events took place in December and what birthdays of famous people are in December. Here they are:

Dec. 2—Monroe Doctrine, advanced in President Monroe's message to Congress, 1823.

Dec. 3—Admission of Illinois to Union, 1818.

Dec. 5—Martin Van Buren, 1782.

Dec. 8—Eli Whitney, 1765.

Dec. 9—John Milton, 1608.

Dec. 12—John Jay, 1745.

Dec. 13—Sir Francis Drake left English shores to sail around the world, 1577.

Dec. 14—George Washington died, 1799.

Dec. 16—Boston Tea Party, 1733.

Dec. 16—Jane Austen, 1775.

Dec. 17—Ludwig Von Beethoven, 1779.

Dec. 17—Sir Humphrey Davy, 1778.

Dec. 17—John G. Whittier, 1807.

Dec. 21—Forefathers' Day.

Dec. 21—Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass., 1620.

Dec. 24—Sir Isaac Newton, 1642.

Dec. 24—Christopher "Kit" Carson, 1809.

Dec. 25—Washington Crossed the Delaware River, 1776.

Dec. 25—Christmas.

Dec. 28—Woodrow Wilson, 1856.

Dec. 31—Old year expires.

Teacher: If I tear a piece of paper into four, what do I get?

Pupil: Quarters.

T.: And if I divide it into eight?

P.: Eighths.

And if I divide it into 8,000 parts?

P.: Confetti, sir.

## WE WONDER

How long the football boys diet before a banquet?

How many boys on the team take Public Speaking?

Why the play cast seems so sleepy? Ask some of them.

Why everyone seemed stouter at the Alliance game?

How many liked the last issue of The Quaker? Let's have some suggestions.

How Dale Wilson's Ford got to the Thanksgiving game and back home again?

Why the Freshmen have a pick on the window shades of 307?

Where Tom Rill got the huge pencil?

Why Dorothy Kaercher is so changeable?

If Margaret Steele blushes? Ask some one who takes salesmanship.

If the saying "An apple a day will keep the doctor away," can be said any other way? Ask Doris Oesch.

If Ray Coburn has a patent on his haircut?

When Ramon Whinnery and Babe Andrei are going to grow up?

How many people went straight home the night of the fifth?

Where the "Wizard" gets his information?

Who writes the school gossip?

If Mary Lou Scullion likes Fords better than Chevrolets?

Why the play cast didn't get "comps"?

Where "peep peep" originated? Ask Ray Kuhlman.

Why Mervin Thomas couldn't get out from under their porch one time? Ask him about it.

Why Kathryn Cessna only had her hair up once?

Who was making the noise at the Association party?

Why Mr. Jones held a Chemistry class after school last week?

Why "Tinie" Krauss offers everyone chewing gum?

Whether the "Wizard" is really who we think he is?

Why we cannot charge candy at the Senior sales any more?

## SCHOOL GOSSIP

Really, I have heard no gossip except the School Gossip; but boys will be boys and gossip will be gossip.

It is somewhat difficult to condense the "low-down" on some of these collegians that roam around Salem High.

I sincerely hope that there was no pulling of hair gnashing of teeth, or losing of sleep over the previous contents of this column, for it really means nothing at all. Please don't take it to heart.

Any suggestions as to the betterment and further entertainment of this column will be fully appreciated.

—Merry Christmas—

There are no insane asylums in Arabia.

Why?

There are nomad people in that country.



## ST. NICHOLAS BLUES

Freddie Mead was home from Harvard for the holidays. He had just led his team through an undefeated season in football and was dubbed by all the admiring co-eds, "Football Freddie."

"Gee, Mother, it makes you feel good, the way everybody's bustling about with the Christmas spirit," he said, while his mother was helping him unpack.

"And Freddie, here's a piece of good news for you. You remember little Dorothy Kessler? She used to go to high school with you. Well, she's home from the west, and is giving a big Christmas party in your honor. Don't you think she is a sweet child?"

"Aw, gee, I thought something like that would turn up to mar my holiday fun. Why, the little vamp! You know I don't like the type that mauls all over you. And she's throwing a Christmas party for me? Well, I'll bet she doesn't even know what Christmas is!"

"Well, if it isn't 'Football Freddie,' my collegiate man, in person. C'mon kids, nine rahs for Freddie." This greeted Freddie when he arrived at the party.

"Well, Dorothy, this is awfully nice of you, I surely appreciate it, and other such remarks of gratitude," Freddie answered her.

"Do you realize where you're standing, big boy? What did you think I put that mistletoe up for? Already I see the fruits of my labor," Dorothy announced before the entire party and then carried her threats into action.

The dance had started. Freddie was forced to have the first dance with Dorothy. At the end of the dance he decided he could bear it no longer and went into the library hoping to be alone.

He paced up and down before the fireplace. "So Dorothy put mistletoe above every doorway and on all chandeliers. A fellow isn't safe no matter where he stands. You never can tell who'll pop up behind you and take advantage. This is Dorothy's idea of Christmas—foolish, expensive exchange among her friends and a series of parties and dances."

As Freddie was thus muttering to himself he did not notice the huddled figure of a young girl in an easy chair to the right of the fireplace. Only when she arose was he aware that he was not alone.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry," was all she said as she made a move to leave.

Freddie was surprised, in the first place because he had believed himself alone and in the second place at the apparition which he believed he was seeing. Before him stood a girl of about nineteen. She was only five feet tall but had a very slender figure. She had beautiful, wavy, brown hair and the softest brown eyes. Her look of sweet simplicity brought a sudden change in Freddie's temper.

"Oh, pardon me, please!" I thought I was alone. I'm sorry for intruding. But please don't leave. I'm just bored with this party. But

really, I feel better already."

"I am Juliette Rogers," she announced as she sat down again.

"My name is Freddie Mead, at your service. This party was given for me, but I don't like the crowd."

"Why that's exactly the reason I came in here—to get away from that wild crowd. You see, my mother and Mrs. Kessler are great friends and we are here for the holidays, but I have never cared much for Dorothy's idea of fun and especially her interpretation of Christmas. You seem to have the St. Nicholas Blues."

"I did, but not any more. But gosh, that's nice, we're both in the same boat," Freddie exclaimed.

Just then they were interrupted by the entrance of Dorothy herself.

"Well Juliette, I see you have found your Romeo," she remarked and walked out.

"I thought you said your name was Freddie," Juliette said when Dorothy had gone.

"Yes, it is, but Dorothy is great for calling me pet names—Paderewski, Romeo and other such titles of sophistication."

"Freddie, will you help me carry out a plan I have?" she asked him suddenly.

"You bet, anything you say," he answered.

"You see, I'm planning a little party of my own tomorrow night. It's a party for the orphaned children. I need some one for a Santa Claus. Would you be willing to play that part?" she asked him.

"Why certainly, I love to do things for you. That's what I call the real Christmas spirit, making others happy. You've made me happy and I'll help make those children happy."

When Freddie left for home he was in high spirits. Juliette went to the outer door with him to say good-night. She did not notice the mistletoe above the doorway but Freddie did. Naturally he had sweet dreams that night—all about orphaned children, Santa Claus, brown hair and soft brown eyes.

He awoke with the spirit of Christmas in his heart and went down to breakfast. When he kissed his mother a Merry Christmas she said:

"You look as tho' you might have enjoyed yourself last night. How was the party?"

"Fine!"

—J. B. '31

—Q—

## MISS PENNY WREN'S CHRISTMAS

Miss Penny Wren sat disconsolately before the open fire that Christmas eve watching the sinister, somber shadows made by the flickering flames on the wall. Miss Penny was lonesome—horribly lonesome. So lonesome that the mere thought of her loneliness brought the hot tears that stung her eyes.

Miss Penny was that most ridiculed being—an old maid. Her parents had been called by the Highest Power several years before and with the exception of her married sister, Miss Penny was the last survivor of the human Wren family.

Her married sister and her sister's husband and son Johnny were to have spent Christmas with her but

## Some Poetry

## GLOOM

Brings the pomp of ancient Troy.

When oft my mind reverts, in seeking rest,

To joys I knew in days of long ago, I see by present scenes of life's great show,

How futile is my search for happiness.

When just a lad, and knowing nothing of

The sorrow, disappointment, toil and strife

That I must now endure throughout my life,

I had no doubts of Him who lives above;

But now, influenced by life's darker hours,

I see no joy or peace awaiting me; I wish the final stroke of destiny Would waft my soul to rest, among the flow'rs.

—DALE WILSON.

—Q—

I have loved these things:

A glass of water, clear, cool, Reflecting the blue sky and summer sun;

A falling leaf nestling in the grass, Its life done;

A tree, its leafless branches laden With pure, white snow,

In the deep stillness of morning When the wind is low.

I love a pine tree, tall, austere and still,

Reflecting the wisdom of ages In its silent loneliness.

—RUTH COSGROVE.

—Q—

## THE PROM

Youthful hearts are gay tonight And singing under dimmed light. Melancholy loathes the sights And sinks away in solemn flight.

Crash of brass and crooning string Makes the song a living thing: That giddy, youthful hearts may sing

While youth indulges in its fling.

Blushing girl and bashful boy Bend in sweet ecstatic joy. She with tender glances coy

the yellow paper in her lap changed these plans. It was a telegram to the effect that Johnny had a bad dose of measles.

"Measles and Christmas," thought Miss Penny disgustedly. "Measles and Christmas. And now what will I do with that big stuffed turkey, those nuts and candies, that luscious fruit cake?"

Finally she reached a decision and five minutes later was bundled in coat and shawl and walking down the street humming to herself "Luthers Cradle Hymn." Several hours later she returned home and crept wearily but oh, so happily into bed.

The next morning she was up at dawn preparing a large dinner. At ten-thirty a knock sounded at the door and she hurried to answer,

Yet may care demand its due They, too, danced at Waterloo. After joy and songs are through Mayhap dark will be the hue.

—RAY ALEXANDER.

—Q—

## A BALLAD

Two men walked down the road to town

They saw an auto near;

Said one, "If we had some renown, We'd have a ride right here."

"I would not want a ride that way," The other answered him.

"For fame's a thing that would not stay,

If we should lose a rim."

—WILFORD SMITH.

—Q—

## THE COLLECTOR.

I have made my hobbies my profession.

Among other things, I have collected

Musty and rare stamps from foreign lands.

Famous men and women's signatures,

And once I strayed to cigar-band collecting;

But soon turned to art:

Here I collected reproductions of works by famous artists.

A good book was always welcome But often I strayed and read any book,

Whether good or bad.

Coins of different years and nations

Soon strayed into my sight, And once flowers held sway with me;

Only to give way to a scrap-book That was soon discarded.

Thus my hobbies come and go In one long procession,

Giving variety to my work. And now I long for a new one;

But will probably wander into it After several days of needless thought and worry!

—ELWOOD HAMMELL.

shedding her apron as she went. She opened the door and, oh, what a lot of children.

"Here they are, ma'am," said the big, burly man with them, "and I'll be back at six o'clock for 'em."

Miss Penny Wren threw wide her door to the homeless waifs without. Soon the small house resounded to the echoes of childish voices raised in wonder at the tree, the goodies, and the Santa in the corner.

After the enormous dinner the children quieted a bit, and soon as Miss Penny walked through the rooms she saw several asleep, each with some favorite trinket clutched in his arms.

At six o'clock the big truck and the man came to take the children back to the orphanage. "You sure

(Continued on Page 6)



## THAT FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT

"Please, father," Jerome begged, "take me with you to watch the sheep tonight."

His father shook his head, "No, dear son, I fear the night air will be too cool for you."

"But father, please! You know I love to hear the stories the shepherds tell."

At the pleading in the boy's voice his father gathered up his small, motherless, crippled son in his strong arms and took him through the narrow twisting streets of Bethlehem and out to the pastures a little distance from the town.

Soon they reached a hilltop where a bright fire burned and several men sat upon the ground, watching their sheep and talking to one another.

All greeted the crippled boy kindly and made a comfortable nest of skins and coats for him.

The shepherds spoke of many things and finally one remarked, "Our little town of Bethlehem is crowded tonight."

"Yes," Jerome's father agreed. "For many days people have been pouring into Bethlehem to comply with the law which Caesar has made that everyone be enrolled in his own city."

"When I was coming out of the city gates," another shepherd said, "I met a young man entering. He looked very weary and was leading a donkey, upon whose back sat the loveliest woman I have ever beheld. She seemed not of this earth. Somehow I am curious about this couple and I felt that I shall see them again."

Very much later, after Jerome had heard many wonderful tales from the shepherds, he lay quietly among the soft warm furs, looking up at the stars which seemed nearer and brighter than ever before. He was thinking of the famous men of history whose stories the shepherds loved to tell, and he wished and prayed, that he too, might some day be able to do some brave deed. Still he had few hopes as he was a hopeless cripple and a burden.

Suddenly a bright light shone and in the sky, its brilliance so great that the stars faded in comparison, and lo, straight down from this great radiance came an angel in shining white to stand among the shepherds.

Fear gripped them and all lay prostrate, their sheep forgotten.

Jerome, unafraid had closed his eyes against the dazzling brightness, and heard the angel saying:

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. You will find him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

The angel disappeared and the shepherds rose, saying to one another, "Let us go to Bethlehem, and let us see this Heavenly Babe."

Excited and awed, they started immediately. Nathan carried his son on his shoulder, and soon they reached the stable. They had no difficulty in finding it, because a

bright star guided them, shedding a heavenly light before the heavenly place.

At the door the father put his son, Jerome, down and another shepherd handed him his crutches. Then reverently they gathered around the infant and his heavenly mother.

"Why," one of the shepherds whispered, "it is the couple I met entering the gates. I knew I would see them again."

Jerome's round eyes saw a young man and a beautiful young woman kneeling beside a manger, where, upon the straw, lay a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes.

The shepherds fell upon their knees and knelt in silent adoration. As the boy gazed lovingly upon the Babe, he whispered, "Oh, Baby King! I am glad that you are not crippled like I am. I am so glad your legs are straight." So kind was this young lad that he didn't remember his own misfortune.

Then reverently, he reached out and touched the Infant's small feet; as he did so he felt a curious, tingling sensation in his legs instead of the leadlike heaviness to which he was accustomed.

Presently Nathan whispered, "Come, little son, 'tis time to go back to the fields."

Jerome started with his father and after returning from his reverent thoughts he was startled to see his dear son walk perfectly.

"My son is no longer lame!" The shepherds praised the new-born babe with all their hearts and thanked him gratefully.

"Glory be to God in the highest and on earth, peace, goodwill to men."

—Frances Markovich

### MISS PENNY WREN'S (Continued from Page 5)

have given them a treat, ma'am," he said, tears and admiration mingled in his eyes.

Miss Penny When sat before the fire that Christmas night, watching the somber, sinister shadows made by the flickering flames on the wall. But Miss Penny was no longer lonesome, for clasped in her arms was a tiny waif, one who would be with her always—her Christmas present to herself—a blue-eyed, golden-haired baby boy already nick-named by Miss Penny "the Sprite."

To give and to receive amid joy and love—that is the spirit of Christmas.

—Kathryn Knepper.

—Q—

### TONGUE-TWISTER

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught, on naught or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

—The Outlook.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE PREDICAMENT

"Well, they have my trees but I have no money for them. I guess that settles my college life. This was to be my only attempt to get funds for college," sighed Jack Hardy. He sank back in a chair and gloomily contemplated the landscape.

Through the window he could see the rolling acres of land covered with a thick blanket of snow. To the right he could see the village of Hinton partially obscured by a thick pine forest. The boundary line of the Hardy farm was the edge of the woods. To the left led a lane marked by the tracks of the horses and those made by the heavy sled in the snow. The lane wound between white fields to a curiously barren piece of ground. Even from the house he could see the even, symmetrical rows of small stumps with here and there a stunted pine tree. The ground was strewn with pine branches and chips. A rolling swell of land concealed the home of his nearest neighbor, Cyrus Camp.

Five years earlier when he was just entering high school, Jack had replanted several thousand young pines from the pine forest at the edge of their property. The next summer Mr. Hardy had quietly passed away leaving his wife and Jack some debts and a good reputation. The pine forest which they owned at that time was sold to clear up some debts. It now belonged to Mr. Camp who used the farm for his summer home alone. The natives regarded him as a usurper.

"What is it, Jack?" came a cheery hail from the kitchen. When she received no answer his mother hurried to the parlor. "What is it?" she repeated worriedly.

"O, mother, Mr. Post can not find a market for my trees. He says that he must have at least a hundred more before he can sell them. But how can I? I've cut every last one worth sending. It seems to me he could find a market."

"Well, don't worry," replied his mother. "I'm sure Mr. Post would find a market if he could. He was a good friend to your father and me."

"Mother!" he exclaimed. "I have it; take them over the fence and ship them in time for the market next week. I hate to lose all my time and money I've spent in raising those trees and sending them to New York. He would never know it until next summer because he rarely comes home in winter. Besides, some other people are getting their Christmas trees there this winter."

"Jack! I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed his mother, appalled. "You wouldn't steal them, would you?"

"But, mother, it is the only way out and it means a college education."

"Don't do it. There will be another way," counseled his mother. All evening Jack argued with himself but before he went to bed he

telephoned the telegraph company in Hinton and had them send word to Post that he would not be able to get more trees.

The next morning he received another telegram. He broke it open and read it, then he shouted eagerly to his mother, "Read this!"

This is what she read:

Jack Hardy:

Am an old friend of Post. Learned of your predicament yesterday. Cut all trees you need from my woods. Consider a position as caretaker on my farm in the summer.

CYRUS CAMP

—Q—

## CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS DIFFER IN FOREIGN LANDS

Our Christmas customs of course are well known to us but we really should know what the customs are in other countries and how they are like ours.

Belgium's Christmas is not at all like ours. They have special church services but no presents, trees, or parties. It is believed that at 12 o'clock Christmas Eve all water is changed into wine. Also if a couple becomes engaged during the Christmas holidays they put a nut in the fire and if it does not burn well and pop around, they believe they will have an unhappy married life, but if it burns quietly they will be happy together. If the children have been good throughout the year they will find cakes under their pillows on Christmas morning. They sing songs Christmas Eve which is now a custom here as well. They hold religious services Christmas morning, and spend the rest of the day visiting their friends.

Now in Germany the customs are entirely different. Everyone from the president to the poorest laborer has a Christmas tree. They start months before hand making presents for all. The family decorates the tree with sweetmeats and toys. The little children put their shoes outside the door with straw in them for the reindeers of Saint Nicholas. They believe that the Christ Child brings their gifts. It is not customary to have a party as we do, but just gatherings of their friends and relations to see their tree.

The Christmas Eve in Spain is a grand family gathering. All partake in the grand supper of sweetmeats and wine. Everyone receives presents. The rich and fortunate take great joy in giving food and presents to the unfortunate.

In France Christmas is toy day and New Years is gift day. It is believed that the infant Jesus comes down the chimney and fills the little shoes which have been set before the fireplace with bonbons, oranges, and toys. They have trees and Yule log filled with sweets. Christmas night is spent telling stories and eating nuts and sweets.

In Canada it is entirely a religious festival. They do not receive

(Continued on Page 7)



# ATHLETICS

## 1931 Football Prospects Promising

For us, football season lasts only a few months, but for the athletes it lasts all year.

"Summer," says Coach Lewis, "is the time to put on weight and muscle. Some of the boys spend vacation on a farm and grow like weeds while others find jobs in town.

"Lack of weight will be one of the greatest handicaps to our team. The third and fourth teams which will furnish material to fill up the vacancies left by graduation average only 137 pounds."

"What kind of showing did our reserves make this year?" the coach was asked.

"Out of six games played they won five. The third team was beaten only by the Sebring varsity and handed defeats to the second teams of Sebring, Lisbon and East Palestine. This is a very promising record and shows that what the reserves lack in weight they make up in speed."

"What material will be available next year?"

"Here are some of the outstanding prospects:

Center—Bill Corso and Frank Culler.

Guards—Mert Whitcomb, Lorin Pim, Jim Corso and Gordy Scullion.

Tackles—Lorin Battin, Norm Early and Raymond Mullet.

Ends—Gordon Keyes, Purn Sidinger, Greenisen and Erwin Beck.

Backfield—Ed Beck, Jack Carpenter, Johnny French, Crowl, Walter Papish, Dan Alexander and Alfred Konnerth.

Some of these players may be shifted to other positions, according to the needs of the team.

If these men get out and add a little more good solid "beef" this coming year it looks as though Salem High will have another traditional victorious eleven in 1931.

—Q—

## BASKETBALL SEASON SHOWS SIGNS OF BEING A GOOD ONE

"The prospects of developing a fine team this year are good. The boys are showing up well in practice and by mid-season we expect to have a better team than last year."—Coach Stone.

Four lettermen, Paul Sartick, Norm Early, Bill Smith, and Ed Beck are back from last year. The other boys who are out for the season are:

Paxson, Houts, Battin, Whitcomb, Sidinger, Fitzpatrick, Yates, Julian, Culler, Harris, Miller, Barnes, Pulas-

ki, Keyes, Wilms, Bowling, Greenisen, Nedleka, Linder, Pauline, Catjos, A. Papish, W. Papish, B. Holloway, Bill Corso, A. Corso, Weigand, G. Scullion.

## Reserve Football

As one illustrious Salem High school reserve football player said, "We are just tackling dummies for the varsity," so say all of them. But all of this year's reserves had the spirit and the varsity deserves no more credit than the reserves. These boys were constantly priming up the varsity for their coming games.

This year's reserve teams were coached by Assistant Coach Frank Lewis, who turned out some very good material that will be available next year. Prominent among this year's reserve teams were, Walter Papish, freshman backfield star; Freddie Konnerth, a freshman backfield flash; Billy Corso, sophomore center; Dan Alexander, sophomore's Duke Slater; Irwin Beck, junior end; Jim Corso, sophomore guard; Wayne Sidinger, freshman's Ben Ticknor; Ray Moff, junior halfback; Julius Julian, junior's Frank Cariedio; Lorin Pim, junior lineman, and many others who helped and came out every night in the rain, snow, and mud, to practice.

—Q—

## SALEM HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Dec. 19—Canton (H).  
Dec. 20—Akron East (T).  
Dec. 27—Massillon (T). Reserves—Massillon (T).  
Jan. 2—Alliance (T). Reserves—Alliance (T).  
Jan. 3—East Liverpool (H). Girls—East Liverpool (H).  
Jan. 10—Libson (T). Girls—Lisbon (T).  
Jan. 16—Youngstown East (H). Girls—Alumni (H). Reserves—Youngstown East (H).  
Jan. 17—New Philadelphia (H).  
Jan. 23—East Liverpool (T). Girls—East Liverpool (T).  
Jan. 24—Dover (T). Girls—Leavittsburg (T).  
Jan. 30—East Palestine (T). Girls—East Palestine (T).  
Jan. 31—Ravenna (H). Girls—Columbiana (H). Reserves—Ravenna (H).  
Feb. 6—Warren (T). Warren (T).  
Feb. 7—St. Marys (H). Girls—Fairfield Reserves (H). Reserves—Fairfield (H).  
Feb. 13—Wellsville (H). Girls—Wellsville (H).  
Feb. 14—Ravenna (T). Reserves—Ravenna (T).  
Feb. 20—Alliance (H). Girls—Leavittsburg (H). Reserves—Alliance (H).  
Feb. 21—Wellsville (T). Girls—Wellsville (T).  
Feb. 27—Struthers (H). Girls—Struthers (H).

## GIRLS VARSITY TEAM CHOSEN

From a group of about 75 girls, Miss Peterson has chosen her varsity teams:

First Team: Forwards—Margaret Fritzman, Ada Hanna, Ruth Jones, Mary Koenreich, Susan Lutsch, Connie Tice.

Guards—Anna Jones, Mary Judge, Dorothy Kearcher, Mary Lou Scullion, Louisa Smith, Roberta Ward.

Reserves: Forwards—Betty Chapel, Louise Calkins, Helen Moffett, Bernice Smith, Mary Weigand.

Guards—Matilda Hurray, Thelma Matthews, Marianne Mullins, Avien Paxson, Anna Showron, Ruth Whinnery.

Those remaining from last year are: Captain Sue Lutsch, our center from whom we expect a great deal; Connie Tice, who has been with the team for two years; Anna Jones, a newcomer last year, but who showed up exceptionally well with the team; the Three Musketeers, Roberta Ward, Mary Judge and Mary Lou Scullion, who are quite good when they get together, and, last but certainly not least, Ruth Jones, Margaret Fritzman and Dorothy Kaercher, who were on the reserves last year and have advanced to the first team this year. Thelma Matthews, Ruth Whinnery and Mary Weigand were on the reserves last year also.

Our first game is with East Liverpool on Jan. 3. We beat them last year and I am sure we can beat them again this year. The schedule for the season is as follows:

Jan. 3—East Liverpool (H).  
Jan. 10—Lisbon (T).  
Jan. 16—Alumni (H).  
Jan. 23—East Liverpool (T).  
Jan. 24—Leavittsburg (T).  
Jan. 30—East Palestine (T).  
Jan. 31—Columbiana (H).  
Feb. 6—Warren (T).  
Feb. 7—Fairfield (Reserves) (H).  
Feb. 13—Wellsville (H).  
Feb. 20—Leavittsburg (H).  
Feb. 21—Wellsville (T).  
Feb. 27—Struthers (H).

—Q—

## CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN FOREIGN LANDS

(Continued from Page 6)  
presents or have feasts. The day is spent in prayer.

Early Christmas morn is spent at church in Wales. The rest of the morning is spent giving presents and Christmas dinners to the poor. A great feast is held at noon. The table is decorated and there are favors at each place. They have turkey as we do and also plum pudding. The evening is spent visiting friends.

Saint Nicholas originally came from Holland. In Holland he is a veritable saint, and often appears in full costume, with his embroidered robes, glittering with gems and gold, his mitre, his crozier, and his jeweled gloves. Santa Claus comes here the twenty-fifth. But in Holland he visits the fifth. Early on the morning of the sixth he distributes his candies, toys and treasures, then vanishes for a year.

The children put their shoes on the table in the dining room. Saint Nicholas appears at Christmas Eve and tells the children whether he will forgive them for their faults or whether he will leave a rod with their parents instead of gifts. He then gives them candy. Christmas morning they look at the gifts he left them in their shoes with great excitement.

Thus these interesting customs of other countries are reminders that all the world loves Christmas.

—Dorothy Benzinger.

—Q—

## Twin Brothers

Nancy Braithewaite had been suddenly called home that week from her Eastern school by her father. They discussed the cause. lieve it? What proof do you have? "But father, surely you don't believe you been ill at any time?"

Her father answered her slowly, "Yes Nan, but I didn't think it serious until—"

Nan spoke up quickly, "But why not go to a good doctor and find out for sure? Surely you don't take what he—that person said as final?"

"I have been to a doctor. He told me that my heart was bad but not serious unless I have some shock."

Nan finally shuddered and rose. She walked over to her father and said, "Don't you worry dad. We'll find some way out of this. I just won't let you leave me." With this she hurried from the room.

Roger sat alone thinking of that night just a week ago when a large man enveloped in a big overcoat and hood over his face entered through a window behind him. Roger had asked his business there. The stranger had started to slowly shake his head. He stood there for about sixty seconds. He then said in a deep voice, "You are very ill. In one month you shall die."

He had then left.

Roger had been so dazed that he had forgotten to ask any questions. Then came the reaction. He had jumped to his feet and hurried to the window where the visitor had made his escape. There had been no one there of course.

The next day he had a caller who asked him to sell Braithewaite. Roger had, of course, refused. The man had gone away and Roger thought no more about it.

Roger Braithewaite was a wealthy Southern gentleman of about fifty. He was tall and thin. His daughter had coal black hair and was tall and thin, very much like her father.

Braithewaite, as their home was called, was a typical Southern mansion, sitting in a grove of trees about one-half mile from the road. The grounds surrounding it were covered with cotton, Roger had made good.

The next morning was a bright hot day and life about the plantation was dull. The negroes in the cotton fields sang as they slowly worked. Roger sat on the wide shady porch, watching his daughter running around getting ac-

Continued on page 9





## FOOTBALL RESUME

Our gridiron team, although it had one of the toughest schedules in Salem High history, finished a very successful season this year with a total of eight wins, one loss, and two ties to its credit. The opening tilt of the season was lost to Canton McKinley through a hard fought battle which resulted in a score of 9-26. The teams showed much strength by winning six consecutive games, Warren, New Philadelphia, Youngstown East, and Wellsville. This consecutive winning was broken, however by tying Youngstown South, 6-6 in a hard fought gridiron battle. Salem won the next two games defeating Sebring and Lisbon. Salem closed their season on Thanksgiving with the Alliance game, holding the Alliance aggregation to a scoreless tie. Following are the boys who carried Salem to the county championship and to a tie with Alliance for second place in the Big Ten Conference; they are arranged according to their classes in school.

Paul Sartick is gridiron star of Salem High who deserves much credit for the team's accomplishments this year and the past four years for his ability, on the line. Although only being developed into a center in his junior and senior years, he is credited with being one of the finest centers in northeastern Ohio. He was awarded the position of first team center on the big ten and all county teams this season. Paul, in his four years of football with Salem High has played every position on the line in practice and in scheduled games and, out of the Seniors that are graduating this year he is the only one that received four varsity football letters. Paul is a fine defensive man and will be greatly missed.

Augie Corso, the iron man of the team, deserves much credit for the team's success. Augie was never out-played by his opponents and was the best defensive man of the

team. Augie was awarded the position of first team tackle of the big ten and all county teams. Augie was in on every play and never failed in making holes for the backs. We sincerely hope that Augie continues his football career and so, make another great star, that we can say was developed in old Salem High.

Bill Smith the man mountain of Salem's gridiron, also was responsible for much of the team's success. Bill was a great ground gainer on line plunges, making several outstanding performances on the gridiron. Bill was a wizard at carrying the hog's-hide over the deadline for Salem High. He enacted many points to Salem's credit this year, running a close second to Beck in the scoring ranks. Bill could always be depended on. He was a consistent player throughout the season. He will leave a vacancy on the gridiron this season that cannot be easily replaced.

Harold Hackett, Salem High's big man from the south, who hails from Huntington, West Virginia, showed remarkable ability as a guard on both defense and offense. Harold started as an end this season, but due to Coach Stone's need for a guard he was trained for that position. Harold with his mate, "Carrot-top," could move a line with ease no matter how tough the wall was. Harold had a knack in blocking punts. Although he was handicapped during this season by a bad knee he deserves much credit for his fine playing.

Lawrence Weigand, although only being out for football his junior and senior years, has shown his ability as a guard. Lawrence was a consistent and heady football player, and a hard playing lineman. We shall miss him on the team next year.

Mike Corso like his brother, "Carrot Top," did a fine job in upholding his position as a tackle on Salem's gridiron in the past three seasons, being exceptionally good this last season. Mike played consistent football throughout the season. Mike did not receive any great laurels in his football career,

but he was always there when needed. He was a wide-awake, heads-up football player at all times.

Ed Beck, the lad whom the junior class is proud of, deserves much

credit for piling up the high scores on Salem's opponents. Ed scored 121 points through touchdowns and bucking the line for extra points. He was also our big toe man and could punt from any position. Ed developed into a fine open field runner and is considered the greatest ever developed in Salem High. Ed made the all county and all big ten team's this year as a half-back, and was awarded the distinction of being the only triple-threat man of the big ten conference. He was the most out-standing player on the gridiron this season and was out-standing player on the gridiron this season and was out-standing in all of Salem's games. We hope that he will be back next season to help old Salem High.

Johnny French, another outstanding junior, is our team's great pile-driving fullback. Johnny is a consistent ground gainer and is good for five yards on any line plunge, John also up-held his position in backing up the line very well. Due to injuries, John was on the side lines for several games, but we will be hearing more from him

Continued on page 9

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## FOOTBALL RESUME

Continued from page 8  
next year.

Jack Carpenter, in his first year of varsity football, deserves much credit for the team's success. Jack is a fine tackler and hard to stop on end runs and line plunges. He is a shifty safety man and could run back punts in great style. Jack is only a junior and has another year to show Salem High how to carry a pigskin.

Harold Houts, a new comer to Salem High this year from Cuyahoga Falls, proved a worthy man on our famous gridiron. He was Stone's star utility man in the backfield because of his ability to play at any position in the backfield. Harold was a consistent line plunger and could pound the greensward on end runs.

Purn Sidingier has had a successful season at his berth on end. Like Keyes he is only a sophomore and has a career ahead of him. He played many great games this season, but the greatest of his games was the Youngstown South tilt in which Salem and South tied at 6-6. The South backs found it very hard to penetrate his end on offense and they found it hard to keep him still on defense. In the next two years Sidingier will probably earn a position on the all county and big ten teams.

Gordy Keyes is most consistent at his position. He seldom stars but he is always there when needed. On defense very few were able to penetrate Gordy's end for gains. He was always in the way of his opponents, spilling them for much loss. Gordy is only a sophomore, so we could not expect a great deal from him this year, because of his lack of experience on the gridiron, but in his next two years you can expect to see him bring home his share of the bacon for Salem High and also earn laurels for himself in being on the Big Ten team.

—Q—

## TWIN BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 7)  
quainted after her long stay at school. After a while she came back and flung herself at his feet, fanning herself. Everything seemed so peaceful that it seemed impossible that anything sinister was over shadowing them.

"It's so wonderful to be back at dear old Braithewaite again. I could be so happy if this dreadful thing had not happened," Nancy said.

"I know my dear but let's not worry about it, it's probably just some one playing a joke," he said, with much cheerfulness. But both knew that it was no joke and they were silent.

Towards evening the negroes changed their happy songs to more mournful tones. Auntie, the old colored woman, heard them and started wringing her hands. She went to the porch and told her beloved master that there was bound to be trouble.

Roger looked at his daughter gravely, then said to Auntie, "Never you mind Auntie, the negroes are

tired."

Auntie was unconvinced. She mumbled something about his waiting and seeing and ambled off in the direction of her kitchen.

Nan looked at her father thoroughly frightened. Then said, "You know father that the negroes are never wrong about such things. Do you suppose that man is coming back tonight?"

Her father shook his head.

Just then a man on a horse dashed in the lane and halted at the porch at seeing Roger. He handed him a letter and left. Roger opened it and hastily scanned the contents. Nan watched him, fearfully. At last he looked up and said, "We are going to have company tonight, Nan."

Nan was frozen. "What? Who?" Was all she could say. She thought that terrible man was coming back. "Who is coming? The negroes are right then, father?"

"No Nan, not this time. My brother is coming."

"Your brother? But I didn't know you had one." Nan said incredulously.

"I do have a brother, Jack. He is several years my senior. When he was about twenty, he ran away from college. No one ever heard of him again. Mother finally died, heart-broken, and dad to soon after. I was twenty then. The whole of Braithewaite was given to me. I have made good here. Well, perhaps we may still be happy here. I am anxious to see him." As he finished this story, he brushed a tear from his eye.

Nan tried to feel anxious. Dear old Braithewaite. She looked around her and wondered if she could ever leave it. Then the real Nan showed and she wondered what this adventurous uncle of hers was really like. Would he have married? Would he be rich? She went into the kitchen and told Auntie that there would be company. Auntie rolled her eyes and said that no good would ever come of it. Nevertheless, she started the negroes to cooking and cleaning as they always did when company was expected at Braithewaite. That evening it rained. The thunder made the shutters bang on the house. The wind howled and whistled. Auntie, in her kitchen felt it in her bones that something dreadful was going to happen. She got down on her knees in the middle of the large kitchen and started talking. Tears she moaned and rocked back and forth. Nan hearing her, ran for her father and together they tried to quiet her. But Auntie wouldn't be comforted. After about a half an hour she let one piercing shriek and fell over in a faint. At that moment, the large brass knocker on the front porch boomed out. Old Josh, the butler, turned gray and his hands trembled. He walked slowly to the front door. When he had opened it, a large man stepped into the hall.

"What a night to keep a man standing outside while you make up your mind whether to open the door or not. Here take my coat

Continued on page 10

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## TWIN BROTHERS

Continued from page 9

and tell your master to hurry up." This was said in a gruff, surly voice. He went into the room, to wait for Roger. Old Josh watched him silently, then went in search of his master. When Roger came back, Jack was examining the room. He finally looked up and seeing Roger, said with a slight sneer, "Glad to see me back, Roger? You certainly have made our little old home look nice. Now, I can step in and enjoy it. I thank you." With this, he laughed.

Roger was surprised. This didn't seem like his good-natured brother. But it had been so long since he had seen him, and Jack had probably had a hard time. He said, "Yes Jack, we have a nice home. But sit down and warm yourself while Auntie gets us something to eat. You must be wet and hungry." Nan came in this moment with a tray of hot food. After the introduction, she went to a corner and watched this new uncle of hers. She didn't like him and yet she felt she shouldn't pass judgment so quickly.

Jack ate quickly and told Nan to take it out, that he wished to talk to her father. Nan did so, unwillingly, as she wished to hear what he wanted to say. She hurried back but the door had been shut. She listened.

"This house always gave me the creeps, we won't keep it long." She heard her uncle say.

"I won't leave the place, of course. How much do you want for your share?" Roger asked.

Jack named a sum so large that Roger was astounded.

After Jack had gone to bed, Roger sat on before the fire. All was silent. Then very slowly, the window behind him opened and Roger felt rather than heard the man coming towards him. He finally saw his visitor again. The man spoke as before. "You are ill and will soon die. Sell Braithewaite and take your daughter away while there is still time." After this, he left as he had before.

The next night, Jack again asked Roger for his decision. Roger spoke slowly, "I have decided to—" he got no farther. A piercing shriek was heard from the direction of the kitchen. Roger ran to Auntie who was again down on her knees, in the center of the floor. Jack could not keep the anxiety from showing in his face. He said, "Come on, don't listen to that crazy old nigger. As you were saying—"

At this critical moment, Old Josh ushered in a tall, good-looking man of about Roger's age. He rushed to Roger and embraced him. Roger held him off, and closely scrutinized him.

"Don't you know me, old man? Have I been away that long?" The man said.

Roger looked at him and uttered a glad cry, "Jack." But then he recovered and turned to the other man and asked, "But who is this?" The imposter started to vanish but the real Jack, realizing that some-

thing was wrong, intercepted him.

"Who are you?" He cried.

The man looked at him sullenly and said, "I heard that this house contained some very valuable portraits, which I wanted." I tried to get him to sell by frightening him and finally by pretending to be his brother.

Jack escorted him to the door and told him not to come back. Needless to say he was glad to get away.

But Jack where have you been? Why didn't you come back before? How did you happen to come back tonight?" Roger asked.

Jack seemed glad to get back. He answered his brother gravely, "I have made good. I didn't like to come back until I had. I own a large steamship line now. I just happened to come back to the States to see the branch office here and couldn't resist the temptation to see you." Jack explained.

Nan came in and got acquainted with this new uncle Auntie and Old Josh came and greeted him and then went back to the kitchen, all happy once more.

#### RUTH MILLER. CLASSIFICATION OF PEOPLE OF A STREETCAR

On entering the street car one day, I hastened to obtain the last vacant seat. As soon as I was placed comfortably, my eyes fell upon a short, dirty figure sitting with his feet placed upon the seat in front of him.

His shirt looked like a piece of smoked bacon and his ragged suit might have been used as a street duster. My eyes traveled above his head and fell upon the sign above him, "Cleanliness is the Best Policy, Use Lux Soap."

As I gazed across the aisle a small delicate well-dressed young lady was sitting next to her companion. On her lap was a poke of peanuts and a bag of candy. She seemed to be the spend-thrift type of girl as on her fingers several rings sparkled. Unconsciously, my eyes now wandered to a poster which hung above her. "A penny saved is a penny earned," seemed to reflect on her.

My attention was drawn to a man sitting directly on front of her whose cough seemed to have caused a good deal of commotion in the car. In one of his hands he held a cigarette and in the other he held the package containing them which was marked "Lucky Strikes." Having become accustomed to applying these signs to people, I looked upward and read, "Old golds, not a cough in a car-load!"

Fearing that I was attracting attention by gazing across the aisle, I turned and my eyes immediately fell upon a young girl who evidently was following the modern times and was leaving her hair grow long. However, it was far from its destination, and seemed to fly everywhere, much to the disgust of the owner. It was straight and very uncontrollable. My curiosity was aroused by this time to see what

Continued on page 11

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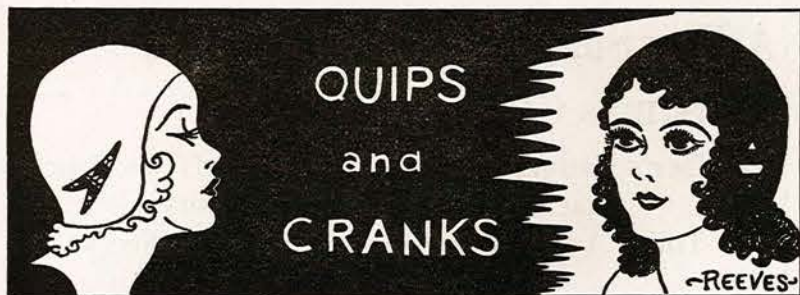
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Rachel Cope: What is the difference between mind and brains?

Miss Cherry: One is abstract and the other is concrete.

Duane Dilworth: Hah! Mine's ivory!

Teacher: What did you learn about the three-headed dog, Cerberus?

Betty Coles: Well, I did not find much on him.

Teacher: Write the name of Milton's first wife.

John Fritzman: Which one?

Why did you stop singing in the choir?

Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed.

Sambo: Didn't you tell me that "procrastinate" means to "put off?"

Professor: Dat am the signification of the word— yes, sah!

Sambo: Den why did the street car conductor laugh when I says: "Procrastinate me at 21st street?"

Missionary (horrified): You say you ate your own father and mother? Why that means you're a cannibal.

Black Boy: No, an orphan.

Mr. H.: Napoleon said: "Never say can't!"

Ray K.: I wonder if he ever tried to strike a match on a cake of soap.

Freshman: Please, dear Lord, help me to be half as popular as the dog that ran through our study hall this morning.

#### Believe It or Not—

Stage hand (to manager): Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has the hiccups.

Student: They found among the ruins, a monument dated 400 B. C.

Brainy: I got a slick job.

Cents: What is it?

B.: Waxing floors.

C.: I got a slicker job. Huh? Selling raincoats.

#### REPORT OF CENTRAL TREASURY OF HIGH SCHOOL FUNDS November 20, 1930

Association—				
Budget	\$256.82	\$208.85	\$260.50	\$205.17
Athletics—				
Basketball	4.02	10.00	9.60	4.42
Cross Country	2.62	68.00	67.22	3.40
Football	826.00	1485.29	762.90	1548.39
Minor Sports	5.56	—	2.15	3.41
Track	3.00	20.00	—	23.00
Classes—				
1931	343.05	187.25	103.17	427.13
1932	23.68	—	—	23.68
1933	31.15	—	—	31.15
Clubs—				
Band	50.72	26.25	55.50	21.47
Biology	14.95	—	—	14.95
Commerce	5.96	—	—	5.96
French	5.34	3.50	7.73	1.11
Hi-Tri	4.32	—	3.00	1.32
Hi-Y	45.51	2.50	11.53	36.48
Latin	4.50	—	—	4.50
Salemasquers	18.58	—	—	18.58
Science	4.32	—	—	4.32
Spanish	*8.47	4.50	—	*3.97
Tumblers	12.45	—	—	12.45
Literary—				
Debate	1.20	—	—	1.20
Quaker	4.98	123.20	125.00	3.18
Office—				
County Schoolmasters	3.75	34.80	32.83	5.72
General	9.30	11.00	11.13	9.17
History	155.57	—	—	155.57
Locker	213.14	3.25	9.20	207.19
May Day	46.70	—	—	46.70
Radio	34.58	—	—	34.58
Totals	\$2123	\$2188.39	\$1461.46	\$2850.23

#### CLASSIFICATION OF PEOPLE

Continued from page 10  
was in store for her and on looking upward I read, "Haircuts at Smith's, fifty cents. Have your hair cut and be comfortable."

The car, now stopped for more passengers and a large, very fat tall elderly woman entered. She seated herself in the nearest place obtainable and the sign above her said, "Try the eighteen-day diet."

And among the rest of the newcomers was a small lady whose skin in her face could hardly be seen from the numerous, large, brown spots that rested on it. "Stillman's Freckle Lotion" was the sign that greeted her.

And so I went on applying these signs to many different people who came and went from the street car. In doing this, my usually very long

Continued on page 12

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This is one of the letters that I received and I just had to answer it because I know that it is absolutely essential that I do so. You know the old saying goes "The first hundred years are the hardest," but we may safely say "The first case is the toughest." Well, here it is.

Dear Mr. Wizard:

Gee, I was gonna rite you for a long time but I jest couldn't make myself do it. I have bin thinking that you could give me a little advise becuze I guess I am in luv or something. Now I don't no fer sure but I think I am, becuze evry time I pass this girl my hart just starts up so fast that I think I a mriding my bickie insted of walking.

I don't know whether she likes me or not but I hope she does. Now jest cuz I am so small I don't no whether she sees me but I want you to tell her that Ill grow up some day. Please tell me what to do, becuze I just dont no.

Yours Truly,

ARTHUR FRONIUS

Dear Mr. Fronius

This certainly must be your first venture into the turmoils of ecstasy. If I were you I would always

#### CLASSIFICATION OF PEOPLE

Continued from page 11  
and tiresome ride was made short and interesting. In fact, so interesting that I just awoke from my study of face in time to quickly ring the bell and get off at my destination.

As I walked to my home from

comb my hair down real nice and be very polite to her. You may have to talk pretty loud to make her hear but if you can't talk loud enough, try to get a pair of stilts so you will be closer to where you should be. I guess she will like you all right, but you had better start growing up right away because girls are rather impatient, but you will find that out later. You might try giving her some candy now and then, just as a reminder that you are still about, but best of all write her some thrilling love letters. This is about all the advice I can give you at the present but if more is necessary, just write me and I will try to help you.

Helpfully Yours,

THE WIZARD

DEAR DON:

I have been wonderin whether your technique in love-making has been acquired by your artful work on the stage or if it was acquired by the more common "home work" method. Perhaps both, eh? The quality of most of it makes me trend to the conclusion that more of the latter method was used. You might write and tell me what method you really dig practice and in what style you went about it, so that I may pass the fruits of your labor to some of those who were less fortunate than to learn this wily game at an earlier date.

Fortunately,

THE WIZARD

My friend and worthy press agent Howard Heston, has many times been accused as being the author of this little article. Please cease to accuse him, for he is as innocent of it as night is of taking away the daylight.

I am astounded that these snooping detectives, Dale Wilsch, Harold Walker, and Dan Weber, have not as yet found the slightest clue as to who I am, because I am forever in their midst. I am also astonished that Victor Orashan has not as yet found the smallest factor in leading to my exposure. He has a slight advantage over the other three modern Sherlock Holmeses due to the fact that he is usually with Howard Heston and spends much of his time in The Quaker office. But as yet, I am still in grim vagueness.

WHO IS THE WIZARD ????

the street car, I could not help wondering if any one had ever applied these signs to me and if so I wondered what results they got. I also resolved at that time, that I would always glance upward before I ever again seated myself in a street car.

—Francis Markovich.

## A Few Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

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