

THINK THE RAIN'LL HURT THE RHUBARB?

WATSON FINDS FENCE: FACULTY BUYS FLYTOX

"Now my dear Watson, this case is quite obvious", states Sherlock Fitzpatrick, Salem High School's famous defective detective.

"Ah, I have a clue", says Doctor Watson J. French, Sherlock's first mate. "I fear that the good ship will sink before we can reach it, if it freezes to-nite we might take a jolly well skate in the morning."

"Ah, but Watson, if you don't be true to your teeth they will be false to you", answers Sherlock as he combs his flowing locks to keep them from swimming in his favorite cup of coffee.

"But I can not see your view pont; I jolly well wish I had my Rugby uniform handy and we could indulge in a boistrous game of marbles", echoes Watson from the penthouse above the third floor of the school building.

"I say, Watson, remember that case we took under our wing two years ago, where the guilty senior graduated with only 16 credits. I feared we would never track the poor fellow down, and it seems as tho the principal could not locate the deficiency."

"That was quite a devastating accident I must admit", replies Watson as he clamps on his baseball shoes ready to undergo about 10 rounds of hard tennis.

"Well, I must be going in order to solve this present murder of ten teachers", says Sherlock as he rubs his hand over his smoothly shaven face.

Don't mind this little interruption, my dear readers, for I fear we must leave the high school bug-house until our friends Sherlock and Watson get a few more clues on this terrible teacher murder. So saying I bid you all a jolly good farewell.

WAS LAMB THE SURE TO GO

The S. P. S. S or the Society for the Protection of Sisters of the Skillet has started a branch office in S. H. S.

Dorothy Thoreau was elected most Worthy Potentate, most Excellent Queen and High Speeler-off. Miss Cuman Gitem was made faculty advisor. Marye Miller was elected first Flea Killer and Refreshment Provider with Molly Campbell as assistant. Meetings will be held April 1 of each year.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Say! Did I tell ya about dat big fire uptown last nit? Huh! no? Vell ya see da school house boint up, down—no up. Vell anyway,—Say, I heard vun criticissment of last week's quake-her. Yeh, sombodi said dat they homitted about 25 names from da Ruushian derectori. Oy, I didn't finish telling about da school ouse boinning up, did? Vehl,—Ah der goes Gordy and Rachel, that must be hound love. Huh? Oy, because it es a lettle older dan puppy loffe. Vehl, andyway, de school boint down, up, down—Car-amba! Coud somebodi tell me vich way a fire boins?

ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW;

Well, well, well, old Snoocems came to school for an annual, ripping talk last Tuesday. He sure did rip his pants on a seat in the auditorium. Likewise, some 800 mouths almost ripped their faces open. Not laughing, but yawning. You know how how that is—all wet. Yes, it is a strange case. Things turned from cold to hot, from hot to hotter, from hotter to hottest—then things happened. The yell brought the roof down. Extra, extra. Great uproar in school hall," with a postscript, "Everyone hurt but Snoocems." When the reporter asked the survivor, he said, "I gotta the protection."

AND EVERYWHERE WENT MARY THAT;

My, theeth frethmen! I thaw one the other day trying to play "America" on the typewriter.

That little bit of a thing over there tried to reath the firth floor by thliding on the bannithterth. He didn't know there were nobth on the end of eath one.

There goeth one in Mithter Thpringerth offith and athkin him if he thaw the printhipal thome-where.

Mithith Englehart thinkth the Hi-Y--Hi-Tri mikther ith, a new egg beater.

Two little frethmen boyth wonder why ligth don't lothe their but-tonth. They think we have China-men here becauthe their are chinkth in the wall.

PANAMA OFFERS SNOW SNOVELING JOBS

"Come on Pat, let's get goin. Wow! that was a close one."

"Close me eye buddy, you ain't seen nothin yet. See this part in my hair?"

"No, where is it?"

"Well, I got that from a knock-kneed machine gun run by a cross-eyed krout."

"Yeh! and then the horse walked in."

This blah-blah kept up for quite some time, while the two buddies were scrambling from No Man's Land. Did I say scrambling? Well, that's not the word for it. They were scam and egging; no that's not right either but we'll let it go at that. As I was saying, these aforesaid pals were proceeding with due formality (and hastiness) away from the fire-works.

Pat and Mike, what a pair they made. What a pair they made. What one didn't think of, the other didn't either, so there you are. Where were we now? Oh yes, as I was saying, they were a great pair, and they both had a past. Yes, they both had a past. To say nothing of the future, because when they got back to their regiment they were put in the calaboose for a week. And what a week. Great Julius Caesar's Suspenders, what a week. Did I say what a week? Well, that's what I meant.

Pat and Mike were a very exacting couple. Oh my yes. If one combed his hair the other washed his face, so between the two of them, they made a terrible looking two. Pardon me, did I say two? Well, I meant a foursome; oh that's not right either.

There was only one thing that Pat and Mike disagreed on, and that was politics. Yes. One was a Socialist, and the other, well, I guess that he was a Democrat. And say, did they have the arguments? One night they got so mad they started throwing hand-grenades, and the funny part of it was that they both escaped without a scratch. Of course not, they threw the hand-grenades at the captain, who, by the way, was a Republican.

Lastly came the question of ancestors. Pat claimed that his forty-second cousin climbed the north pole, and Mike claimed that his great, great etc. grandfather made the thing. So there you are, and where are you? Why, just at the conclusion that Pat and Mike were about the two silliest nuts on the face of the earth, excepting of course, the author.

OLD SOL REVIVES POTATO CROP

A wailing, sobbing, mournful bunch of seniors, most of whom were underclassmen, met in the auditorium under beautiful pink and blue lights, to discuss the teachers' strike.

It seems that all our dear directors, except Miss Shoop and Miss Cherry, donned their ear-muffs, coats and goo-lashes, and after scaring several freshmen out of a week's chewing gum, declared a strike for more and noisier pupils.

Rachel Cope and Gordy Keyes tried to quell the insurrection, but they were rudely informed that unless students could be more hilarious and entertaining, and play bigger and better jokes, they would never again feel the teachers' tenderly comforting and guiding (usually to the office) hands.

The affairs of the school have been turned over to the seniors, who are now bravely carrying on and planning to omit social events for the rest of the year. Of course, freshmen will still be permitted to attend library meetings once a week.

Seniors claim that the only drawback to the new plan of government is that the hours are not long enough, and unless they can arrange to have twelve-hour days they will close the school for summer vacation and go on a strike.

GEORGE SHOOTS SELF; DULLS PAPER KNIFE

Last evening at 3 o'clock, in the little church around the corner, George and Margaret were united in holy matrimony. Rev. Arthur G. Fronius Jr. tied the knot. (And the kind of knots Arthur ties.)

The church was beautifully decked with cauliflowers and lettuce leaves. Paul Strader and Ted Stewart were cute little flower boys.

The bride was splendidly attired in a new Paris creation, a gown of colorful autumn leaves, while the groom blushed beautifully in shiny overalls.

After the bride had kissed the groom, the newly-weds eloped on a honeymoon to the Pennsylvania soft coal mines.

A suite of rooms is being prepared for the couple at the county poor house, but this is only temporary as George has higher prospects in view.

PROTECT OUR LIRD-BIFE

Much discension there has been among the inmates of Salem Sigh about the desks being made of common ordinary Palm wood.

They claim that the would of the cocconut wood be much fore serviceable since the great number of monqneys climbing up and down have worn it smooth and hard. But —are monkeys not also handeling the Palm?

And what the oak which preported Washington crossing the Wela-dare? Where-to-fore here about is another which sails the skies more freely than the "Bon Home Richard?"

Have we no management that such a defunction be allowed to remain?

HALL OF BLAME

(On account of we is so mooch the bigshots around hear, us thought ve would like to commence mit un Hall of Blame to mitimprove it our school.—The Veditor.)

Last: "Slim" Oily because he is alvoys sich an oily boid.—Oily to bed & oily to rise makes some people bright and vize, but not Oily. He sleeps in.

Und laster: The freshmen cause they stand (too dumb to sit down, I guess) for our jokes on themselves. You can fresh fresh with a freshman.

Firstest: The following persons because their footsies are bigger than Carnera's:

Mary Flourmaker
Minnie the Mootcher
ClerKing
El Isritch Hee! Hee!
Sell Ma A Leap-ch-Abner
Bill's a Hall Away
Oscar Oswald
Jo E. Laringitus, etc.

THE FIRST JOBS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Madame Rachel Cope, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Co.

"My first job paid me 5 cents an hour. I stuck sticky glue on fly paper to make flies stick on the sticky paper. I got stuck too, even though I wasnt a fly."

Miss Catherine Flick, the contortionst, says, "I stretched taffy in La Verda Capel's 'Ye Taffy Shoppe'. Incidentally, I stretched myself also."

Miss Selma Liebschner, the aviatrix, relates, "I filled balloons in Norm Early's 'Krazy Kat Toy Store'. This was easy for me, though, because I always had a lot of hot air."

go to bed with the rest of the bed-bugs. If I was a bit angry, it was

SPRIG ITH CUB

Milas High School was blown to smithereens early yesterday morning, December 12. The explosion was caused by Janet Walker's flaming hair coming in contact with Mary Andre's powder.

Unfortunately no one was injured as the explosion was only severe enough to destroy the school books, lockers, and so forth.

However, the weeping and wailing was enuff to melt the tenderest heart.

The girls were quite overcome because their date books and complexion containers were destroyed and the sorrow of the males was just as bad for they could not recognize their favorite weaknesses without their usual faces.

The city is overwhelmed at the disaster for it was the largest and only high they had.

School has been discontinued until next September at the order of the plank of education although pupils are thinking of protesting the order.

WENI, WEDI, WEAKIE

Cheres Messieus et Mesdames.

Why ees eet that ze frishmen arre called fresh? Dus eet meen thet ze rest of usse arre stale orre thet ve arre een full bloom? I wonderre what ze teachers den arre? Maybe dey arre fresh and stale both, forr all ze freshmen care.

I cannot tella you vat I tinka dey are. Soma are goot and soma are gooder. But da freshmen dey don't knowa da dif. A teacher coulda bee goot but vat do dey know ven she isa goot. Dem man teacher, she always seema not so goot, she seema so beega and stronga.

Stillsky I wantsky to knowsky whysky the freshmensky dey takesky da picturesky last. Maybesky so dey leavesky a last depressionsky, onasky, I meansky impressionsky.

Me know vellee leetle about English. Heel me be a fleshman and me vellee bad talkee. Can't somebolly teach me?

One toime Mr. Hilgendoif she esk me "Wat did McKeenley soi ven he got shotted?" Don't you toink he said "Ouch!"

Why don't rabbith have longer taith? Some of the frethmen alwayth mith em when they want to puth thome thalt on.

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CLUB SNOOZE

STUTTERERS' CLUB MEETS

Th-th--th-e St-st-st-utterer-ers' Club held i-i-its m-m-m- (whistle) assembly in room 303, p-p-p-(whistle) ninth period, with Clair King, world's champion tr-tr-tr-(whistle) blusher pr-pre-si-si-si-(whistle) in charge. Roscoe Ates was the chief sp-sp-sp (whistle) orator. As there w-w--as no f-f-fur (whistle) more b-b-business, the m-m-m (whistle) assembly was a-a-a-(whistle) suspended.

TYPING CLUB MEETS

The Typing Club held itd meetong in toom 306 actibity peroid, ladt thursday, with Nolly Campbell presiding. Arrangenemt for ekection of oggicers wad mase. As thete wad noe mora busines the meetong wad adgournes.

BAND MEETS

The Band held its annual Tuesday meeting last Monday in the auditorium under the direction of the great baton wielder, Mr. Brautigam. The so-called musicians tried to play "Stars and Stripes Forever" but couldn't find the music. When the trombones started to fake their part, the saxophones got up and left. All the rest wanted to play the solo part so the practice was postponed until next year.

LIPSING CLUB MEETS

Memberth of the lithping club of Thalem High met latht Thurthday in their thecond attempt to ad-journ. Thara Ihpiker wath chair-man of the program committee. Thinth thith wath all the bithneth they had, the memberth were thoon exthuthed.

DISHONOR ROLL

These students took an un-intelligence test and passed with flying colors—they all flew the other way.
Fatherine Click
Borin Lattin
Torothy Dhurow
Som Tnyder
Spara Siker

SPANISH CLUB MEETS

Los Costellanos tuno una session muy interesante en miercoles de la semana pasada. El president no estaba presente asi la session continua sin el.

La session abro con acto de pasar lista que se leo por el secretario que tambien no estaba presente.

La proxima cosa era una pieza. Los actores eran los senores Albert Hanna, Glen Stanley, Charles Getts y las señoritas Martha Jean Young, Catherine Minth, y Lean Nonno.

Como los miembros de esta organizacion no pueden comprender el espanol la pieza se de en ingles. La pieza era un completo failure porque nadie aplaudio.

La proxima cosa era un hora de acostarse cuento. El cuento era "Los Tres Osos" relato por el se norito Charles Getts, Despues los miembros aplaudieron ruiilos amente.

Los miembros cantaron una cantinelay entances cerraron la session engritando: ¡Viva! El rey!

LATIN CLUB MEETS

Etha Atinla Ubcla etma onwa astla ursdaytha orfa awa ortsha eetingma. Etha urposepa ofwa etha eetingma aswa ota alkta overwa etha anpla ofwa issueingwa oothpicksta ota etha undentsta attha etga icespa ofwa ewing-umcha andwa otherwa indska ofwa andyca ucksta inwa eirtha eethta uringda eepysla udyperiodsta.

Etha eetingma okebra upwa enwha omeonesa uggestedsa oingga

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THE QUACKER

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ANYWAY

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Wanted: S. H. S. student to sweep sidewalks with ingrown toenails and red hair. Apply Dr. We. Kill Em, 11171 Egypt road.

Personal: "Girls, please lay off of me."—"Buddy" Rogers of S. H. S., 11171 Egypt road.

Lost: A set of false teeth with a creak in the Jones' curtain department. Reward: 3 glass buttons. Apply Ima Loss, 11171 Egypt road.

Found: A freshman in chemistry lab, slightly green with limburger cheese behind the ears. Apply 11171 Egypt road.

For Sale: Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—good for paper wads, freshmen, blushing, B. O., halit—(how do you spell it?)—tosis, Bill Bowling, Bang-Bang, Arthur G., and bed-bugs. Inquire: Paul St-t-t-t-ra-a-a-d-d-d-er-r-r, 11171 Egypt road.

Also For Sale: One collegiate ford with a leaky radiator between 11171 Egypt road and South Lincoln avenue. Inquire of Izthis Me, 11171 Egypt road.

Wanted: Information on how I can stop making blunders in public that I don't make between 11171 Egypt road and S. H. S. Inquire: Lotta Nerve, 11171 Egypt road.

CLASS NEWS

SENIOR SAGACIOUSNESSES

Professor Goodman has just reported the solution of a problem that has been bothering the female element of the 32'ers. Why have the boys gone in so heavily for leap year parties?

In Professor Goodman's words: "The solution of the current turbulent question of why do the senior boys request a leap-year gathering can be presented in this elucidation. Every fourth year, commonly known as leap-year, the feminine population is required to appropriate the funds for all assemblies known as "Leap year parties." Aha! chislers!

Mrs. McCarthy: You say that Connie has a bad cold and will not be able to attend school today? Who is this speaking?
Voice: My mother.

What bonnie blond lassie of the senior class has Harriet's brother looking glum?

Bill Bowling wishes to beseech that all clamorous witticisms over his recent growth of whiskers be suppressed without intermediary.

At an assembly to be held February 29, 1933, the thirty-first vice president of the class of dignity will announce the way by which you can win: A mama-doll that stutters, a bicycle with steam heat, a fountain pen guaranteed to be pointless, or a package of Everwear chewing gum. No money will be required to enter this contest. Remember, you may be the lucky one.

And so until the next wafer we will say au revoir but not goodbye.

JUNIOR NEWS

The playful juniors had a meeting last Moon's-day to make up their minds vat they would do about de blay dat won't be long now. Ticket sails have been started and Gordie Kees made a long speel about nuttin'.

Miller Bill, allee samee, he maka da good speech on da coming out tickets for the annual drama to be given not far in the future by brothers (and sisters) of the class. Their are to nuw photographers in the class and there slogan is "King and Dilworth, Incorporated. Every picture free as the cameras are unbreakable."

The joolry that was sent back too

the factory has bin returned too it's riteful owners and the playful junior kiddies enjoyed last week's nickel dance immensely.

SOFT-MORE NOOS

Well! Well! Well! and Well! High Low everybody. This is the soft-more class speaking. This morning all the soft-mores ate breakfast as usual and then cleaned their teeth, kissed mamma good-bye and scrambled to school. Arthur G. Fronius, Jr., came walking innocent like and was asked what he had for breakfast. "Well," said Arthur, "if I'd a had some ham, I'd a had some ham and eggs, if I'd a had the eggs, but I didn't have either so I had some Quick Quack Oats." We wonder if Arthur got indigestion.

Troy Cope was caught chooing chooing gum and was told to spit it out. "Aw Gee, teacher," he said, "this is my last stick of Ducky Wucky gum" (with special permission of the copywright owner Mary Lou Scullion).

"Alright, Troy," said Miss Teacher, "I shall call your father and see that you are not allowed to chew that horrid stuff."

"But teacher, my father owns the company that makes it."

Well, that sort of puts the teacher in a predicament, eh what? Well toodle-oo, boys and girls—er—pardon, please—we mean—er—ladies and gentlemen.

NAMHSERF SWEN

Evah uoy deciton woh the Nemhserf evah neeb gnikcolf dnuora eht seiranoitcid dna saidepolcycene? Yeht evah neeb gnikes rof srewsna ot eht gniwallof snoitseug.

Tahw dnk fo seip worg no eip stnalp?

Woh od uoy thgil a gniltserw hctam?

Woh ynam starac era ni a llabesab dnomaid?

Si Nit Nap Yella devap htiw nit snap?

Ot tahw si eht naeco edit?

Woh gnol liiw a repap thgiew?

"Fat" Paxson decided to give Rudy Vallee some competition, so he bought a rumba. Two weeks ago, when he took his first lesson, he couldn't play a note. Now he can play one note—slightly off key.

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SOCIETY

Virginia Grama has been a prominent visitor at Los Angeles for the past week. She is continuing her stay there for a few more paragraphs.

Clair King and his dog spent their vacation in Florida. Thus the sunburned (perhaps we should say reddened) countenances.

Lorin Battin went to New York to meet Mayor Jimmy Walker and have the Mayor show him the town. Imagine Swede's disappointment when he arrived in New York and learned that Jimmy was in Salem.

Selma Liebschner spent her vacation at her country home picking the fuzz off of peaches. She expects to shoot tigers in the wilds of Africa as soon as she finds them. (We leave it to you whether we mean the tigers or the wilds).

John Paul Olloman cruised around the Mediterranean Sea with the Prince of Wales last week. The Prince was trying to play water polo and to his embarrassment fell off his horse. J. P. threw him a straw so the Prince outlived it (his embarrassment, not the straw).

Robert McCarthy will be a guest of Gordon Keyes II on April VI, MCMXXXII at the latter's home, CDLX II Street, for IV weeks.

Rachel Cope had an awfully boring time last week. She paid a visit to Dr. I. M. Painless, local dentist.

Russell says that his particular charm lies in his middle name. Now if you don't tell any one, I'll tell you. "Gsacitishalitappendictituscir-ruth." Remember, not a word to any one.

Ruth says that one kind of a bill is very unpleasant, but that another kind of Bill is tres nice.

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HAVE YOU A LITTLE FAIRY IN YOUR HOME

The students of Salem High School were entertained last Thursday by a group of very serious lectures. It was definitely made public today that this program was sponsored by the Freshmen Boys' Sewing Circle which hasn't yet been organized. They hold a meeting each Thursday of May.

The program which was a sunrise affair started a few minutes late at 8:30 p. m. and was well attended by six and one-half per cent of the students. It was an inside meeting held under cover on the outside of the high school. The sun was shining brilliantly although the rain poured down in torrents. The program was fifteen minutes late in starting since the orchestra that played the lectures didn't arrive on time.

The lectures were on a group of very instructive subjects such as "The Private Life of a Flea," "How to Train a Fishing Worm to Tap Dance," "Why Some Pupils Insist Upon Calling White Dotted Swiss Blue Voile," "Why Chickens Insist on Swimming," and "Why Banana Skins are Slippery." There was an intermission before each lecture and the students all got up and left but the orchestra played the lectures anyway and received a storm of applause.

The program was closed at 12 o'clock Friday morning. The delighted students dragged their weary bodies into the school building and locking themselves into their lockers slept peacefully un-

OBITUARIES

Teddy Stewart died the other day.
He fell off from a load of hay.
Now he is beneath the terrain
Securely wrapped in cellophane.

Albert Hanna
Lies 'neath the dust.
His insides thought
That they would bust

Miss Jean Scott now has died;
She thought that she'd commit
suicide.
Her faithful lover was untrue,
Now she lies beneath the dew.

Sally Spiker
Sleeps in the damp.
One day she died
Of writer's cramp.

Miss Connie Tice, the racketeer,
Lies 'mouldering in the grave'.
She went to Chicago for half a year
Because excitement she did crave.

Virginia Grama
Rests 'neath the ground
She drove her car
Recklessly around.

OUR HERO

Cut to arrive from engraver, April 1, 2000

—Q—
Meek were described last time.
Marcella Moffett and Charles
shade of her hair.

Her home room is 201. Her temper-
-ment is quite different from the
on to the back of an arm chair.
on to stand on thin air while holding

This junior was last seen trying
to make a very nice.

Catch on?
to make a very nice.
is the fact that he should be able
didn't the next big secret about him

immediately. However, in case you
No doubt you guessed him in im-
black wavy hair and very dark eyes.
er sophisticated senior. He has
his nose is none other than another
himself on the back of a chair on
The gentleman trying to balance

WHIMSOO

—Q—
The senior class wants to have
another party. This time it will be a
leap year party unless the girls re-
fuse under Miss Beardmore's ad-
visory statements. The seniors want
to have a good time while they're
here because—it won't be long now.

Poor girls, the boys feel sorry that
they will (?) be burdened with the
financial problem this time. The
run of some of the boys will prob-
ably be quite tiresome. This paper
will solemnly back the statement
that there will be a long line of un-
lucky boys. All those wishing to
place bets on this matter please see
Dale Leipper or the "Little Rus-
sian." As a bit of advice to the un-
derclassmen, we say, "Do as the
seniors do and you can't be right."

After the party the girls promised
to sing "Thweet Angeline, My An-
geline."

It is only fitting and proper that
the party should close in such a
fashion. Hic. I thee you in the
foony paper.

POISONALS

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THE MOON AND I

The moon was full and so was I
A charming lad strolled right by I
And stepped I up to he perchance
to talk

"Mmm, would you like to take a
walk?"

He blushed and dropped his eyes
to the path

I picked them up for he and
laughed.

His lashes were long and rather
rusty

He was slight—not very husky.
We walked into the park and spied
A rustic bench—t'was not so wide
And sat we there awhile to chat
And talk and muse on this and
that.

About his waist place I my arm
He smiled and sighed, "T'would not
be wrong."

I tilted up his firm square chin
His fair blue eyes to gaze therein
I kissed he then a sounding smack
And place I he upon my lap
I said, "What is your salary, little
boy?"
And he said, "16 bucks." Oy! Oy!
Oy!

Then stood I up and down went he
And straight from there then did
I flee

And sobered up I in fine scorn
And woke I wiser up next morn.

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THIS

Francie was one of these melodramatic, clinging products of the stage show, who lure inconstant young men who ought to know better into the floods of matrimony or worse, and who, though they may seem the very flowers of beauty and tenderness, will knock you down and step on your face before you have time to yell "Help!" She hung on my arm like the clinging vine she tried to portray, as we left the show in a pouring rain.

My whistle summoned to the curb the taxicab which had just come careening down the street after clipping the long back hair from an old dray truck and an old lady who was crossing street to attend a lecture at the Y. W. C. A.

"Oh, let's walk," said Francie, just as the cab drew up, getting in one of the crazy moods that old people sometimes acquire (I did not say Francie was young, Ponds and Palmolive made her that way, her past would kill Texas Guinan of shame).

"But, my dear girl, do you know that it's raining?" I remonstrated, twitting her for what seemed to have been a lapse of status quo on her part.

"Oh, that's all right," she answered, swishing her green Japanese umbrella open, and throwing the water which had collected inside into my face.

There was nothing else to do but push back my glass eye and tell the taxi driver to put his car away and

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