

## In the Sport World

Seniors Win Meet  
Loss of Old Members Felt

On April 20, the senior class of Salem High won the inter-class meet. The sophomores and juniors were close behind, but the fact remains that they lost. This makes the third straight win for the class despite the fact that several of its athletes are prominent members of the High track squad. It is certainly a great class, if there ever was one!

The loss of some prominent members of the Quaker track squad was keenly felt at Mansfield last week. Ed Beck, had he been eligible, could have added five points to the Salem total. With the return of Beck, and the return of Raymond's discus throwing form, the Quakers should be prominent contenders for the State title this year.

The forthcoming Salem High Night Relay should again be taken by the hosts of the meet. A little seasoning was gained at Mansfield last week, and if performances are repeated all should be well. These relays have been developing for the last two years, and this year they should be a classic worthy of attention.

Salem High golfers were defeated by McKinley in their first match by a score of 14 to 2. Andy Benedict was the only one to score points. He earned two points for tying his man. The team will play Struthers Friday at the Salem Golf Club.

The tennis squad did not fare so well last Friday. They lost to the Alliance racketeers by a score of 6 to 1. Roth was the only man to win his match.

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## ANOTHER SENIOR LOSES DIGNITY

Quick steps came tripping up the cement walk leading to the school. A gay laugh rang out in the morning air. The quick steps stopped as a dainty maid pulled back the door. The door flew back, the maid missed her step, and in she went, on her knees. A frantic hand reached for the opposite door. The hand missed its object and a certain curly head bumped against a hard surface. A very undignified laughing senior limped up the stairs. Were you trying to get to school on time, Becky?

## Young Man's Fancy Turns to Fear When He Finds How Love Is Dear

Prevalent in every country about the spring of the year there is a malady, appropriately called Spring Fever. It is seldom fatal, but very contagious. The disease was noticed about the time that the first school was built. No one is immune, but sad to say, it is an illustration of one instance where prevention is not better than cure. In fact, there is no way of curing it. It cannot be prevented by vaccination, inoculation, conjugation, or any other way.

This disease may strike a person of any age, but it is mostly found in persons from the ages of fourteen to twenty.

The symptoms are very noticeable. There is a dreamy look about the eyes and the person seems to be in a daze. The hearing is affected and sometimes it is necessary to speak three or four times before the victim will make any response.

In the more serious cases, there is a desire to be persons of the opposite sex.

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The first thing that must be done is to remove the afflicted person from school. Then administer a swimming suit, mixed with a tennis racquet and a baseball and bat, in large doses every afternoon that the sun shines.

In the more serious cases it may be necessary to give perhaps three "dates" a week, but this can gradually be cut down to one, as too many are detrimental to the pupil's progress. A car which will go about seventy miles per hour will usually hasten recovery.

The disease usually lasts two or three weeks—very stubborn examples sometimes require a month. There is no quick cure—time and the out-of-doors is the only definite remedy. If you feel that you have this dread disease, just keep it a secret and perhaps you will recover.

Remember: "An ounce of pound is worth a prevention of cure."

## SENIORS WIN INTERGLASS LAURELS IN TRACK MEET

Champions of interclass track and field athletics are the seniors with 40½ points to the sophomore's 38; then come the juniors with 36 points and last the freshmen with 21½ points.

Crowl, a freshman, won high point laurels with 12½ points. French and Bowling, both seniors, were second with 10 points apiece. The others with high scores were Greenisen 8, Theriault 7, and Holloway 6½.

Kamasky, a sophomore, ran the mile in 5 minutes 3 seconds. Mike Fromm, a coming all-round athlete ran the 440 in 57.3 seconds. Bowling stepped over the high hurdles in 18.5 seconds. Bill Pauline leaped through the air 19 feet 11 inches to nose out Crowl for first in the broad jump. Lesch, sophomore, ran the 220 in 27.5 seconds. Greenisen took the low hurdles in the fast time of 29 seconds.

Letter men were allowed to compete, but the points did not count.

## JUNIORS TO PUT OUT NEXT ISSUE OF QUAKER

The next issue of the Quaker will be written and edited by the juniors and the underclassmen.

This is being done to give next year's staff some actual experience in journalism so they can carry on when the seniors have been graduated.

Tryouts for next year's editorial staff will be held soon.

## LATIN CLUB HEARS STORY OF CAESAR'S LIFE

Members of Sodalitas Latina were entertained unusually well at the meeting April 19. A well-arranged program was in order.

Anne Sinsley and Mary Ellen Ketterer gave an interesting review of the characteristics of Julius Caesar—his personal appearances, endurance, travel, etc.

Caesar was said to have been over six feet tall, a very athletic and noble-looking man. He, at times was rather over-dressed and was a little over-nice, but in all was usually a charming and well-acting man. His baldness was said to have been a very grave sorrow to him.

He, at times, wore a small skull cap. It is said that when he was made an officer of the government, he took advantage of his office to wear the laurel wreath at all times, to hide his baldness.

Caesar was very athletic. He practiced horsemanship and riding all his life.

A letter was also read from Eta Sigma Phi (H.E.O) fraternity. This is the national Greek and Latin fraternity. The author of the letter stressed the importance of continuing your education through college and the importance of taking Greek and Latin there.

A playlet, called "The School-boy's Dream" was given by Robert Snyder and Anne Varianitis. This was quite interesting and the use of Latin words in it made it educational.

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## SALEM TRACKSTERS PLACE THIRD IN MANSFIELD RELAYS

### Team Presents Well-Balanced Attack

By placing third in the Mansfield Relays last Saturday, Salem High tracksters proved themselves to be strong contenders for district and state laurels this year. Cleveland East Tech captured the meet title with 26 1-3 points; Toledo Scott ranked second with 24 1-3 points; and the Quakers followed with 21 points.

The Quaker distance runners proved their value by winning the two-mile and four-mile relays. Shasteen, Harris, Kamasky and Beck composed the four-mile relay team which came through with a well-earned victory.

Wayne Russell familiarly known as "Muscles," captured second honors in the shot put with one of his usually long heaves, and Hortsman was runner-up in the mile-run. McMullen, the runner that defeated Hortsman, will return in the district meet at Youngstown Rayen.

Bill Miller placed in the pole vault with a tie for third and fourth. Pauline surprised Salem fans by placing third in the broad jump. In this event Owens of Tech took first with a leap of 21 feet 8 inches.

Salem High's other point and a half came from the high jump and the 880-yard run. Sidinger placed fourth in the high jump and Harris took fourth in the half-mile race.

Cleveland East Tech, Toledo Scott, and Salem High possess well-balanced track teams, and are rated as strong teams in Ohio. The loss of several Quaker athletes accounts for the losing of the relays this year.

## UNDERCLASSMEN HAVE BIG TIME AT PARTY

The freshman-sophomore party held last Friday night was a great success. The party started at 8 o'clock and dancing took place from 8:00 until 11:00. Pop was served during the dance and other refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake were served during intermission.

The dance music was played by Finley's Melody Band and they were very good. The gym was decorated in the freshmen and sophomore colors, white and green, and scarlet and gray. The last dance ended at 11:00 and the crowd went home (we guess) to wait for another year.



## THE QUAKER

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## TRACK MINDEDNESS

Salem High's track teams are made, not born. You will find that the best of the athletes had a jumping pit in his back yard or belonged to a gang which held miniature track meets every evening. Then in high school under expert supervision he developed into a valuable scoring machine.

The writer remembers seven or eight places where boys would get together to test their ability. These places have an unlimited value to us if we are to remain champions.

By winning, Salem teams have inspired the younger boys to train so that they are prepared to uphold the reputation of the school. Tradition is a great thing.

When the track men begin to think, "You can't beat me, I'm from Salem," the meet is half won.

## NECESSITIES AND LUXURIES

"The following editorial was written by W. W. Charters of Ohio State university. It was published in the "Editorial Research Bulletin.")

From a national income of ninety billion dollars we spend two billions on tobacco; about the same amount on soft drinks, ice cream, candy, and chewing gum; one billion dollars on theaters and movies; nearly as much on jewelry, perfumes and cosmetics; and half a billion on sporting goods and toys. We spend on these luxuries a total of over six billion dollars annually. On automobiles, partly a luxury and partly a necessity, we expend over eleven billions a year.

One need not criticize the American people for spending these sums. They have money still left for necessities and for the relief of the unemployed. Wealth is not well distributed, but one is reminded of the penetrating remark of the English visitor who said that he wished that his country might enjoy an American depression for a few years.

While we spend eleven billions for automobiles and six billions for luxuries, the schools absorb only two and one-half billions of the national income. Before closing schools, a number of simple substitutes could be tried. If father

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## SOME CLASS NOTES

## SENIOR NEWS

The last chance the class of '32 will have to increase the treasury is to operate the stand at the track meets. To do this a stove is needed. Doesn't someone have an oil stove that they will give or lend to the class?

Could any of the underclassmen help? If you can, see Miss Beardmore about it at once.

Seniors, each of you owes one dollar to the Quaker to pay for your picture in the annual. This can be paid at the Quaker office any day after 3:15 and if this fee is not paid, your name will appear in the annual beside a blank space. Perhaps you think this might be the more complimentary, but it is advisable to pay the dollar.

## JUNIOR NEWS

The junior play cast held a party last Friday night at Tweecrest. Dinner was served at 7 p. m. A short program followed and dancing afforded entertainment for the remainder of the evening.

The juniors who placed first in the interclass track meet are: Holloway, Pauline, Theriault and Greenisen. Others who placed are: Keyes, McFeely, Walton, Hartsough, Cooper and Russell.

Although the class received only third place, there are many promising entrees.

## FRESHMAN NEWS

The frosh certainly enjoyed their first big party. The music was fine, the decorations were beautiful, and the refreshments were both clever and delicious. We heartily congratulate the committees on their successful efforts to make the party a big hit.

## TRY THIS ON YOUR UKELELE

S'pose you had nine quarts of sweet cherries. Add a dash of you-know-what and divide by nine. Multiply by twelve and take the square root of that. Add twelve and what do you get? Twenty-four? Oh, no, that's wrong. You must not have added correctly the first time.

The answer is strawberry jam. And furthermore have you noticed Larye Mouise Rillem's red nose in the morning? It's red in the P. M. too, sometimes.

There was a man named Seh. A wicked chap was he. The mortgage is due, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Me pround beautyee-ee. Also, it seems that Aunt Julia of "The Goose Hangs High" goes for gentlemen who smoke pipes, generally speaking.

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## WHOOOSIM

This junior toots in the band in the Musical Maniacs. He played basketball on both the reserve and varsity squads. He goes out for tennis, too. He is one of the four Bills in the seventh period Chemistry class.

## WHOOOSER

Here's another junior. She entered the finals in the Brooks Contest last year. She has brown wavy hair and brown eyes. She has a brother who is one of the first ten honor graduates in the class of '32.

The Whoosim and Whooser in the crazy issue were Judy Julian and Jean Harwood.

## BEAUTY HINTS

Now that the cheery winter days are over and the saucy young spring has arrived at last, the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of shaves and hair cuts and we ladies must perk up, cast off the old fingernail polish, and start out on the conquest with fresh beaming countenances.

Here is a diet which, if completely carried out, will put anybody among the ranks of the unknown:

1. Double chins are a detriment to beautifully curved eyelashes, and should be massaged with a rolling pin well lubricated with Crisco to prevent halitosis. A rotary eggbeater may be used with equally disastrous results.
2. A simple corrective method for reshaping crooked noses consists in applying a crow bar to the projecting part and gently tapping with a sledge hammer.
3. Never clean the teeth with "Old Dutch Cleanser"—it is too hard on the brush; and remember not to use pointed scissors to pick the teeth with.
4. Do not cut the fingernails with an axe.
5. A good substance for cleaning out the ears is a mixture of axle grease, carbolic acid, and green ink.
6. Remember the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Boys, in a recent interview, Johnny French told your reporter why he was so popular with the women. No, don't crowd. The secret is this; tell each girl that you think she is: wonderful.

"It always works" said Johnny. "Then I begin to explain the theory on relativity. They take to it like flies stick to fly-paper."

## WHY MAESTROS GET GRAY

Setting—any place you can find a seat.

Time—Time the orchestra practice got started.

Place—The Albright homestead in the front room.

The first man to arrive is Dan Holloway, the savage of the slip-horn. (He always comes first and leaves last—usually about 4 a. m.) He deposits his coat on the davenport and starts to tell me of his latest exploits with the girls and with big time musicians. Tsk. Tsk.

Chuck Meek and Bill Holloway come in next and after depositing their coats on said lounge become deeply interested and engrossed in an argument on how to play a run of dotted eighth's and sixteenth's.

Marion McArtor, our official arranger, enters next followed by Calvin Conway, the Maestrap of the keys. Coats number four and five take their places on the lounge. Marion immediately begins to tell Calvin how to play the piano part to his arrangement of "I Love You Truly." They always argue over what chord to strike where and why.

Then Dale Leipper and Dick Eakin arrive. Dale starts to piece together his bass and nearly has to call in Einstein. While Dick, as us usual, loses a banjo pick and goes scouring all over the floor on his knees looking for it. These searches are usually vain because banjo picks have a habit of being the same color as the rugs.

Clair King, as usual, is the last one to arrive on the scene of action. He labors in, blowing off steam, with a million-dollar blush spread all over his face. This time he was held up by helping a Scotchman dig a nickle out of the gutter. He has a brand new excuse for every orchestra practice.

Upon the arrival of Clair, all the musicians light Murads and nonchalantly unpack their musical machines or, if you please, noise-fests. Whereupon Conway strikes and

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Johnny Reeves: Yes, sir, that dog knows as much as I do.  
 Carl McQuilken: Well, I wouldn't tell everyone. You might want to sell it.

Bill Corso: Boy, was my brother the old hunter. He used to go hunting in Alaska every winter.

Frank Culler: Did he hunt bears?  
 Bill Corso: No, it was too cold up there. They have to wear clothes.

Bush: Speaking of bears, my grandfather was a famous old bear trainer.

Barnes: Well, what about it?  
 Bush: And my great grandfather got his leg bit off by a bear.

Barnes: Well, what's that got to do with the story?

Bush: Oh, nothing, only, you see, I was born with bare feet.

Bill: If you're so smart, name three kinds of nuts.

Anne: Oh, that's easy; walnuts, chestnuts, and forget-me-nuts.

**College Knowledge**

Mike: "What shall I do for water on the knee?"

Ike: "Wear pumps."  
 —American Boy Magazine.

Miss Smith: What animal requires the least nourishment?

Homer Silvers: The moth. It eats holes.

**Few H. S. Players Know  
 Fine Points, Coach Says**

The average high school baseball player has speed, a quick eye, and an eagerness to play, but few of them know the finer points—the right way to hit, to field the ball, play the runner, and run the bases.

This comes from Coach W. P. Coughlin of Lafayette college, who offers some of the smart baseball he has been handing out to college teams for years to high school players of today, in the May American Boy magazine.

The average high school player has three hitting faults, Coach Coughlin says. They are: He pulls away with his forward foot; he hasn't good control of his bat; and he goes after bad ones.

The big fault with infielders is that they let the ball play them; and with outfielders the fact that they hang on to the ball too long and don't always throw to the nearest base ahead of the runner.

Barber: Is there any particular way you would like your hair cut?  
 Tony: Yeah, off.

Hilda: Oh Pewee, tell me. I can keep a secret.

Detwiler: Yeah, keep it from dying.

**A Needed Invention**

Science has invented an earthquake announcer that goes off like an alarm clock. Now if science would invent an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake more boys would get to school on time.  
 —American Boy Magazine.

Fitzpatrick: Johnny and I have a good act. People are always asking us to sing or dance.

Early: Is that so?

Fitzpatrick: Yeah, when we dance, they ask us to sing, and when we sing, they ask us to dance.

**Too Good to Be True**

"And if I take the job I'm to get a five hundred dollar raise every year?"

"Yes, provided, of course, that your work is satisfactory."

"Ah! I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."  
 —American Boy Magazine.

**Poisonals**

Louise Grove's full name is Roberta Louise (Bobby Lou). She goes for vegetable soup and cocoa.

La Verda Capel can't go noodles. Mr. Jones doesn't recommend carbolic acid as a means of committing suicide, but, boy! how he'd like to use it on some people!

And speaking of canning, we were you know, and anyway who are you to dispute it? There's the silly soph who said, "You can't can I?" for "I can't can I?" "You can't can me" would be more correct, but what about "You can't can Can-tor?" Bup, bup. At any rate you can bottle him.

**Clarence Sidinger Elected to Fraternity**

Clarence Sidinger, a former student of Salem High, was elected to membership in Scabbard and Blade Fraternity because of his high military standing and personal worth. Clarence is attending the University of Cincinnati.

**DIZZY MOMENTS**

Kathryn Cessna, pitcher for the Tooeys, a feminine baseball team, made a hole in one. She pitched the ball up into the balcony. It rolled down the opening in the northwest corner. C'est fait bien, Kathryn.

Charlie Stewart wrote an essay about taking Aunt Het on a vacation in his Ford. While she was jolting around in the back of the seat, Aunt Het lost her upper teeth out of the car.

We wonder if they were sitting on the seat beside her.

Also you should hear Charlie's "Ballad of Minnie the Deer."

**Final Exam**

There are strange things done in Salem High

By the studes who toil for A's  
 The senior wails with their secret tails

The freshman mind would amaze.  
 The teachers bright have seen queer sights

But the queerest they ever did see  
 Was that summer morn when the soph forlorn

Copied all his geometry.

A kid's last need is a thing to heed

And he swore he would not fail.  
 He studied on till the streak of dawn;

But gee! he looked ghastly pale.  
 He crouched in his seat and his head he would beat.

After the exam he collapsed  
 Petered out with the heat.

**TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—REVISED**

Mr. Guiler is my teacher  
 I shall not pass  
 He maketh me to recite and  
 Exposeth my ignorance to the class.  
 He prepareth a test in the  
 Presence of my class-mates;  
 My studying runneth over.  
 He maketh me ashamed for my  
 brain's sake  
 Yet, even tho I study until mid-  
 night,  
 I shall gain no knowledge  
 For plots do pursue me,  
 Surely outlines and themes shall  
 follow me  
 All the days of my life, and  
 I shall dwell in this civics class for-  
 ever.

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"Just name an industry or a profession...." the packing house executive said to this author.

"Art!"

"Camel's hair brushes! They aren't made from the hair of a camel, but, instead, from the fine hair from the ear of a steer."

Then the packer told of mattress stuffing, bone buttons, violin strings, basketballs, harness, drugs, until:

"You win," the writer replied. "I think I'll rise to my cattle-hide-covered feet, button up my sheep's wool coat, climb into my hair-upholstered car, pull on my pigskin gloves, drive home and wash with fine toilet soap made from beef tallow, comb my hair with the horn of a steer, sit down in a chair held together with glue made from tendons and hoofs, and eat a steak."

"The steak comes from the packing house, too," the official reminded him as he said good-by.

The writer's eye opened wide. "Of course," he said, somewhat in awe. "I'd almost forgotten that you also deal in meat!"

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**"Diction," Said the Newsboy,  
"Is Prerper Cherce o' Woids"**

"Diction?" chirped, the Yonkers newsboy; "diction is the preper cherce o' woids."

Before you laugh too openly at this newsboy, make a mental check of yourself. Just how faultless is your choice of words?

This month's American Boy magazine carries an editorial dealing with the subject: telling that an apple may be divided between two persons, but that it must be divided among more than two.

Carrying the idea a little farther, did you know that:

A. D. always should precede the date, while B. C. should follow?

You can have but one alternative, but you can have several choices?

Bituminous is an adjective, while anthracite is a noun?

You can call attention only to things about your own person? Otherwise you direct attention?

There is no such word as completed?

Most people say "dates back" when they mean "dates from"?

You never put an "ed" at the end of broadcast?

You have to go into a room before you are in it?

Partake means "to share," not "to eat"?

Unkempt means "uncombed," not "untidy"?

Now, you define diction.—  
A. B. S.

**Necessities and Luxuries**

Continued from Page 2  
and mother and other relatives would cut their tobacco bills in half, the schooling of the bright children in the family could be not only safe-guarded but improved. If the family car were run for another year, it would not be necessary to cut the school term from nine months to eight. If each private cud of gum were chewed for a few hours longer, music and art won't need to be eliminated from the program of the schools.

The question to be forced upon the attention of the public is the relative importance of chewing gum, automobiles, tobacco, and children. And if American citizens see the problem clearly their position can be forecast with certainty, for the American people believe in education. Just now they are worried about hard times, and the first public enterprise to which they turn to reduce expenses is naturally the one which seems to spend the most money. But the public does not realize that for every dollar spent

for education two dollars and a half is spent for luxuries—that the schools cost only a fraction of the public income.

In times of depression factories reduce their output, but the enrollment of the schools is increased. If the schools are the major agency for developing an intelligent citizenship as fathers and mothers believe, the public must, through aggressive and unselfish campaigning, be made aware of the disaster which would overtake this nation if the schools were closed. This is not a time for a people who can afford tobacco and chewing gum to starve the schools. In spite of unemployment and hard times this nation is immensely wealthy, and the cost of education is trifling.

This is the time when those who love children and wish to improve society are obliged to see that the schools are defended against the panic of the well-to-do.

**Why Maestros Get Gray**

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hammers B-flat very boisterously but majestically on the Wurlitzer. Well—I guess it is only a Harrington. There follows a series of squeaks and squawks and each so-called musician tells his neighbor whether or not he is off key. The neighbor pays about as much attention to these sayings as a lion does to a mouse. When the noise becomes more than I can stand I shout that everybody is in tune and gradually the terrible din ceases.

The sound of footsteps in the direction of the kitchen penetrates the now comparatively quiet air, and mother enters with a dish of fudge and a plate of apples. The musicians look at each other sheepishly until the messenger of the gods leaves the room,—then—a wild scramble for the radio, upon which the bad habits temptingly repose. It is but the work of a moment. The human carnivores have imbibed into their systems everything but the cut-glass and the seeds of the apples. (I believe Conway even ate the seeds. Maybe that's why he's always full of applesauce.) In a minute the jaws are rested and the lads are about to imitate Wayne King and Cab Calloway.

After a slight dispute as to what

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to play the band finally decides to play 'Somebody Loves You. I stop the band at the end of the introduction and inform Mr. Conway that we're not playing Goopy Gear —(a piano novelty)—and that he must cease playing his airy solos and play chords and plenty of them.

Before we can again resume playing, Mr. Meek declares that we played it too fast. He meets opposition in Mr. McArtor who argues that we didn't play it fast enough. In between bounces Dan Holloway who says that we play it all right. (He thinks we play everything right. Well—at least someone thinks that.) The argument is finally settled and the piece is played the way we played it before. After all,—I am the director.

After another argument we decide to play "Oh Monah". In the middle of the vamp Bill Holloway yells "stop". It develops that Bill has bent three keys on his sax. Oh Monah goes up and down so fast that Bill thinks he is riding a roly-coaster and consequently squeezes the keys, alias the coaster rails, and they become slightly ingrown from the pressure. The practice is therefore adjourned.

After mentioning seven days of the next week as prospective dates for practice nights and after meeting with at least two objection to each of these nights, we finally decide to practice on the thirtieth of February. (We're still hunting for ...) People say there's nothing in a name, but sometimes I wonder. The "Musical Maniacs", at least from their actions at a practice, seem to think there is.

And they say—Music hath in it charms to soothe the savage breast.

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**IN THE SPORT WORLD**

Continued from Page 1  
Next Friday the team will journey to Canton to play McKinley. The team has had no practice to speak of.

**LATIN CLUB**

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The next meeting is to be a hike, on which pupils will attempt to observe Latin objects.

**And Now—Male Models!**

Hamilton, Ohio, (ABS)—High school boys here are planning a style show—of men, by men, and for men. Among the smart creations to be modeled, the Hamilton High school Weekly Review declares, are beach pajamas, swimming suits, camels' hair topcoats, and derbies.

**The Acute Pick the Cute**

Long Beach, Calif., (ABS) — There's newness about the contest now raging in Long Beach Polytechnic High school. Pictures of students when they were babies are posted in the main hall. The student correctly fitting the greatest number of names with the pictures is to be given a prize and the title of best puzzle worker in school.



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