

We're Sorry  
This Issue

# HICKSVILLE SPREADER

A New Deal, Spring Planting Edition

couldn't Be  
Out Today

VOL. XIII NO. 20

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAR. 30 1933

PRICE 5 CENTS

## ROTOGRAVURE SECTION: SPECIAL PHOTOS OF SI HIGGIN'S REVENGE



### BINGVILLE LADS SPANK HAYSEEDS

The Bingville thinclads coached by J. Elmer Butts beat out the Hayseeds from Cornhusker County Saturday in their annual dual track meet at the Bingville stadium, Sat. afternoon 51½ to 51.

Ending the meet in his usual manner "Fat" Barnhouse threw the 10 bl. rock out of sight, thereby winning the meet by ½ point.

Other first places by Bingville were as follows: Bill Whiteleather won the high-jump as he had jumped the highest when the only cross-piece in town broke. Flat-foot Smith broke a new record in the cross-country run of two miles, going the distance in 1 hour flat and Slim Peabody won the 220 yd. sawhorse hurdle race in 49.24 seconds.

In the last event, the pitch-fork throw, Bolten of the Hayseed's was put out of the meet by the humane society when his record throw killed a cow in Brown's Pasture.

Bingville will enter the county meet next week as one of the favorites.

He: Unmarried?

She: Yes, twice.

Once upon a time, many hours ago, a bandit or two entered the peaceful town of Salem.

They came from the east, west, north, or south and left in the same direction. From this peaceful town they chose a peaceful store and took entrance, nor is that all they took. But, let me tell you, they were caught in the act. And who but freshmen would be clever and alert enough to become wise to them? It seems as though no one else was, so we all want to hand it to all you mysterious Mr. Zilches.

ZILCH CATCHES  
CLEVRE RUFFIANS

God yna tsauj sti Hew. ?on? Sseug  
norb eb yam eh. Looches rou ni  
rotistiv theugert a eting si (eh a sti  
epoh I) eh—seog erteh Hew. ?ohw  
dna. ?Woh tub. Coot yzarc pu net-  
trw eb of evah ihw eman sistahw  
s'keew siht enussl yzarc eht si siht  
cents.

### WHATSER NAME?

### HICKSVILLE CENTER H. S. WINS BASKETBALL

The Community Center H. S. debate team suffered an unusually successful season, being walloped right and left on almost every occasion. The teams colors were carried by Paul Strader Junior—carried so fast the rest couldn't keep up. However, he slipped and fell and the team was able to bean him with a crowbar. Thus in this state of mind, his logical speaking almost won the day.

After this, the entire student body voted to give the team a marvelous bouquet of sunflowers and dandelions for their stellar work.

### SCOTTY MEETS NEW TROUBLES OVER HIS FARE

A Scot was having a heated argu-  
ment with a street car conductor in-  
sisted it was seven cents, but the  
Scot was holding out for a nickel.  
Finally, as the car stopped, the con-  
ductor became exasperated and  
grabbed the Scot's valise, hurling it  
off the car, with the suggestion  
that the Scot follow. "Hot mon,"  
yelled the Scotchman, "first you  
overcharge me, then you try to kill  
my little boy!"

### WHATSER NAME.

?sseug uoy nac. Kcoic a ti llac  
yeht ssueg. cirtcele fo aedi delegnaf  
wen taht yb snur ehs sey ho, snur  
dna sserd ynnihs a sah ehs. Roofl  
dnoces eht no ria ni pu sgnah taht  
gniht taht ekat ll'ew os. ?eman  
restahw a rof tahw ro ohw ?Den-  
nuts m'I niaga.

### SETH & MARTHEY ARE PRETTY FAST

Howdy folks, this is Seth a-talk-  
in', Marthey an' me shore has been  
steppin' it here of late, it all started  
when we was to Washington, D. C.,  
to see the in-augur-ation, an' it  
seems like we've been a'goin' ever  
since. Marthey and me got to see  
part of that spree they call the in-  
aug-al ball an' it jist reminded  
me of you kids havin' a big prom  
or somethin', all the ladies had on  
real long dresses, some of 'em was  
holdin' long tails so as they would-  
n't drag but they was pertty thou.  
All the jazz orchestrees from New  
York City was there and they shore  
raised cane.

Well I jest dropped in fer a sec-  
ond—Marthey will be waitin' din-  
ner on me—I got to get to bed early  
too, there's a big doins over at the  
grange tomarry night and I got to  
get rested up fer it. This high livin'  
will be the end of me yet.

### POOR BILLY

Teacher (answering phone): "You  
say Billy Smith has a bad cold and  
can't come to school? Who is this  
speaking?"

Voice (with assumed hoarseness):  
"This is my fathr."

### Not for Reference

Senior: Don't you file your nails?  
Junior: No, I just cut 'em and  
throw 'em away.

—American Boy Magazine.

### P. G. RUNS OFF AT THE MOUTH

Alas, I'm always out of luck  
I've never seen a zunborruk  
A zobo or a xyster  
An urubu or yataghan  
A zymophyte or ptarmagan  
A pteropod or bister.

A dodo, ecu, stalacitite,  
A pteradactyl, trilobite,  
A nebula or tivit,  
A rhea, spink, seraghio,  
A troglodyte or tallyho.  
A tumulus or civit.

It bothers me so many times  
Especially when writing rhymes  
To think I'll never see 'em.  
But I will tell you anyhow  
It's like the well-known Gandhi's  
cow

I'd rather see than be 'em.  
—D. E. GETZ, P. G.

Miss Jean Harwood sang a vocal  
solo although she had a cold sore  
on her lip which came off while she  
was singing when her lip cracked.

### THESE GENTS HERE AIM TO BE SOMEBODY

Don Greenisen aims to be a genu-  
ine hog raiser.

Dick Strain aims to own an ol'  
plantation with every derned thing  
you can think of to go with it.

"Tillie" Hurray is to be a pretty  
milk maid.

Bill Corso is agoin' to raise garlic.  
Jack Bowling is a plannin' to  
make a new batch of corn or rye in  
that derned new still of hisn on  
Broadway.

Jack Kerr is agoin' to take to  
raisin' grape fruit in the groves  
along the Indian river of Florida.

Bob Carey aims to be a horse doc-

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 150 S. LINCOLN AVE.

**BOYS OF HI-TRI HAVE BIG TIME**

There'll be a taffy-pullin' pairty arter the sleighride tanight at Elvira and Mandy Corncrib's house.

There'll be plenty o' candy and popcorn and other eats. Don't wear yer Sunday-go-t' meetin' close 'cause ya won't have no fun.

It seems as how Si Higgins and Josh Meaks had a argymint yestiddy about that thar east pasture fence o' Sam Johnson's.

Ya see, it war this-a-way. Si has a old nag what he's been intendin' fer quite a spell to shoot. Wal, the critter ain't worth nawthin, even his hide's moth-et. But old Si he's got a sort a clingin' natur' and he jest can't abide shootin' the harse.

Wal, as ya'll know, Sam Johnson be health ossifer o' Metropolis and he's all fired sot on cleanin' up the city. And when he discivvered that thet old hawse—it must be night onta Seventy if it's a day 'cause he bought it offa old Jake Bean the week afore him and Sairy Tailor was married and if I reclect aright they celebrated their 60th anniveseree a year ago come July—wal, as I was a-sayin', Sam, him bein' sa sot on cleaning up this here city, he up an' went over ta the east pasture to see for hissself if the critter was still kickin' and thar was Si a-pettin' thet nag and feedin' it sugar.

Wal, this fence as I war tellin' ya about has worritted Si fer yeers on

th' angel Gabrill took's is horn. thet thet fence'll be still thar then Sam Johnson be so all-fired lazy safe as if it war in the bank safe. An' Si's hawse, I reckon is jest as hed went. and afore he cud git his breath Si what, Sam was list took by surprise cuss and when Si up and give in Sam knowed Si was sich a mild fence went. want't agoin' till Sam Johnson's he up and said as thet hawse loved they hawse 'ud hev ta die, Si, ya, wal when Sam tole Si as how he a mild crittur Si Higgins is, don't was amiss. Wal, ya'll know what come and Sam, he tole him what what Sam cud talk to 'im. Si, he him as how he should come over So, Sam he hollared to Si an' tole looked his own mistakes.

him to and so he allus jest over-bein' it, want't likely ta be tellin' fence cause the health ossifer, him ed he want't a goin' ta fix it, thet ossifer o' Metropolis, why he guess-age and Sam, him bein' health account o' its genuin' decay and old

**HALL OF FAME**  
 We nominate Leonard Jones' pig. We calculate that there pig must weigh around two thousand pounds.

We nominate Cathrun Shriver on account of she won the prize for the most beautifullest rag rug in the county. This is the greatest honor that has been put upon our city for ten yeers.

Miss Ioda Filler, village school teacher, is ill in bed today. She ate an apple, given her by Wayne Russell, Jr., in which there was a large worm. Unknowingly, Miss Filler at the worm. Dr. Carey says she is liable to recover.

A dentist tried to take an X-ray of a woman's jaw and all he could get was a moving picture.



—Q—  
 Havin' a couple of spare minutes before the dead line I jist kinder thot t'would be a fine thing for me to spread a little of my knowledge and fine human understandin' to some of my less fortunate brethren and cistern.

You know humor is a funny thing. Us country folks sit and think for hours at a time tryin' to write something to make our readers laff, but in the city we just have to stand on the corner and everyone that goes past busts out into merry mirth.

As I've always said you've gotta be kinda sympathetic with creatures that don't get the real meaning out of life. Everyone can't be smart and learned like us.

—The Editor.  
 —Q—  
 Among those home for Christmas vacation, no, Easter vacation, what do I mean?—Spring vacation are Joseph Schmid, '27, Marion Cope, Lionel Smith, '32, Karl Ulicny, '32, Harry Ulicny, '28, Sammy Drakulich, Hunter Carpenter, and Loren Battin, '32, students at Ohio State University, Flora Mather College, Ohio State University, Ohio State University, Ohio State University, Polytechnic Institute, Polytechnic Institute, respectively.

—Q—  
 Here comes the bride! So ——— and ———! No she isn't either. But she is blushing. Who is it? None other than Lennaga Tanleysa. And the bridegroom, ah, Ufusra Ornwallea. They are the first to enter the church in the aisle besides all the people who are there to see the wedding.

Next come the attendants. Among these we have such individuals as: Immyja Ampbellca, Onnyda Ammellha, Alterwa Inthma, and Owella Erronha. These were the first set of maids of honor.

The second set of best men are: Oisla Ilworthda, Aryma Aldemanha, Orisda Utchesonha, and Aneja Operickha. Then come the flower girls; Eanja Cottsa, Aomina Chmidsa, and Aryma Utschla. The ringbearer? — Obba Imeska and Aynewa Idingersa.

And the minister—Oisla Aileyba. His assistant? Anyone who will apply will be given this position. Are there any other attendants left out? If so, please come prepared to take your place. The church? we'll use the setting of the Tom Thumb Wedding on the gym floor. Don't forget the date, two days from today—April Fool!

I went into 206 and began studying. Becoming bored with such work, I got out of my seat and walked out of the study and met a friend who asked me to go for a ride.

We rode way out into the country until we came to a beautiful estate. On a sign above the entrance was "Visitors Welcome." We decided to investigate and drove in.

We stopped in front of the office building, and there standing in the doorway was Mr. Springer, in overalls and muddy boots.

After his asking us what we wanted, we told him that we should like to book over the farm.

He blew his whistle, and Mr. Engelhart came running.

"Will you show these visitors around?" asked Mr. Springer.

We started walking toward the barn. On the way we saw Mr. Henning and Mr. Lewis making experiments for scientific farming. A little further on we saw Mr. Stone putting the chickens through their daily dozen.

Going into the barn, we saw Mr. Lehman and Miss Douglass seated on little stools doing something—milkin I guess you call it. Behind them we saw Miss McCready and Miss Horwell as the milkmaids.

Leaving the stables we climbed to the haymow where Mr. Clarke was trying to apply the principles of Physics to pitching hay. Mr. Jones and Mr. Guiler looked like two happy kids when they were swinging from ropes tied to the rafters.

Mr. Clarke stopped working to talk to us, but he had no sooner laid down his fork than Mr. Hilgendorf popped around the corner, saying "Report to me at 3:15 for loafing."

We left the barn and went to the house where we saw Miss Hollett and Miss Lehman dusting and sweeping. Going on to the kitchen we saw Mrs. Engelhart up to her elbows in dough, for she was making bread for the hungry farmers.

Miss Lawn was busy washing the dirty dishes while Miss Bickle dried them. We then left the house and went to the orchard.

There were Miss Smith and Miss Shoop seated under a tree, one operating on a pig that had appendicitis and the other washing out a cat's eyes with boric acid.

We went past the orchard to an open space where Miss Lanpher was training guinea-pigs to act for a mock wedding, but they just wouldn't do what she told them.

Not far away Miss Cherry was picking blackberries while Miss Ritt sewed doll dresses under a nearby tree. Then we saw Miss Petersen trying to teach a bunch of mules to do the "Newsboy Clog", but she didn't seem to be making much headway. Those mules were quite stubborn.

I felt someone tapping my shoulder and turned to see Mr. Springer saying, "If you want to sleep, you'd better go home to bed." Through all that adventure I had never left my seat in 206.

Stop tære; nO mooRə room

**Class News**

**SUNIORS**

The following was clipped from the Hayseed Bugle Lost and Found Department:

Found—The Diary of Ezra Buttery During the Recent Economic Depression.

March 3—Well, I guess as how spring is came, Phoebe she came in with the eggs yesterdy an' says she hear'd one of them there sugar birds a-chirpin'. Tomorrer is sure ter be the all-beatinest time down there in Washington. All on account of gittin' Rosyvelt initiated. Well, he'll soon show 'em how to run this here country alright.

**JUNIORS**

March 4—Them hens musta decided to take a holyday, too. Phoebe only fetched in three eggs today from twenty-five birds. I says they ain't worth the time and money, but she seems right smart fond of the critters. Silas Perth's cow was sick in the night so I went up and dosed 'er with sasyfras yerbs and now she's perter 'n ever.

**FRESHMORS**

March 5—Since it's being the Lords Day, I have nothing to say.

**SOFFMENS**

March 6—Ther mailman got through right early terday. Brought a sight of papers with him, too. So many of 'em, that I jest set right down and read 'em all. One of 'em says as how Pres. Rosyvelt had closed down all the banks. Nother says as how they was going to publish all the names of them as is hoarding gold. Mebe I better go dig them four gold pieces outen the oats bin, gin I find time. And I wouldn't want no editor a-tellin' the people how much money I got in that there old sock down in the

Here the page was torn off and so we couldn't find out where old Ezra had the rest of his money that the whole town knows he's been hiding for twenty years.

Don Greenisen had a little accident at his General Store when a can o' gasoline fur the new-fangled motor car o' Jim West's son fell on his pet corn.

His foot hurt pretty bad. Don says he's heard of some high-fallutin' medicine fur sixty-nine nine cents a bottle that'll take it off so he sent away fur it. It hasn't come yet but he's down at the Post Office watchin' fur the mail now.

early you crow about it for days." the roosters. When you get up Brother: "Don't complain about crowing." awake this morning with their Polly: "Those roosters kept me SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT

**POPULAR PAT SAYS**

If yer want to make a hit with yer steady or yer steady's family the next time you're asked over fer a meal, show 'em you know Etiquette.

Of course the first one in the dining room gets the best seat, so don't hesitate o sit at the head of the table. While waiting fer the others, you might kind o' walk around the table and taste anything you happen to fancy. If they keep yer waiting too long, pound on the chiny, with your fork. (This'll never fall ter bring them.)



When you are all assembled, the yer napkin around yer neck, roll up yer sleeves, and "dig in." Sipping soup from a spoon is too slow, so jest pick up the dish and drink from it. Be careful to make enough noise to let 'em all know you think it's good.

Stack as many vituals on yer plate as it will hold, or else you may make the hostess think it ain't good. If you find you've got too much, she won't object a'tall if yer put some back in the dish.

Remember that it's always proper to eat mashed 'taters and gravy with a spoon, and you kin eat with yer fingers any time yer want ter. If yer fingers get messy, wipe 'em on the tablecloth. Also at the end of the meal you should clean the knives and forks on the tablecloth; yer don't want to get yer pocket dirty.

If pie is served, feel free to pick it up in yer hands and eat it, except cranbury (which should be et with a spoon). Tooth-picks always taste better if yer chew 'em up and spit the pieces on yer plate. If yer do this, they'll want ter ask yer back agin.

**ALL WORK, NO PLAY**

Dibbs: "Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"

Higgs: "See one! I married one!"

**HALL OF OBLIVION**

We nominate Helen Esther Palmre because those preserves that she declared were excellent all blew up last night and scared half of us villagers to death.

We nominate that high falluting friend of Jean Scott's on account of those shocking clothes that she wears. She's putting bad ideas in the heads of our young 'uns.

**Not So Busy**

Country Board Wanted—Elderly Lady, mentally unbalanced; must be reasonable.

—Ad in a New York Paper.

Majestic, General Electric and Westinghouse Refrigerators  
Majestic and Philco Radios  
G. C. Conn-King Band Instruments  
Everything in Music  
**Finley Music Co.**  
Phone 14. 132 S. B-Way

**SOCIETY**

Miss Jean Scott was knocked down by William Wagner's pet bull yesterday.

Miss Scott was standing beside the bull, dressed in a red dress, and red shoes and stockings.

Infuriated at this combination, the bull proceeded to sprinkle black hoof-prints all over the whole ensemble.

Norman Whinnery had a slight accident at his General Store on Main street yesterday.

While pling some merchandise on a shelf, a sack of chicken feed

fell on his head, which weighed a hundred pounds.

An investigation showed the feed was scattered all over the floor, a total loss.

Teacher had a party over to the school house t'other night fer all the yuong 'uns whose Ma's would let 'em go. She give 'em lyllypops and a big ballon fer taking home.

The spellin' club had a spellin' match with Boonerville High's club t'other evening at Melessy Peters. Arterwards the hull bunch made fudge. But there was too many cooks and helpers an' the fudge didn't fudge, so they all went home early.

Sarah Ann Pile has been visitin' her aunt Del fer the past two weeks. When she arive home she says she thinks Del was glad ter get rid o' her on account of she hed all ther young scamps a-comin' there ter see her.

There'll be a meetin' of the Ladies Aid Society termorry arter the men folks finish cleanin' up the cemetery of them there weeds an' sech.

Missus Parsens is havin' a comin' out party for Lizzie on the ferst Tuesday in April. Everybody's got an invite an' you're all expected ter wear yer Sunday-go-ter-meetin' clothes else you'll be outen place at the doin's.

**DREAMS OF SPRING BRINGS GREAT DIVES**

**Put and Take**

"Women take to good hearted men," says a writer. Also, "from," say we.

—Q—

Old Aunt (despondently): Well, I shall not be a nuisance to you much longer.

Nephew (reassuringly): Don't talk like that, aunty; you know you will.

—Q—

**SO IT IS**

Then, children, listen carefully! And hark the words I say—The donkey becomes a little horse (hoarse)

If he does bray and bray!

E. H., P. S.

Tomorrow the old organ of the Hickville church, purchased twenty-five years ago by the choir, which squeaks and rattles very much, will be replaced through the generous donation of Dr. R. B. Carey, county veterinarian.

—Q—

The Hopa Di club held a meeting yesterday.

Gordon Keyes had charge in the absence of Albert Hanna who has scarlet fever and it was enjoyed by all.

**UNWELCOME VISITOR!**  
Daughter: No, Jack is not rich, in fact he can hardly raise money to keep going.  
Mercenary Ma: Then I'd tell him not to keep coming!—Boston Transcript.

**Make Up Your Own**  
Teacher: James, give me three collective nouns.  
James: Flypaper, Waste-basket, and Garbage can.  
—American Boy Magazine.

**HATS**

Odorless Cleaned and Blocked  
Avoid Easter rush! Have your hat cleaned and blocked at  
**SALEM HAT SHOPPE**  
Price 25c 424 E. Pershing

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225 South Ellsworth Ave.

**Special High School Night Thursday, March 30th**

Ladies 10c — Gents 15c  
Skating Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday Evenings

# STATE THEATRE

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY  
JAMES DUNN  
Sally Eilers, Sammy Cohen  
— in —  
"SAILOR'S LUCK"

SUNDAY, MON., TUESDAY  
JOHN — ETHEL — LIONEL  
BARRYMORE  
— in —  
"RASPUTIN  
and the EMPRESS"

# GRAND THEATRE

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY  
TOM MIX  
AND TONY — in —  
"TERROR TRAIL"  
— and —  
"Last of the Mohicans"

## BAGGY KNEES WINS GAME FOR LOCALS

This is Ram Grabmanee broadcasting directly from the Quakerville stadium. The great Smacks-given Day dootball game between Pumpkin Center and our great Quakerville team is ready to begin. They are now kicking off and Pumpkin Center has the pumkin. Their water boy is bringing in some bananas for the boys to eat in the fuddle. They give the skins to the guy who is to carry the ball next and he proceeds to distribute them conveniently and he runs for a touchup. They are now kicking the center over the goal post for the extra point.

Quakerville has the pill and they are giving it to Baggy Neyes because he has the heaves. He heaves one up to Durn Piflinger who hops, skips, and jumps over the goal line and then hurdles the goal post for the extra point. The Pumkin Center squad is getting groggy because the home scream is lusing Poleskins instead of moleskins in today's game.

Someone is hurt on the Quakerville fraud. Ah! it is "Gluefoot". They are now hauling him off the field and a substitute is going in. It is Baul Paltorinic and as he goes on the field the crowd yells "WHAT NO BEARD". This causes a great riot and the game is called off. There are rumors that Baul got out of the mixup with a "close shave".

### Slips That Pass In the Night

A-1 Pie Baker—Expert on skirts. Write J250, Press Office—Pittsburgh Press.

March 31—Freshman-Sophomore party.  
April 3—Orchestra practice.  
Quaker Editorial staff.  
Quaker Business staff.  
Debate club.  
April 4—Commerce Club.  
April 6—Hi-Tri.  
Hi-Y-B.

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THE PRINTER  
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## NOW SY! KEEP AT HOME YOUR PIGS

Although the questions were somewhat harder than those of the first week, the grades, including several 100's did not decrease; in fact, they increased.

The questions for Quiz Number III are as follows:

1. In what novel did the phrase "Barkis is willin'" originate?
2. Who was Baron Munchausen?
3. Why doesn't a Chinaman need a fishpole?
4. What is the richest one hundred square miles of minerals in the world?
5. What President's wife dried the family wash in the East Room of the White House?
6. What common domestic animal can not reproduce its own kind?
7. On what date is the longest day of the year at the equator?
8. On what article of ladies' apparel was founded the highest order of British knighthood?
9. What is the smallest republic in the world—and how small is it?
10. How far is England from France?

The answers for Quiz Number I are as follows:

1. Percivale, Galahad, and Bors.
2. The initials of "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps."
3. Acton Bell, Currr Bell, Ellis Bell.
4. \$7 200,000.
5. 55 deg. to 70 deg. C (131 deg. to 158 deg. F.)
6. Art Museum in Paris
7. Julius Caesar.
8. Urso Major (the Great Bear).
9. The cotton plant.
10. Rome.

## HIS OWN LANGUAGE FORCEFUL ENGLISH

A lady was called to the door of her cottage by a shaver of a lad.

Lad: "Does oo' want to buy some tittle tittens?"

Lady: "What did you say?"

Lad: "Does oo' want some tittle tittens?"

Lady: "I can't understand you."

Lad: "Does oo' want to buy a ham doop tat?"

# Into My Ears

## SHWELL PARTY HAD BY STAFF NEWSIES

Bein's as how this here is a public paper, I don't like to mention names, but I wish Sy Cidersling would keep his pigs out of the main street. This yere town orter have some kinder by laws to prevent them kinds o' goin's on.

In the furst place it hain't sanitary, and in the second place it's dern hard on public celebrations. I reckon as to how there never was nothin' so embarrassin' as that there time when Sy's old sow ran under Misses Palmerdoodle's bridal train. My but that was sure terrible. Pigs is pigs and weddin's is weddin's, but I caint see no reason why they should be mixed.

The next time I see one o' them pigs runnin' around in my front yard I 'low as how I'll shoot the tarded critter and have some good hog meat fer my diet.

## 10 BEAN CRACKERS TO CRACK YOUR NUT

A deliteful cover-dish supper was enjoyed by the Edytorial Staff to the home of Mister and Missus Lehman, come Friday a week ago.

The members participated in a scavanger hunt before the eats was served and Miss Hannah Newsgetter received the prize, being a new edition of the New Yawk Tribune.

The decrations was carried out in honor of Spring, and all the food war some shade of yellow an' green. A deliteful time was had by all who were not there.

(The partie was called of at the last minut, but this here was already wrote when this paper went to be pressed.)

The Hearer won't write for we'enS IN This cRVzA papAR

Committees for Freshmore Softman Party:

- Decorating**  
viser super—Mr. Klarce  
tablemen—Vance Stewart  
Meade Thirl Eckstein  
Bill Wagner  
Leschar Miller  
Ada Swimbank  
Jinnie Atry

- Entertaining**  
viser super—L. M. McCarthy  
big help—Miss Cherie  
chairwoman—Lois Dilworth  
Dot McConner  
Lois Pidgeon  
Leschar Davidson

- Nourishment**  
viser super—Miss Isabelle Ritz  
deskwoman—Retty Ruth Levis  
Harold Bischel  
Cavid Darey

- General Committee**  
Vance Stewart  
Lois Picklesworth  
R. B. Lewis

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