

Watch For
Your Annual

THE QUAKER

Remember
Your Mother

VOL. XIII NO. 25

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAY 12, 1933

PRICE 5 CENTS

POPULAR PAT SAYS



Hi, Everybody!

Someone has said, "The test of character is when things are different." And the same thing is true of courtesy. You may think you know just what to do and when it should be done according to the blue-book, and if you do, that is manners. Real courtesy is responding in the right way because it is prompted by the whole heart and mind.

Can you imagine what Emily Post would think of us, if she attended some of our Assemblies? What must out-of-school speakers think them? Let's all take Emily with us at the next assembly and act accordingly.

We will be sure to remain standing respectfully until everyone has entered, then sit down quietly together, maintaining a courteous silence, and lending complete attention to the speaker or speakers. Even though you may not be particularly interested in the program, be kind enough to be attentive anyhow.

At all times, put yourself in the position of the person presenting the program. If he makes a mistake, do not further his embarrassment by laughing at him. Instead, be as helpful and sympathetic as possible.

The quality of the program is very often determined by the conduct of the audience.

The Brooks' Contest will soon be testing our courtesy. But no matter what assembly program it is, come enthusiastically, determined to like it. That frame of mind will make it pleasant for all concerned.

KING CELEBRATES; CLASS TAKES TRIP

In honor of Clair King's birthday, the members of the Octette spent Wednesday evening, May 3, at his home. Cards were the main diversion.

The Lion Tamer's club met at the home of Bill Cope last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Clarke's physics class went to Youngstown to inspect the Ohio Bell Telephone company last Friday afternoon.

The members of the class were excused from their classes and were accompanied by Mr. Nichols of the Salem branch.

"Guilty or not guilty?"
"You guess first!"

STUDENTS PRESENT PROGRAM FOR BOOK CLUB AND CHURCHES

The Salem High School Octet played for the Book Club's Guest Day on Monday evening, May 1, at the Methodist Episcopal Church. Also, the play, "Amanda Make Believe" was given by members of the Salemasquers. The play was directed by Charles Stewart, who also took part in the play. The other members of the cast were: Louise Hixenbaugh, Dorothy Wright, Jean Harwood, Helen Esther Palmer, and Jean Scott.

The same play was given at the Young People's Rally at the Christian Church last Thursday evening. The Salem High Brass Quartet, too, had part on the program.

The Salem High School Octet appeared on the program at the annual concert of the Salem Music Study Club Sunday at the Methodist Episcopal Church. This concert marked the opening of the celebration of National Music week, May 7 to 13, in this city.

WHOSERS, WHOSIMS BRAVE SELVES FOR ORDEAL IN CONTEST

Who is going to win the Brooks contest? This is a question each contestant asks himself.

Will the whosims or whosers win?

The whosers will walk shakily across the stage while the whole framework of the auditorium will shake in sympathy with her. She will gain courage and moisten her lips. Sound will float jerkily from them and will gradually gain volume. Only once does she become aware of the stillness and vast space before her. Her throat closes but again she forces herself to speak. This time her courage does not fail her and the listeners are her victims to do with as she desires.

The whosims are an entirely different proposition. They will strut boldly across the stage and smile daringly at the freshmen. Silence prevails—then a booming sound—the whosim speaks.

Blusteringly he argues for and against world peace with a halt now and then to think about the sentence that is so vague in his mind. Or else he steps daintily on the stage, and with a flowery tie will tell of his first love with all the gusto of Burns.

He trembles slightly as his emotions overcome him. He looks desparingly around for a quick exit, only to realize his audience must hear him to the end.

Which will win—the whosim or whoser—the weak or strong?

ENJOY PICTURES AT HIGH SCHOOL

The grade school children are very enthusiastic over movie pictures, especially when they are held in the high school auditorium and are free.

On Wednesday afternoon May 3 a group of small children trailed up to the high school building. They entered very noisily and ran upstairs to the first floor of the auditorium. There was a cry, saying that the balcony was loads better, so following the leader, they raced up to the balcony. Imagine their embarrassment when there wasn't any show to be held on that day but the following day. They ran down the stairs with cries of anger saying, "Wait until we see that dumb teacher."

The next afternoon they were not disappointed, for they saw the complete showing of "The Making of the Bremen."



TRACK TEAM IN DISTRICT MEET

Next Saturday at Youngstown Rayen, Salem will enter the District Meet. This will be the toughest meet of the season for Akron Garfield will be out to avenge the defeat they received at the hands of the Quakers in the Salem Night Relays.

The meet should be practically a dual meet between Garfield and Salem. Bobbitt of Garfield and Bill Pauline of Salem will both be shooting at a new record in the broad-jump.

ADMIRING SCHOLARS SERENADE TEACHER

One of our teachers became aware that spring was really here when she was serenaded the other evening by a group of students who were suffering from an attack of spring fever.

Strains of "Sweet Adeline", "Spring Is Here Again", and several other songs floated on the air beneath her bedroom window. She stirred in her sleep.

Half awake, she thought the neighbors' cats must be raising their voices in their usual chorus. The songs continued, and at last fully awakened, she realized that she was being serenaded by a few of her adoring pupils.

Hereafter, students feeling the urge to sing please report at 10:15 A. M. in the auditorium for the next singing class.

SALEM TENNIS SQUAD TIED IN ALLIANCE TILT

Roth, Mullins Lose Singles;
Hammel, Snyder Win

Salem High's tennis squad and Alliance High racquetters ended their match last Thursday evening in a 3-3 tie.

Christian Roth, Salem's captain, was defeated in a hard fought match by John Scott, No. 1 man for Alliance. In the other singles matches, Snyder defeated Hardesty, Hammell defeated G. Scott and Mullins lost a tough one to Hendershot.

In the doubles, the Hammell-Mullins combine won out over Scott-Kirk of Alliance, while John Scott and Hardesty beat Roth and Snyder two straight sets to tie the match.

TEN QUESTIONS TO TEASE YOUR BRAIN

1. What was the nationality of Ibsen?
2. In what novel does the character Sancho Panza appear?
3. What did Circe do to the companions of Odysseus?
4. What seas are connected by the Bosphorus?
5. How much does the famous Koh-noor diamond weigh, as now cut?
6. What is the decalogue?
7. For what characteristic was the mocking bird named?
8. Who founded Mother's Day?
9. Which is larger, the earth or the moon?
10. What is a Dobermann Pinscher?

ANSWERS TO QUIZ VI

1. The disciple who betrayed Jesus.
2. Connie Mack.
3. Jenny.
4. (a) Lawrence. (b) Perry. (c) Taylor.
5. 23.
6. Belva Lockwood.
7. (a) Savannah and Liverpool. (b) Savannah.
8. The larva of a certain gray moth inside the bean.
9. In Asia.
10. Cairo, Egypt.

BIOLOGISTS ON HUNT

Most of the biology classes under the direction of Miss Smith and Miss Shoop are beginning the trip to Bentley's Woods so that they may learn to recognize the common flowers.

THE QUAKER

Published Weekly by the Students of
SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO
 Printed by the Salem Label Co., Salem, O.

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Subscription Rate, \$1.50 Per Year

To subscribe, mail name and address with remittance to Manager of The Quaker, Salem High School, Salem, Ohio.

Entered as second-class mail December 1, 1921, at the post office at Salem, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XIII

MAY 12, 1933

NO. 25

WILL HEAR BEST STORIES, POEMS, ETC.

The finals of the Brooks' Contest will be held Friday afternoon, May 19. In this contest we will hear the best poems, short stories, essays, and orations that have been written this year in Salem High school.

We, the students of this high school should consider ourselves fortunate in that we have a man in this town who takes enough interest in our work to offer prizes for the best. Although the prizes are a big inducement to entrants, they are not everything. This year the prize money has been cut in half, but it is just as much of an honor to win as it ever was. After all the real purpose of the Brooks' Contests is to develop our talents along literary lines, and they have been very successful in accomplishing this end.

Mr. Brooks deserves a vote of thanks from the students of Salem High school for his splendid work and the interest he has taken in us.

THANKS TEACHERS!!

The students who really care, take this opportunity to express their gratitude to Salem teachers for their gift of two weeks service without pay.

This sacrifice is a loss of time and money to the instructors, many of whom have to pay for room and board. The donation was made by the teachers almost purely for returning their appreciation to the voters of Salem for passing the three mill levy.

Although the term is shortened somewhat, it is up to the students to make the most of the extra two weeks, especially the seniors who will need the extra training either for college or any other pursuit.

MUSICAL TALENT NEEDS AID

The whole high school resounded with applause in appreciation of the splendid program given last week by the sixth graders. That applause without doubt will have a great influence upon those children's musical careers.

In the past few years the decline of musical programs here has been noticeable although there is an abundance of talent in the school. If we will cooperate and have more such performances given, Salem High school will soon again be able to give first class musical shows and concerts through better trained talent.

Don't Forget



Mothers Day

DO WE KNOW OUR BEST STRENGTH

None of us know what we can do until we make a call upon our hidden resources. Every man is a stranger to his greatest strength until the test of a great responsibility or a supreme crisis in life calls it out. Then when he is forced to act, when he must either sink or swim he does things he would not otherwise have attempted.—Marden.

Into My Ears

'Tis better to do a thing today,
 Than to wait for future years;
 Tomorrow may be a day too late
 And bring but regret and tears.

Clair King was recently overheard to say, "I have some pains in my head that hurt." Wonder where they'd be if they didn't hurt?

It is almost a known fact that some of the teachers in Salem High like iced bananas.

And speaking of teachers reminds me that the Good Housekeeping magazine seems to be a favorite with those of the stronger (?) sex. Wonder why?

I heard that Ruth Pittman does not eat meat away from home because her mother has to cut it for her. And she a sophomore?—

Well, I guess Ray Ernst did a little Sherlock Holmes to find his ring. Perhaps after this he'll be more careful of where he falls asleep.

Helen Huber says she can tell Leonard Jones by his feet. Boy, she certainly has you marked!

It seems to me, but just to me, that Jean Harwood is rather concerned about Ray when he's absent. Remember, Ray, "absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else."

Becky Snyder says she is the only person in 208 who knows what love is. That's broadly speaking—that girl must have had some experience!!!

Now we come to my weekly curiosity—why is Eileen Griffiths so interested in Berlin Center? Ask Eileen.

(Author's note: See me personally, Eileen, and I'll tell you who had this put in.)

(Editor's note: Find out who The Hearer is first.)

And we note with interest that

Martha Schmid said she would have to go to the track meets and watch George Izenour run if she expects to get to wear his medal. Ah, here's room for some competition.

I wonder who gave Vernon Birkhimer those two black eyes he had the other day? If I knew, and if I had a gun, and if I had a bullet—I have a warm spot in my heart for that lad—he once spoke a good word about my column. ?

Anna Kleon thinks "that would go well with Mary's horse outfit." That girl talks like she ain't had no education (if you want to put it in the vernacular.)

Then there's that young freshman laddie who spends his study hall periods writing programs placing himself as star vocalist. He's too smart for one person, he should have been twins!!

Did you know that Alta Mae thinks Glenn Stanley has too much sense to think about the girls? Give 'er a break, give 'er a break! !

Wonder what Keith Harris finds so attractive around locker No. 698? "Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,
 Sans everything."

Maybe that's what's wrong with Mildred Davis when she plays with dolls. Shakespeare should know!

Well, folks, sorry but it's getting late. If it weren't for the fact that I make a practice (?) of going to bed early (remember what Franklin said) I'd gladly say more, but still the Editor says they're printing this with apologies now, so nuf ced! !

Ye ole' observer,
 THE HEARER.

MANY COMPETE IN CITY SPORTS

With the opening of city class A softball league last week, several Salem High school athletes have another sport to participate in.

There players are: Tony Borelli with the United Cigars; Al Catlos with the I. G. A. team; Wayne Sidinger with the American Legion; Paul Stratton with the Mullins Foremen Club; Wayne Russell with the Schaffer Billiards; and George McFeely with the Calkins Chicks.

Wrong Note—Leader of village band: "Hey, you're playing out of tune!"

The amateur musician quit blowing at his large instrument, and asked: "What tune?"

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HALL OF OBLIVION

We nominate these lights in the editorial office because they go off with no warning and Charles Steward says that sometimes it looks bad.

We nominate these red headed girls that go around breaking plate glass windows.

STATE
 THEATRE

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

— in —

'CENTRAL AIRPORT'

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY

JOAN CRAWFORD
GARY COOPER
FRANCHOT TONE

— in —

"TODAY, WE LIVE"

There's Humor In It

Shakespeare

Bill Pauline: Do you exercise with dumb-bells?

E. J. Lewis: Is that your way of asking me to take a walk with you?

Charles Gibson: I was on the stage once.

Lois Pidgeon: Yeah. I suppose you fell out of the balcony.

The fellow who used to get intoxicated, and hold up a lamp post, now drives a car and knocks it over.

Teacher: What is the most common conductor for electricity?

Bill Miller: Why—er—er

Teacher: Correct.

Student (thinking of an electric wire): What is it you can charge, and when you hold it, it shocks you?

Wise-cracker: A bill for a new car, old boy.

Teacher: Did you ever have economics?

Pupil: No, just measles and chicken pox.

Teacher:—Tom, make a sentence with the word 'miniature.'

Tommy Bennett: If you go sixty miles an hour, in a miniature a mile away.

The skyscraping neck of the giraffe and the relatively small neck of man are made up of the same number of vertebrae or bones. Seven!

In Foochow, China, certain Taoist priests still sell "tickets" to heaven for the low amount of one "nex" which is equivalent to about 20 cents in American money. Lines form to the right.

Compared with giants, dwarfs are generally longer-lived, more intelligent, and relatively stronger. Brace up, you shorties.

Mr. Manual Labor, of San Francisco, was arrested as a vagrant for refusing to work.

No, No, Maudie—A polished girl does not mean one whose conversation always casts a reflection on somebody.

REPORTER TALKS TO MR. SCROOGE

The room was divided in half by a partition like a bank with frosted glass panels protected with a steel screen on the inner side and with a grilled window that was now closed.

He was kneeling or I thought he was kneeling near an open door in the partition. As I started toward the little closed window in the partition a bird, glassy-eyed with terror, fluttered from his cupped hands. I stopped and caught it in my skirt.

As I handed the little thing to him I barely repressed a gasp of astonishment. He had not been kneeling. His man's body rested upon legs pitifully dwarfed. Standing straight, he did not reach my shoulder.

His brown eyes, gentle and shy
Continued on Page 4



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DESPERATE DAN COMES TO WOE

Desperate Dan was looking down upon the villains who had rustled his uncle's cattle. He was on the top of a hill, peering down upon the rustlers' camp. Smoke was arising from the chimney, signifying that the rustlers were at home. Far off in the valley were his uncle's choice cows browsing contentedly on the green grass.

Desperate Dan on seeing them was filled with rage and was fingering the trigger of his high powered rifle, but his good judgment stopped him from any rash actions. He decided to wait until late that night when the rustlers were asleep and let the cattle loose.

About midnight, the sky being dark and cloudy, Dan was cautiously making his way down into the valley. He reached the gate where the cattle were shut in without an accident and was opening it slowly when someone shouted "Who's thar! then two shots, a scream of agony.

John! Give me that book and stay two weeks after school for reading such stories! A frightened face looked up at the teacher and he reluctantly handed the dime novel to the teacher.

It was just another freshman reading wild west stories in a study period.

WE WONDER

Where Mike is Fromm?
How Kloos is Hilda?
If Arnella has a Campf?
If Margaret is a Stewart?
How Long Max is?
If Jean is Harwood (hardwood)?
Does Dorothy Rakestraw?
If Janet Walker Walks?
Does B. J.—Cope?
What Culler Frank is?
When Catherine Was a Ladd?

If we moved our legs as quickly as an ant—size taken into consideration—we would be able to walk at the speed of 800 miles an hour, twice as fast as the fleetest airplane in existence today.—East High Echo

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WHAT'SIS NAME?

Now we turn to the junior class and from room 202 we pick out a dark, wavy haired, brown-eyed laddie. (How he cares for those waves!) His favorite song is "You've Got Me Cryin' Again," and he whistles continuously.

His favorite sport is baseball, although he likes to take long walks at night when it's quiet. He also likes to go fishing (especially on Friday nights!) For some reason this young lad hates porchlights.

His only ambition is to be a forest ranger. Three guesses.

Last week Frank Theriault was described here.

WHATSER NAME?

Nothing junior is she, this week's whatser name. She is a blond with blue eyes of course.

She is a member of the Hi-Tri and is also on the Quaker Staff. She is usually seen with a tall dark haired junior girl—they're great pals!

She had a part in the recent production of "The Queen's Husband." Her favorite expression is "Oh, isn't that pathetic!"

This should be easy—come on, remember a junior lassie from 203. Know her?

Rachel Cope was last week's whatser name.

COLUMN ON BOOKS

Booth Tarkington's "Mirthful Haven" would be a great story to some readers, but the ending spoiled the whole book for me. It is a tale of Edna Palton, the village beauty of Mirthful Haven, but in addition to being beautiful, she had a reputation not to be envied. She went to live with her step-grandmother and attended a fashionable school making friends among the smart set. Most of this smart set came to Mirthful Haven, the summer colony where she lived. Many complications set in, some of which are very exciting.

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Club News

HI-TRI

The girls of the Hi-Tri club enjoyed a steak-fry at the Country Club Thursday. The members hiked out to the club. Each girl brought her own food.

BAND

The Band will give a concert May 17. There will be no admission charged. Rachel Cope has been playing a new cornet and Margaret Megraill an oboe, an instrument which has never before been included in the Band. These instruments are being used on a ten-day trial.

SALEMASQUERS

Plans for furnishing the new make-up room, the former Quaker Business office, were discussed. Albert Allan offered a number of pictures of famous stars for the walls.

Several new members were automatically taken into the club because of their parts in the Junior Class Play. They were: Margaret Moff, Harold Parker, Wayne Sidinger, William Paxson, and Charles Gibson.

The high school golf team will spend the spring vacation learning how to get out of the beautiful sand traps of the Salem Golf Course on the Salem-Lisbon rd.

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SCROOGE

Continued from Page 3
as a child's, met mine with a latent defiance.

He took the bird and put it in a box in the corner and then turned inquiringly toward me.

I had been directed to the manager of the mine, Scrooge. I said, "I came to have a talk with Mr. Scrooge. Is he in?"

I might have struck him in the face with less effect. His whole face changed and hardened like a mask. His chin squared aggressively. He went to the half-open door, taking short steps because of his infirmity. With one big, shapely hand on the knob he turned and said, "You'll have to wait a minute," and disappeared.

The glass panel slid up with a click like the report of a pop-gun. I went up to the window and in a crisp, cold, impersonal voice he informed me that there was no such person as Mr. Scrooge. His name was John Canfield.

I raised up on my tiptoes and meeting the inscrutable stare of the dwarf exclaimed indignantly against the trick that had been played on me. Even my editor hadn't informed me otherwise. A distinctly nasty omission, I thought.

I lost sight of his face then because I found it tiresome to remain standing on my toes.

"I came to talk to you as a reporter for the 'Tribune,'" I said, "but I can't talk this way. Can't I come in?"

Silence and then I heard him moving. He opened the door and smiled faintly, wistfully. I passed through and he shut the door behind me.

Decidedly this was going to be a unique and interesting interview.

The room was a strange one, in its way. The windows toward the street were set high up from the floor and glazed inside so that no one could possibly look in or out. On the other side four French windows opened to a cool green, high-walled little yard, backed with tall bushes inside the stout board fence.

The furniture, table, chairs, and legless couch in the corner, was low. It might have been a child's room except for a general massiveness. To me there was infinite pathos in the place. His love of beauty bowed itself everywhere, in the bowls of flowers, the pictures, the soft shades of the rug. I thought as I sat down that the walled-in, lonely life might well be a bitter one.

He crossed with his short waddling steps to a great low chair and sat down.

I explained that I had been asked to write up his life for the paper

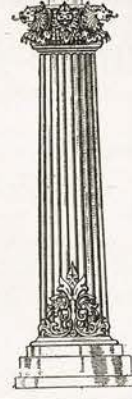
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Watch for The 1933

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and he smiled, rather grimly and bitterly, but obliged.

As this dwarfed man with the magnificent head and endearing eyes and mouth talked, I received a story much more precious and valuable as a lesson than as an assignment.

His story revealed a life, lonely, isolated and friendless as a hermit's.

"I owe my education and my savings account and my job to a man who prefers to be nameless. He saw me selling gum, pencils, shoestrings, and pins near the entrance to the depot. He stopped and talked to me after he had bought a dollar's worth of goods. I was fifteen and I hated the world with a bitterness you can scarcely imagine.

"He made me a proposition. He would educate me if for a generous salary I would work for him. I agreed and he sent me to a private teacher and then to college. And then, he told me that he was going to become wealthy but that I would be the one hated by those who always hate millionaires, instead of him. He wanted to be wealthy but not hated. And he is.

"When office hours are over, I live my own life here and I am fairly happy."

Thus had he lived his life.

When I left his office I took with me the memory of something beautiful, undefinable

I learned a priceless lesson, found something lovely and precious, and gained a dear friend there.

I learned that our bodies and appearance are judged by the beauty and strength of our souls. I found a philosophy unforgettable, that to be content with our lot is the greatest thing of all.

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SENIORS

Dale Leipper won one of the two to four-year honor scholarships given by Oberlin college for excellence in scholarship and participation in high school activities.

Several senior speeches were given in French class recently.

Mary Hickling gave hers on April 3. Betty Lee Kenneweg, Helen Esther Palmer, and Jean Scott also gave theirs in French.

These novel speeches were enjoyed by all. It is hoped more may be given in the future.

By the addition of five new members, the class enrollment has reached 173.

On May 1 the senior fund was \$501.56. The candy sales at the various meets and after school will boost the treasury a little.

JUNIORS

As yet, the exact profits from "The Queen's Husband" are not known because there are still a few bills to be paid.

Miss Horwell wishes that the pupils who ordered rings or pins and have not received them would please see her about them.

The home room that sold the most tickets was 204; they sold 184. The next highest was 201, selling 158 tickets.

Catherine Ladd sold 61 tickets.

MUSIC CLUB MEETS WEDNESDAY EVENING

Junior Music club was held at the home of Dorothy Wright last Wednesday evening.

Plans were made for this Saturday when the Warren Music club will be their guests.

Five new members were brought into the club. They are: Lois Pidgeon, Alroy Bloomberg, Joseph Pales, Ada Swinbank, and Louis Wierick. These new members will also attend the party Saturday night.

After the selection of new members the business meeting was adjourned.

The program was started by Charles Freed who played his own composition of Spring Joys.

After the program a delightful lunch was served by the hostess.

"AND HOW!"

They say that Rudy Vallee
Is not popular at all
With a certain he-man type of guy.
Whether he be big or small!

Yet compared with the family
dentist,

Rudy Vallee we all adore;
Because that family dentist
Is such an awful bore!

HAMMELL, P. G.

Lady visiting a convict: "Why are
you here, my poor man?"

Convict: "For the simple reason,
I cannot get out."

Man at the gate to little boy:
"Is your mother home?"

Little boy: "Say you don't suppose
I'm mowing this lawn because
the grass is long do you?"

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