

JUNIOR ISSUE THE QUAKER

FAREWELL
SENIORS

HAPPY
VACATION

VOL. XIV, NO. 30

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, MAY 25, 1934

PRICE 5 CENTS

STUDENTS HERE GIVES CLASSES DARROW TALKS

Two weeks ago the biology classes heard talks given by Arthur Fronius, senior, on Clarence Darrow, renowned criminal lawyer of the "Scopes trial" and "Leopold-Lobe case."

Fronius based his talks on facts obtained last summer in a personal interview with Darrow at the latter's Chicago residence.

Arthur says that he found Darrow enjoyable and hospitable and having some seemingly far-fetched but logical views on philosophy and associated subjects.

Besides various literature given to him by Darrow he has a personally autographed picture which he prizes very highly.

During Arthur's talks many interesting discussions took place in the classes.

SOPHOMORE CLASS TO DO DECORATION FOR TWO SERVICES

Following an old custom, the sophomore class will decorate the Masonic temple for the Alumni banquet, June 8, and the high school for the baccalaureate service, June 3. The following committees have been appointed:

Alumni Banquet:

Douglas Englehart
Vance Stewart
Ralph Hixenbaugh
Jack Haroff
Charles Freed
Edward Pukalski
Harry Bischel

Baccalaureate service:

James Campbell
Lois Pidgeon
Vance Stewart
Agnes Baltorinic
Betty Lewis
Jeanette Astry
Edward Pukalski
Charles Davidson

PIRATES BEAT CUBS IN EXCITING GAME

The Pirates won a close one from the cubs Friday afternoon in the most interesting game of the season.

It was a pitchers duel between Bill Adams south paw ace and Frances Strader.

Score by innings:

	R	H	E
PIRATES	3	4	3
CUBS	1	4	2

Pirates—Adams and Baltorinic.
Cubs—Strader and Tetlow.

THIS IS THE LAST
ISSUE



Principal Here Explains To Seniors Facts About WOSU Radio College

At a seniors' meeting Tuesday, May 15, Mr. Springer explained to those graduating that a Radio College represented in Columbiana County by Mrs. Rothwell of East Palestine, financed by the Federal Government and sponsored by Ohio State University, is to be broadcast over station WOSU.

About thirty seniors showed interest in the course. The lessons are broadcast over the air and

manuscripts are sent to the students. The papers are graded by students of Ohio State University who are paid by the Federal Government. This school is aiding not only those who are unable to go to college but also those college students who may earn their tuition by grading papers. Regular college credit are granted those who successfully complete this course.

JUNIOR HIGH PUPILS PICK OUT COURSES; ENROLLMENT LARGE

At the present time the students have pretty well decided what courses they are going to take next year. The eighth grade pupils of Junior High and St. Paul's school are electing their studies preparatory to entering high school next fall. Mr. Springer states that it is difficult to say what the enrollment for the coming year will be although the senior class for 1934-35 is expected to be the largest ever to graduate. About 189 juniors are enrolled at the present time.

VARIOUS CLASSES ATTEND LECTURE

Girls of the Home Economics and General Science classes attended lectures by Mrs. Beatrice Bell, representative of the Home Decoration Institute of Pittsburgh, during the second and third periods a week ago last Wednesday in the auditorium.

Mrs. Bell instructed the girls in the subject of artistic home decorations, along the lines of color harmony and various effective uses of colors.

BAND STUDENTS TO HAVE PICNIC

Salem High Band members will hold a picnic at Westville lake, Tuesday, June 29. Committees to prepare for this frolic have been appointed. They are:

Eats committee:

Lela Naragon, chairman
Catherine Taylor
Jack Harroff

Place and Time Committee:

Alroy Bloomberg, chairman
Ralph Hixenbaugh
Harold McConner

Entertainment committee:

Charles Freed, chairman
Robert Snyder

Continued on Page 3

1934 COUNTY TRACK MEET MAKES PROFIT

This is the first time for about three years that any profit has been made at the County Track Meet. Other years they have been forced to draw on reserve funds. This year a profit of \$19.95 was made. The Senior class has also made money on their stands. The approximate profit is \$126.79.

QUAKER MAIDS VISIT COLLEGE FOR PLAY DAY

A group of Salem High girls represented Salem at the "Play Day" held at Mount Union college in Alliance last Saturday.

The girls, accompanied by Miss Peterson, left Salem at 11 o'clock. At noon a picnic lunch was served on the campus. After they had had their lunch all the girls present were divided into eight "color" teams. The teams played different games among themselves for the remainder of the afternoon. The Salem group arrived home about 5:30.

The girls that attended from Salem were: Joanna Adams, Hazel Anderson, Anna Ruth Vincent, Geraldine Breault, Helen Booty, Loretta Greenisen, Ruth Cornwall, Evelyn Dutko, Peggy Jennings, Margaret Loutzenhiser, Mary Shaffer, Mary Kish, and Irene Andrei.

ORCHESTRA TO BE REGULAR SUBJECT

It was announced by Mr. Brautigam at orchestra practice a week ago Monday that next year the orchestra would be a regular subject with three periods a week.

Last year, under Mr. Regal, the orchestra met once a week for practice while this year it met twice a week, Monday and Wednesday evenings, under the direction of Mr. Brautigam.

Next year it is planned that the orchestra will meet three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the fourth period. There will be no change in credits given.

Mr. Brautigam will continue to lead.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, May 25
Aircraft club
Monitors club
Monday, May 28
Orchestra
Business Staff
Tuesday, May 29
French club
Wednesday, May 30
Memorial Day (Holiday)
Thursday, May 31
Friday, June 1
Junior, Senior Prom
Aircraft club
Tuesday, June 5
Senior Farewell Party
Wednesday, June 6
Recognition assembly
Hi-Tri Party
Thursday, June 7
Commencement
Friday, June 8
Alumni Banquet
Report cards distributed
Close of School

THE QUAKER

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

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Paul J. Smith
Business Manager Paul Strader Jr.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Assistant editor, Alex Fratila; Ruth Obenour, Martha Wells, Ruth Ruggy, Harry McCarthy, Margaret McCulloch, Dorothy McConner, Robert Snyder, Marianne Mullins, Mary Finnegan, Lillian Mundy, Margaret Moff, Jean McCarthy, Jane Metzger, Mary Bunn, Ruth Kinney, Betty Long, Robert Wentz, Stewart Elder, Jane Leonard, Kathryn Taylor, Harriet Nusbaum, George Izenour, George Williamson—artist.

BUSINESS STAFF

Assistant Manager, John Knepper; Circulation Manager, Charles Berg; Staff Members—Gail Herron, Harold McConner, Gus Nan, Arnold Nye, Richard Wernet, Joseph Pales, Charles Davidson, Al Derienzo.

FACULTY ADVISERS

R. W. Hilgendorf H. C. Lehman

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. XIV

MAY 25, 1934

NO. 30

EDITORIALS



DECISION

"He that shoots worst may sometimes hit the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it."

OWEN FELLHAM

What is the good of calling in a doctor when you are sick, if you lie and look at the medicine he has left for an hour or two after his departure?

Could Gertrude Ederle have conquered the English Channel if she had stood on the bank and shivered at the prospect of plunging in?

The longer you put off doing a thing that confronts you the harder it is to do, and if you put it off long enough, it becomes impossible.

You cannot be irresolute and be successful in your undertaking. Things go along sweetly enough in the regular course of duty, and you may find someone around most of the time to do your heavy thinking for you if you're so inclined, but sooner or later an emergency will arise that you, yourself, will have to meet squarely, and there will be no one around upon whom you can rely. Then and there is your worth decided. I do not recall of any person who ever got into trouble for making a decision in an emergency, no matter how it turned out. I can recount numerous cases, however, of failure to get ahead because of indecision in a crisis.

Intelligence is, of course, required in making a decision. A mule may make a decision, but rebellion and stubbornness are two different qualities.

You seniors, I am thus chiefly addressing, for it will be necessary for you to make many decisions. Whether it is just to decide between right and wrong or whether your choice will affect your whole career you must think clearly and act promptly. Indecision brings its own delays. Cultivate the habit of "Decision".

TO THE STUDENTS

We have but a few more days until we leave the halls of Salem High. Some of us have found peace and contentment in the friendships we have made, in the good we have derived from our books, or in the honors bestowed upon us for excelling in various activities.

Then on the other hand, many of our fellow students have found, in the classes and in the company of other students and tutors, naught but ridicule and unhappiness, which should never linger in the heart of the youth, who perhaps will have plentiful time for disappointments and sadness caused by the obstacles present at the crossing of every stream.

Some of us leave these old rooms forever; some, but for a few months. To those who go never to return, let us give our wishes of good luck for success in the world; to those who come back, our advice that they begin anew and make the best of all things, discouraging as well as joy bringing.

GREEN FRESHMEN?

Are our freshmen still green? Yes, but I think our seniors take the cake for greenness. Yesterday, I heard the senior romeo, Al Bloomberg, tell a freshman that to get the "Cream of the Crop," you must get your dates early, but then, that evening he said he hadn't a date for the Prom yet, and they say that Troy Cope's mother has to dress him, while Wayne Sidinger can't wash his own face. Last but not least some seniors can't take it. At the assembly put on by the Junior Music club, Oland Dilworth attempted to murder Charles Freed just because he told a joke about Oland, and the only way he was stopped was by the timely thinking of Robert Wentz, who threatened to announce that Oland would make a speech.

What Do You Think?

What do you think of boys who don't have dates for the prom?

Ronnie Schaffer—I think that boys without dates for the prom are missing their thrill of a lifetime, also that they will regret it in the future very much.

Alex Fratila—The majority are afflicted by a common malady called shyness. They might do well to act by the old saying, "God helps those who help themselves." Joyce Chatfield—I bet they're either bashful, hard to please, or just need a good strict diet.

George Izenour—It's hard to say, but those who don't have dates have good sense and I sorta calculate they are counting on keeping their cents.

D'JA KNOW

Did you know that all these so called Paris models are really creations from New York?

Did you know that troubles are like babies—they grow by nursing.

That the Lion Tamers like to play with electric trains?—Tsk, tsk, such childishness!

That Troy likes to sleep better than eat—imagine!

That Margaret W., better known as "Drawstring Annie," has broken all her New Year's resolutions already?

That Ruth is going to be an old maid and have seventeen cats?

SALEM BUSINESS COLLEGE

Announces Dictaphone Course and Free Employment Service
Four Weeks for Only \$25.00
Special June Rate

Royal Portable Typewriter for Graduation

THE BUSINESS STAFF —

Sincerely and gratefully acknowledges the past year's advertising of Salem's Merchants.

Our burden was made much lighter by your willingness to cooperate. This past year has been successful largely through your business.

We feel sure that we have contributed somewhat to your success by promoting student trade.

We congratulate ourselves for being so fortunate in having your support in the past. Many thanks!

McCULLOCH'S

"Jantzen" and "Sorenz" Bathing Suits
At Popular Prices

— SEE OUR —

New Summer Sport Coats
Waffle Plaids, Corduroy and Flannels

SOCIETY NEWS

Marjory Eckstein spent Saturday in Akron.

Jack Butler spent the week-end in Youngstown.

Mary Eckonroth visited Cleveland last Sunday.

Esther Fryan spent Sunday in Youngstown.

Jeanette Astry, Margaret McCulloch and Dorothy Astry spent the week-end at Wells College, Aurora, New York.

Ilene Dunn was entertained by a surprise party Tuesday evening.

Minnie Schmidt visited in Pittsburgh last Sunday.

Betty Lewis spent Saturday afternoon in Youngstown.

Thelma Boles spent the week-end in Youngstown.

The band is planning a picnic at Westville Lake on May 29.

Max Long was entertained by a surprise party last Tuesday evening at the home of Dorothy Bruce.

The good die young—here's hope.

ing that you may live to a ripe old

STATE THEATRE

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
FRANK BUCK'S
Jungle Thriller
"WILD CARGO"

SUNDAY AND MONDAY
BING CROSBY

— in —
"We're Not Dressing"

— with —
CAROLE LOMBARD, GRACIE ALLEN, GEO. BURNS

GRAND THEATRE

SATURDAY & SUNDAY
KEN MAYNARD

— in —
"Honor of the Range"

THE QUAKER

"GOD'S PURPOSE"

The chimes of the obscure little church in the hills of Kentucky rang through the still evening twilight. On the mountain paths, figures could be seen descending to attend the evening services.

One girl in particular could be seen distinctly. To the horror and humiliation of her conservative, retiring, mountain parents, she wore a brilliant red dress instead of the conventional black, dark blue, or brown.

This bit of stubbornness, and the obvious desire to be different, characterized Mary Price exactly. She hated the narrow, petty life she and her parents led. Her mother, not having been a very imaginative girl, was not in accord with these feelings, and her father openly showed his opinion of them by his rather contemptuous attitude toward her.

There was only one person in the whole little settlement who sided with Mary—Jerry Dall. He, too, was opposed by his parents, but as he didn't flaunt his defiance in their faces, his life at home was fairly pleasant.

When church was over, Jerry escaped from his parents and Mary from hers, and they started off together. They were only sixteen, but already they were dreaming dreams of life outside those encircling mountains—a life unshackled by traditions and conventionalities, a life that was free, happy, and sparkling.

"Someday I'm goin' away from here, Mary," said Jerry as they strolled up the hill, "and you're comin' with me, ain't you?"

"I sure am, Jerry, if you want me. Oh! won't it be grand to get away from—~~from—~~," she threw out an arm toward the tiny village where the lights were beginning to twinkle in the darkness "from all this!"

"It sure will! Just think, no one to tell us what to do, and parties, and—everything! Gee! I wish we was old enough to go now, don't you?"

"I do too, Jerry, but just as soon as we are, we'll go, won't we?"

"You bet!"

They walked on in silence. At Mary's gate they parted—Mary to dream of the city, Jerry to dream of Mary.

Three years passed and Jerry and Mary decided that the time had come. Their plans for getting away were completed and they had both been saving money for years so they were ready to leave. They had heard of New York, so they were going there. They had no idea where it was or how far it was, but that was where they wanted to go.

One evening they silently crept out of their respective homes and met in front of the church. Jerry had gotten some horses and they mounted and started for civilization.

When they reached the first railroad station early the next morning, the station master smiled at their odd attire, but he helped them get started on their journey.

Both of them had heard of trains but they had never ridden on or even seen one before, so the journey was quite an adventure. The beds, appearing suddenly from nowhere, made them stand in awe of the friendly colored porter.

Finally, after many bewildering experiences, they were married and settled in New York. It frightened them both. Jerry discovered that he couldn't find any work, and Mary found that life in the city wasn't what she had imagined. Because of their circumstances, they lived in a huge tenement, and the other women in the house laughed at her countrified ways and dress. Mary felt terribly alone and unhappy.

They lived thus for a year, each pretending to enjoy it and thinking the other did. Matters grew worse and finally Mary decided that she couldn't stand it any longer. She still loved Jerry, but he was away every day until very late, and was usually gone in the morning before she was up. The sort of life she was leading was becoming unbearable. If Jerry liked it, as he apparently did, that was alright, but she couldn't stand it any longer.

One morning she got up, and not even stopping to clear up the tiny apartment, she picked up the bag she had packed the night before and hurried for the station. She had been saving money for this time for weeks so she had enough to buy her ticket. In her hurry to leave she had noticed a small white something on the table but she had taken no notice of it. She was going home!

That night on the train, as she was carried nearer and nearer to Kentucky, she wondered how Jerry would take her departure. She felt awfully mean leaving him there alone but as he seemed to like his life there, he probably wouldn't mind so much. In the note she'd left, she told him she still loved him and in her secret heart she hoped he'd follow her.

The next afternoon she arrived in the little village that meant more to her than all the city's bright lights. No one was in sight and she slowly started up the deserted street.

Suddenly she started! Opening a gate up the street, a pile of luggage showing clearly that its possessor had just arrived, stood a figure that had grown very familiar to her in the last year.

He looked up just then and upon seeing her, he dropped everything and came running down to her.

"Mary!"

"Jerry!"

The chimes of the obscure little church in the hills of Kentucky rang through the still evening twilight. On the mountain paths, figures could be seen descending to attend the evening services.

Among them came a young couple arm in arm, an expression of unutterable peace on their faces. Jerry and Mary had at last learned the lesson that God had sent them to the city to learn—that at home, alone, was peace.

THE PERFECT BUTLER

The grandfather clock struck twelve. Twelve long, deep, reverberating booms, echoing and re-echoing throughout the silent house.

From overhead came the muffled sound of stealthy footsteps. A tiny funnel of light flashed against the wall. On down the steps through the first floor, and down into the yawning black depths underground.

A long, well-kept hand reached out and slowly pulled a dust-laden brick from the wall. Into the tiny aperture went the hand again, but this time the light caught the object in it, shattering it into a thousand tiny, multi-colored rays. Diamonds! Huge, glittering, cold diamonds! Large enough in size to be worth a king's ransom! The hand reached out and replaced the brick. The light again flashed up the stairs, through the house, and disappeared into the black, terrifying regions above. All was dark. All was silent.

It was the next evening. Mrs. Morton, owner of the diamond necklace, was talking with a detective from the insurance company about the theft.

"I'm sorry. That's all the help I can give you. I had taken the necklace from the deposit box in the bank to wear it to the Lack-Bronell party. When I went to bed, I put it on my dressing table. The next morning it was gone. There was no evidence that anyone had been in my room, or in the house."

"And you only keep a housekeeper and a butler? Do you trust them?" Asked the detective.

"I do trust them, absolutely. They have both been in my employ for ten years. My husband hired them five years before he died."

"Very well, Mrs. Morton. The investigation has proven nothing except the necklace was stolen by person or persons unknown. We shall keep a sharp lookout for it, only who ever was smart enough to steal it and leave no trace is probably smart enough to get rid of it. You will have our check for \$500,000 this week. That is all."

One week later Mrs. Morton received the insurance check for the stolen diamonds.

"You'll never know how welcome this check is to me, Jason, neither will the insurance people. Tell Molly she can expect her back wages tomorrow. You will also get yours. Much as I hated to have my necklace stolen I'm certainly glad to get the money." Saying this Mrs. Morton left the room, leaving Jason, the butler, to his own devices.

Again the house was dark and still. The grandfather clock struck half past eleven. A light flashed on the wall, downstairs and a white well-kept hand reached out and removed a brick from the wall. One corner of the basement was illuminated. Bending over was a straight thin figure, pounding. Pounding worthless diamonds into a worthless powder. Diamonds that ten years before had been sold and replaced by clever imitations; one by one. Worthless diamonds that Mr. Morton had made Jason

hide when Mrs. Morton needed money; before he died. The furnace door was opened. The powder dumped in.

The grandfather clock struck twelve. Twelve long, deep reverberating booms, echoing and re-echoing throughout the silent house. The light illuminated the clock, at the same time lighting up the placid and peaceful countenance of Jason, the butler.

—Q—

I'LL HANG 'EM TOMORROW

It was seven thirty in the morning and little Bobby heard his mother's gentle voice calling:

"Bobby, it is another school morning and time to get up." Although he liked to sleep in, he enjoyed going to school with his friends the most.

Bobby was a cheerful little lad of six. He had dark brown hair with eyes to match. This boy was liked by all who knew him and consequently had many dear friends.

Bobby woke up with a light heart, this warm spring morning, and the sun was smiling at him through his window. He hurriedly dressed, ate a nourishing breakfast, and started off for school, as he had several blocks to walk. Within a block of the school Bobby met three of his chums and they reached their destination together.

When the old bell rang at tight thirty all the children flocked up the stairs and went to their respective classes. Bobby and the other little first grader were shoved from side to side by several of the upper classmen.

Miss Smith, the first grade teacher, was standing at the large door greeting her pupils with a smile. The regular school activities followed as usual and the pupils, as well as the teachers were glad when the clock told them it was three-thirty.

As the pupils marched out of the room, Miss Smith, with a frown on her face, was talking to the janitor. Bobby overheard the last few words of the janitor which were:

"I'll hang 'em tomorrow."

All the way home Bobby's chums could not get him interested in any subject for a conversation and they were very much puzzled as this was so unusual for him. He seemed to be in deep meditation.

Mrs. Jones, Bobby's mother, prepared for lunch his favorite dish which was macaroni and cheese. Much to her surprise his huge appetite was practically gone. Mrs. Jones asked:

"Bobby, aren't you feeling good this evening?"

"Oh, I'm not very hungry, that's all," replied Bobby.

But all this time he was thinking of the words of the janitor:

"I'll hang 'em all tomorrow."

Bobby went to bed sadly, his parents greatly puzzled over his actions, but decided that it must be a childish thought which he would sleep off. Nevertheless this was one of the most sleepless nights that Bobby ever put in. At intervals he would wake up with a start, haunted with the same words:

THE QUAKER

wonder how many of us have ever stopped to realize what that little word, discovery, signifies. I wonder if we have ever stopped to think that we are indebted to that word and the forces behind it, to a greater extent than any generation that has ever trod the face of this earth?

Please understand that I am talking about discovery, not in the sense of the dictionary definition, but in the practical sense—the sense in which new lands have been discovered, great nations founded, and scientific victories achieved.

Perhaps you are thinking to yourselves right now, "What has this to do with me anyway? Why should I bother my head with things that I have studied in history books?" I don't blame you. The question is logical enough and here is my answer. We, the American citizens of tomorrow, should think about things that have happened in the past because it is going to be up to us to perform similar achievements in the future.

I know we can't discover any more continents on this earth, but astronomers are working day and night to discover new planets and stars in the sky. Not so very long ago on this very stage you witnessed an electrical display that was phenomenal enough to make you wonder if there wasn't such a thing as black magic or some other sort of supernatural power.

The point is this: all the great inventions and all the wonderful discoveries that have been made during the history of this world have required toil and sacrifice. Nothing truly great or beneficial was ever accomplished by a weak-kneed, half-hearted effort. It takes nerve, it takes will power and faith to stick to a tough job until it is finished. It takes that which modern phraseology has termed as "guts" to risk your life a thousand times over in order to accomplish something that will advance this old world of ours just one step farther on the road to higher civilization.

That is what you and I have to think about. Do we have the faith, the courage, the ambition to do things like that? Have we the stuff it takes to risk those dangers and to face those seemingly insurmountable obstacles?

There are a few people in this world who would have it that modern youth is joy crazy, that we are literally going to the dogs. I don't believe that. I believe that we, the modern youth of America, are just as true to our convictions, just as courageous and full of faith as youth ever was. But we can't just sit back and say that. We can't lean back in our easy chairs and rest on the laurels of our ancestors. We must get out and prove to the world that we do possess something other than these so-called joy-crazed ideas.

They say that in this world of ours everything has its price—that anything of a material nature is obtainable if we as individuals are willing to pay that price. Friends! Are we willing to pay that price? De Soto lost his life shortly after

he had discovered that great body of water, the Mississippi. Columbus wasted away the final days of his life in chains, despised and discouraged. Men and women have lost their lives attempting to cross the Atlantic, and yet the march of progress goes on. I do not say that worth while discoveries require the supreme price as in the example I have mentioned, but I do maintain that the ones who attempt these achievements must be willing to pay the supreme price if necessary.

One of these days it will be up to us to carry the torch, so let us think about it now and prepare ourselves to make those sacrifices that will be necessary. We shall have to pay a price without a doubt, but whatever that price may be, let us not allow it to act as a stumbling block in our path.

Whatever the task may be, let us carry on. This world in its modern form was not built up in the spirit of fearfulness and indecision.

—Q—

THE PENALTIES OF WAR

We have often heard it said that the World War had been a war to end war. Never again would the nations rush to arms. A lesson had been given to all the world in the destructiveness of warfare, so appalling that men could never more be induced to go to war. Nations would now settle their differences by other and gentler means. There must be treaties, there must be disarmament, there must be international courts, and force must give way to justice and the orderly processes of law.

What disappointments we have had! What awful disillusionments! How, during the black night of the war, we built up our hearts, in the midst of so much suffering and loss, in the hope of a new and brighter day that was breaking,—a day in which the world would be free, in which the shadow of the sword would darken our sleep no more, in which there would be an everlasting brotherhood between the nations that mingled their blood on the battlefields.

And now we wake from our troubled dreams with the fearful thought that this was a delusion; that notwithstanding the bravery and heroism and self-sacrifice it called forth,—the war has left the world worse than it found it, more full of evil passions, of racial hatred, of jealousy, and of selfishness.

When the Lusitania went down, the whole world was shocked. For days the newspapers talked of nothing else. But what of it? After all, it was a little thing. How many Lusitanias would have to go down to carry all the dead and missing soldiers and all the dead civilians of the great World War? One Lusitania a day, for a year. For ten years. For twenty-five years. For fifty years. One Lusitania a day for seventy years; or one a week, beginning nearly a century before the discovery of America by Columbus and continuing to the present hour. That is the number of Lusitanias that

would be required to carry the dead. The dead of all nations who died in the war.

And they died like flies. Hundreds, thousands of bodies filled up the trenches; and furnished a support across which those who followed advanced to the attack. And there were wounded lying among the dead. And the battle rolled past over their heads. And the horsemen tramped over them. And the cannons tore them to pieces. And there was no help. Often for hours and for days they had to lie in the mud, exposed to the fire of the shrapnel, poor men who could not move, to whom no help could be brought. How many bled to death there! How many were there who were only lightly wounded but who, in their helplessness, were delivered over to death! It is impossible to picture in words the horrors of a modern battle.

Destruction and blood have ne'er blessed a nation!

The curse of the down-trodden vanquished—appalling—
Will rest on the victor, exalted in station,
His forehead adorned with the green laurel wreath.

But the strong arm of vengeance is not swift in falling,
To smite and destroy the misguided mortal,
She waits long and watches, and stands at his portal
And appears in his eyes as he wrestles with death.

The God, whom in war we invoke every day, whom we entreat to grant that we may destroy as many of the enemy as possible, and to whom we give thanks when he fulfills our prayers, is the old Jewish God, Jehovah, the God of battles and of vengeance, to whom no sacrifice appears too great, if it is to serve the power and the dominion of his chosen people. The Christian God, however, and His only-begotten Son, who wandered about on earth preaching love and sacrifice, whose kingdom is not of this world—have nothing to do with this shedding of blood, which is entirely contradictory to the doctrine He taught.

Men said He was "impractical". He preached a gospel which men called too idealistic. He said: "Love your enemies." Practical men have scoffed at His teaching. They have said: "In a competitive world you must be armed to fight your enemies. That is the safe way, the inexpensive way." Practical men made and ran the World War. Do you know how much the World War cost? Its total cost to all participants was equivalent to \$20,000 for every hour since Jesus of Nazareth was born. The next war will be far most costly. It will probably result in the wreck of civilization. Practical men have had their way for many generations. It would be worth while to try His way. It couldn't be more expensive.

Who won the World War? What single nation is better off than it would have been had there been no war? And who will pay for the war? We all are paying and we all will pay.

Every nation talks peace but

spends all its money on war. We pray. We utter pious speeches. We weep at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. But when it comes to money, we Americans spend one billion dollars as interest and principal on our debt, nearly one billion dollars in pensions and service to the veterans of former wars, and more than seven-hundred millions to the army and navy. But only a fountain pen for peace!

It is peace the people want; peace they are craving for; peace for which they hunger and thirst. There have been enough dead and mutilated; there has been enough misery and ruin.

It is still possible to:
Bind up the wounds inflicted on your country,
Rebuild the devastated homes of man,

And raise once more the pride of lofty towns
From smoky ruins. Spring will return again

And clothe the wasted fields with lushy green.

But they who fell the victims of your quarrel,
The dead, rise up no more; the bitter tears

Shed in the issue of your controversy

Will be forever shed. Another race
In God's own time will prosper,
but the past

Will still remain the prey of misery.
The joys of generations still unborn.

Cannot recall to live the long-gone dead.

—Q—

JOKES

Snyder (to Walt Papesch, now a retired physician): Did you ever make a serious mistake in your diagnosis?

Papesch: Yes, once. I treated a patient for indigestion and she could easily have afforded appendicitis!

—Q—

Smith: Did you get home last night before the storm?

Dilworth: That was when it started!

—Q—

Art Papesch: We have an income of \$11,000 a year!

Mr. Astry: Well, with Dorothy's allowance of \$10,000 annually, you ought to be able to get along.

Art: Yes, sir, I-I-included that!

—Q—

Marianne: Troy says he's a confirmed bachelor.

Moffie: He didn't say how many girls in town had assisted in confirming him, did he?

—Q—

To miss a kiss is more amiss
Than it would be to kiss a miss
Provided that the kiss you miss
The miss herself would never miss.

—Q—

Girl: I donated a doll with real hair to the Senior Carnival. Isn't that just like me?

Boy: Not if it had real hair.

—Q—

Agnes G. (adoringly): It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—ah—everything.

Bob Battin: It is.

"Miss Inquisitive"

I WONDER

Why Clara Mae Reich calls Margaret Mounts "Buckets."
 What underclassman Marg Hanay is that way about.
 How Albertina Krauss felt when Benson really did run out of gas.
 If anyone's sorry we're not having exams.
 Whose letter Dorothy Rakestraw is wearing.
 Why Ruth Engler changed her mind so suddenly about her "honey," and why she says that lilies of the valley remind her of him.
 Why Bob Ketterer isn't going to the Prom.
 Who the handsome hero is that was seen with Grace Lozier last Saturday night—also whose Lion Tamers' pin she's wearing.
 Why Helen Papesch blushed so Saturday morning.
 Why Catherine Ladd always dashes home to see if someone from Cleveland has written.
 Where the Lion Tamers went last Tuesday.
 Who the Senior is that's so interested in Jack Mullins. Tsk! Tsk! We'd better look into this.
 Who remembered Walt Papesch on his birthday.
 Why some people call Art Papesch a "Pansy."
 Why they print this bunk.

BAND PICNIC

Continued from Page 1
 Ruth Cornwall
 Charlotte King
 Transportation committee:
 Robert Wentz, chairman
 Thomas Bennett
 Ben Cope

Father—"Do you know what happens to liars when they die?"
 Johnny—"Yes sir, they lie still."

FAMOUS ICE CREAM
 PREFERRED BY THOSE WHO KNOW!
Famous Dairy, Inc.

SEE and RIDE in the NEW
1934 PLYMOUTH and AIRFLOW CHRYSLER
At SMITH GARAGE
 EAST THIRD AT VINE

SEE OUR LIGHT SUITS AND SHOES
THE GOLDEN EAGLE
 "Salem's Greatest Store for Men and Boys"

THANKS !
 FOR YOUR PATRONAGE DURING THE PAST YEAR
THE O. K. SHOE SHOP
 264 East State Street 637 East State Street

CLUB NEWS

A brief business meeting of the Salemasquers was held in 200 a week ago last Tuesday. The meeting was presided over by Alroy Bloomberg, president. The roll call was given by Ruth Obenour, secretary.

A meeting of the junior members of the Editorial Staff was held in room 203 a week last Monday. Alex Fratila, next year's Editor-in-Chief, presided over the meeting. Ideas for new columns were considered and assignments were distributed.

The Spanish club held a meeting in 205 a week ago last Wednesday. The meeting, both business and social, was presided over by Bill Adams, president. There was also a discussion of a final party to be held in the near future.

A short business meeting of the Monitors club was held in 203 a week ago today. Arrangements for a picnic to be held after the next meeting May 25 were made. Walt Papesch, president, presided over the meeting.

The Hi-Tri held a business meeting in 204 a week yesterday. Plans for a final party were discussed.

A meeting of the French club was held in 201 last Tuesday. French games and riddles were enjoyed by all. Plans are being made for a final party.

Who gave you he black eye, Jim? Nobody gave it to me. I had to fight for it.

FOR THE BEST UP-TO-DATE HAIR CUTS, VISIT
The West End Barber Shop
 140 West State

PARIS CLEANERS

Salem's Certified Cleaners

Phone 710 Benton Road

S. H. S. SCANDALIZER BUSY SCANDALIZING

Have you heard who Harris T. is taking to the Prom? Too bad Betty isn't a junior..... It's pathetic the way Kate T. runs out on Bob..... Wonder if Gail H. knows other fellows are interested in Ruby? Look out Gail..... Did you know that a dance is a good place to get acquainted with some one? Bernia H. does..... By the way what happened to the affair between Gladys R. and Gilson K. Tough luck Francis..... Did you know he had a dancing teacher in school? Well we have, and she taught Lowell S. how to dance. Nice work Mariame T.

I'll gnaw your head off. Oh! (g)naw you won't.

"MIRACLEAN"
 Always Dependable. Dry Cleaning and Laundry Service
AMERICAN LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANING CO.
 Phone 295

Buy a New Arvin Radio For Your Car
\$39.50 Complete
 Why be without a radio in your car when you can have an Arvin for \$39.50?
White's Community Shell Service

WE THANK OUR NEW PATRONS AND THE QUAKER—

For our increase in busines, resulting from our advertisements which appeared in The Quaker weekly issues!

SHEEN'S SUPER SERVICE
 NORTH LINCOLN AT FOURTH

Phone 1977

Salem, Ohio

AN INVENTORY SHOWS —

That 2,000 Inches of Advertising has appeared in the past 30 issues of this paper.
 The income from these inches approximate \$700.00.
 This has been made possible through the efforts of The Quaker Business Staff and the response of 75 (Approximate) merchants of this city.

THESE STATISTICS SHOULD STARTLE YOU BECAUSE—

Without this wide use of our Advertising Columns by Salem Merchants you would NOT enjoy this paper.

THEREFORE—

You should return this business by PATRONIZING OUR ADVERTISERS who can be identified by the Quaker Card.

THE ROWENA BEAUTY SHOP
 Special For Graduation!
 Beautiful Combination Croquignole and Special Waves!
 Phone 600 314 N. Broadway

CALL THE BROADWAY MARKET
 for HOME BAKED BREAD, PIES, CAKES, BUNS and for GROCERIES AND MEATS AT CUT RATE PRICES
 Free Delivery
 PHONE 1700

HAPPY VACATION, EVERYBODY!
 From **SPIC & SPAN CLEANERS**
 225 EAST STATE STREET
 PHONE 834

Salem High School Teachers Busy Preparing For Summer Activities

Mr. Clark, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Jones will attend summer school at Ohio State University.

Mr. Guiler and Mr. Hilgendorf hope to teach in summer school in Salem.

Miss Lehman plans to attend the graduation of her sister at Ann Arbor, Mich. She and Miss Lanpher will spend the remainder of the summer at Lake Chautauqua, N. Y.

Miss Horwell and Miss McCready have plans for a trip to either Boston or Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Englehart plan to be in Canada.

Miss Hollett thinks she will spend most of her time at her home in Lakewood.

Mr. Brautigam is going to be a farmer. He also expects to play baseball this summer.

Miss Bickel just doesn't know what to do, but expects we can find her at her home in Columbus.

Miss Douglass hasn't yet completed her plans, but she hoped to just "take a vacation."

Miss Cherry will be in Salem most of her summer.

Miss Beardsmore just wants to "loaf."

Miss Ritt says she will probably end up at her home in Circleville.

Miss Smith will spend her vacation at home.

Mr. Cope will either spend the summer in Wyoming or six weeks at Ohio State.

Miss Orr is planning a trip to New England.

Mr. Brown is undecided as to whether to remain in Salem or go to his home in Dayton.

Miss Shoop is going to attend summer school at Mt. Union.

Mr. Lehman hopes to be a salesman.

Miss Peterson will visit friends in Peoria, Ill. before going to Lincoln, Nebraska where she will make her home.

Miss Hart is undecided although she might go to the White Mts.

Miss Lawn will be in St. Helen, Michigan.

Miss Miller is planning to work very hard this summer in Salem.

Mr. Springer will be in Salem a good part of the summer.

Mr. Henning just isn't sure what he will be doing.

EXCHANGE

We notice in the Newtonian that a certain junior girl is teaching a dark handsome boy of the same class to dance so they can go to the dance after the reception together. This advice might be applied to a number of S. H. S. students. So get busy, girls.

"Far and Near" tells us that a skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off.

The "Collegian" does some calculating. If all the students who sleep in class were placed end to end they would be a lot more comfortable.

It seems that a long distance runner from Ashtabula High gets his inspiration from reading Love Story magazines during rest periods.

THE DART

Dear Principal:
Please excuse John's absence. He fell in the mud. You will greatly oblige me by doing the same.
Mrs. Smith

We Have a Large Variety of GARDEN AND LAWN SEEDS (Bulk and Package)
Floding & Reynard
Druggists and Seedsmen

WE SERVE THE BEST COFFEE IN TOWN
STARK ELECTRIC LUNCH

Stamp Home Stores, Inc
For
Gift Goods — Maytag Washers — General Electric Refrigerators

L. J. GRISEZ
Barber Shop
277 East State Street

SIGNS OF SPRING

The laughing groups in front of the building before bells.

The many romantic thoughts and heartaches.

The biology field trips.

That dreaded disease, spring fever.

The track meets.

Those far away stares into space.

The new wash frocks of every rainbow hue.

Robins chirping among the green.

Ice cream lessons in Home Economics.

Thoughts of a Junior Prom.

More assemblies.

That dozy, drowsy feeling in study halls.

Counting the days of school left.

Teachers warning you that the textbooks must be covered.

Brooks' contest.

Last minute rush to gather ma-

terial for the Quaker annual. Complaining of the heat, your feet, head, and heart. The grades dropping down. Spring housecleaning. Bikes, hikes and kites; skates and marbles.

The Cleanest and Most Up-to-Date Place to Get Your Meals. We Buy the Best of Everything.
GARDEN GRILL
Hotel Metzger Bldg.

Kaufman's
The Home of Quality Meats and Groceries
Co-operative Delivery
Phones 660-661, 508 S. Broadway

Automobile Electric Service—Generators, Starters, Windshield Wipers, Fuel Pumps
Beall Battery & Electric Service
136 Penn Ave. Phone 1426

WELDING — Electric and Acetylene Autobody and Fender Repairing
UMSTEAD WELDING CO.
225 S. Lundy Ave. Phone—376

RADIO — FRIGIDAIRE
R. E. GROVE ELECTRIC CO.
Salem, Ohio
CONTRACTOR—DEALER
Radio Repairs — All Models


The Salem Hdwe. Co.
Hardware, Plumbing, Roofing Dishes
See the New **KELVINATOR**
SALES — SERVICE

For Your Proms and Banquets Quote Us For Prices On PASTRIES
WALKER'S DELICATESSEN
595 E. State St. Phone 595-R

The Smith Co.
Home Made Pastries Made In Our Own Kitchen

YOUR CLEANER & DYER
G. A. LIPPERT
South Broadway

DR. G. W. DUNN
Licensed Chiropractic Physician Salem, Ohio
Office ours Daily, Except Sundays and Wednesdays

The Salem Letter Shop
538 East State St. 
MIMEOGRAPHING
MULTIGRAPHING

Compliments of **THE CITIZENS ICE & COAL CO.**
PHONE 645

"Where Quality Is Higher Than Price"
MERIT SHOE CO.
393 East State St., Salem, O.

We Thank the Student Body and The Quaker Staff for Their Cooperation With This Company.
American Laundry & Dry Cleaning Co.
Phone 295

BE SURE OF QUALITY!
If Your Prescription Is Labeled
J. H. Lease Drug Co.
State and Lincoln
—or—
Broadway Lease Drug Co.
State and Broadway
YOU ARE SURE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY

GRADUATION SUITS — GRADUATION GIFTS FOR THE YOUNG MAN
At **BLOOMBERG'S**