

GALS BEAT DINO TO PULP: 'BRAVE' MEN FLEE

CHIEFTONS OF STONEHIDGE HI LAY DOWN LAW

Big Cheeses Try To Make Us Go Civilized

Some new rules have been issued by the office to the students of the Old Stone school.

The office is very insistent that these rules be obeyed as they are made expressly for the benefit of each Stone student.

Among these new regulations are the following:

It is positively declared that no more hatchets are to be thrown within a half mile radius of the school. Too many skulls have been chipped during the past hatchet throwing season, thus making this rule necessary.

It is equally positively declared that no more names are to be carved on the walls of the first story school hut, as they give bad impressions to visitors—save your carving for the second story hut where the visitors won't be taken. As our school is among the highest in rank we are constantly being beseeched by fellow tradesmen wishing to learn our scholastic plan.

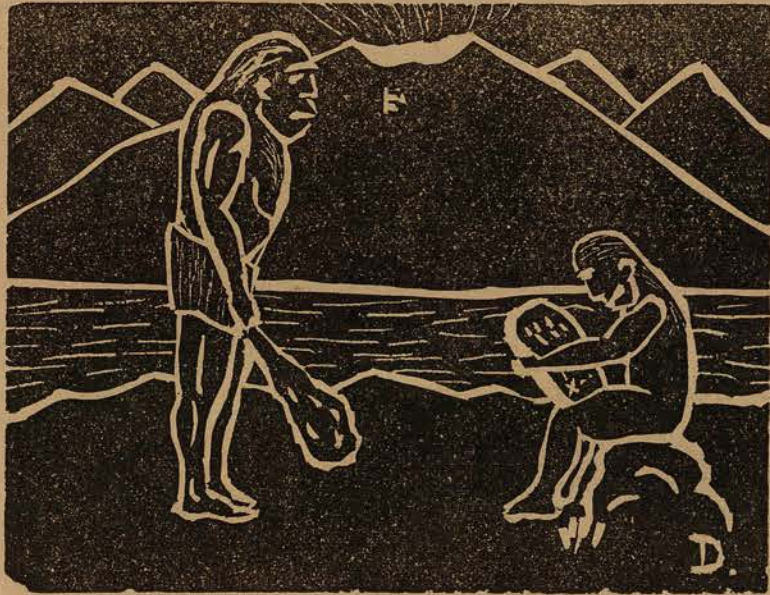
The office is thereby reminded of another imperative demand that must be made on all you Stonites—please refrain from dashing madly out of rock 303 as the smaller students may be leaving rock 302 at the same time and the impact may prove too great for the younger ones.

And another thing that has proved very trying to the office of late concerns the number of styuses a Stonite is to be granted. It is to be remembered that a stylus is not a toothpicking implement even though you students appear to use them wastefully. One stylus will be allotted to each pupil each week, so please do not misuse them or a severe punishment will be meted out to the offenders.

If the above regulations are not complied with the offenders and offenders will be punished by being made to polish the walls and ceilings of their respective home (stone) rooms. Incidentally, this polishing will be no cinch in the rooms where the stone is badly marred by cartoons and signatures of the studes.

DAVIDSON GIVES IN

"Let that be a lesson to you."
"I won't."
"Boom."
"I won't."
"Boom, boom."
"I will not."
"Boom, boom, boom."
"O. K., honey, you win."
"Caveman Davidson and his woman have finally reached an agreement again," the crowd sighs.
"Yes, poor fellow," comes the answer.



GUG VISITS UG FOR PEACEFUL INTERVIEW

Gug Also Forcibly Ac- cepts Gug's Invitation

Ug Harroff blinked his eyes at the rising sun, Ug Harroff slowly picked up his huge war ag, a scowl slowly spread over Ug Harroff's face.

"More visitors," he muttered—then he yelled, "Ahoy, who is it that dares to enter my kingdom?"

Gug Crough of the red head, representing the stone cutters' Gazette, said, "Can I have a little of your time?" he swung his spear threateningly.

Ug was in an amiable mood, "O. K." he said.

"Now first I want to know, why were you hitting Cuddles Chatfield with your hammer, last moon?"

"Well—, to tell the truth, it was because I saw that no-account Smug Chappell making eyes at her."

"Why didn't you hit Smug?"

"Well, his ax is stronger than mine."

Gug breaks the ribbon of thought, "Isn't that the mailman coming with a letter for you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Ug.

Continued on Slab 4

3 G SOCIETY HOLDS CHARMING MEETING

A meeting of the Gabby, Gabby, and Gabby Leopard Skins' club was held sixty paces left and three to the right of the big black oak tree near the entrance of Mammoth Cave twenty moons ago B. C. (before Crouch).

Dinosaur Potts and Chimpanzee Bunn, those two S. H. S. toe twisters, in all their war paint, put on a grass skirt dance for the members.

Following the dance, Kangaroo Bruce, "blow-bag-elect" explained his call of the meeting of the brotherhood.

"Blubber and frozen meat are both gone!" he bellowed, "let us offer
Continued on Slab 4

In The Spring A Caveman's Fancy Turns To Love—Ah!

Neanderthals Make Love With Finesse

While riding along on the back of my favoritt dinosaur, Ooga, one afternoon, I noticed a cave man of the neighboring tribe Thiers, playfully making love to a cavewoman of the same tribe.

Every few moments (to signify his grat affection for her) he would tap her jestingly on the skull with a mashie niblick he carried around with him. I scrutinized the mug of the man a little more carefully and found to my amazement that it was none other than "hugpa" Appelcha, answering the call of the spring in his usual caveman manner.

I rode on a few miles further and discovered no one but Orestfa Mithsa. He was with several cave-women of the Eshmenfra Tribe. Together they were playing king of the hill on a cliff seventy-five or a hundred feet high. Every time one would shove another off he would chuckle aloud in childish glee as his or her adversary bounced gently off the rocks below.

Greatly amazed, I decided to go home and indulge in deep, unperturbed concentration, to find out if I could understand why all my former playmates were acting so foolish and undignified.

While on the way to my cave, I stopped and throttled several saber toothed tigers and a couple of disosaurs. This bit of relaxation always clears the brain for action, and one can think more clearly.

Roland Schaffer (the king's dunce)—Well, dear, I got you that lion skin you've been wanting.

Woman—You did? And how did you get it?

The Dunce—Oh I was peeking in the garden at the king and as I looked up I saw the thing coming toward me. Only it was dead—the king had thrown it at me.

GALLANTS THROW DOWN AXES AND SCRAM FOR THE TREES

Go South, Young Man, Is Cry As Glacier Nears

Extermination of Cave Man Feared

Every day the great Glacier comes closer to our settlement. Warnings are being given to go south, young man, go south.

A few of the Northernmost settlements have been swept away by this onrushing mass of ice.

Nearly everybody is wishing that civilization was far enough advanced so that there would be airplanes and automobiles to go south in but they will not come for 12,000 centuries or so yet. So those who want to wait can but personally I think it would be wiser to start now. So-long!

Editor's note—The reporter who wrote this violated some of the rules of journalism, but this cannot be helped because the young man was near hysterics from fear of the glaciers. So we hope our discriminating readers will forgive it.

Saleminia Saved From Fires of Wrathful Gods

Saved! Saleminia school, situated at Hoboe cave in the land of Lincolnva, met with great disaster at sunset after the fire of the gods swept o'er the land.

The rays of the sun were beating down upon the land then the hottest it was time to grab; the cave-kins tore, growled, and bit each other in the effort to tear the limbs from a land octopus being dragged in by their powerful leader, Harry McCarthy. A blot on the sky forced the sun to leap back. Deadly fear struck every cave heart as the snake-like head of the dinesaur swerved for its first victim, trampling many to the earth as it sought its treasures. Five, only five, attempted to save Saleminia, namely, "Deadeye" McCloskey, Jacken Mullins, Fidgty Palmer, Benooply Cope, Earliaoplaco Zelle. With stone hatchets, sling shots, and ton stones, they fought. Mullins shot for the eye but missed; "Deadeye" and Fidgty Palmer jammed boulders into the monster's side keeping it off guard and so causing him to hiccough. Benooply uprooted a tree and flung it at the monster's head but missed; Earliaoplaco shot, hit, but merely stunned. In the second's flash Jacken jumped into the mouth of the terror, raised himself on to a tooth and aimed a deadly missile between the eyes. The giant dropped. Saleminia was saved.

The Great Berg and Many Others Are Humbled

To the Daily News Reporter—Rocktown—Summer 5000 B. C.

Yesterday being the celebration of the day when Dick Carns killed the saber-tooth lion single-handed, a great rejoicing was held at his home. A wild pig was killed and everyone joined in the feasting. After that most of the men went on a leopard hunt to get new spring clothes for their wives and daughters and the wimmin strung beads made from large berries and teeth of the animals caught in the last hunt.

A few of the men did not want to go hunting so they stayed as a guard over the wimmin. Among these were John Trombitas, Charles Berg, Fred Kaiser, Charles Palmer, and Fred Roth. These men amused themselves by tying sharpened stones to wooden handles for axes. They got tired and were just finding cool places to lie down and rest when one of the wimmim screamed. It was Mable Helmick—Poogy alias John Trombitas sat up and looked. To his amazement a dinosaur was coming towards them from the woods.

"Hey, fellows! G-get up quick! —I-I-ook what's comn!" The braves scrambled to their feet and hurriedly began climbing trees—the wimmin still screeching. When they saw the men climbing the trees they angrily shook their fists, and going into the hut, came out, clubs in hand, just in time to see the dinosaur trying to knock the trees down, where the men had taken refuge. The wimmin—there were about twenty in all—were in a fighting spirit—Mabel and Lois Bailey and Margaret Williams and Betty Hoffman and Grace Raessler were leading the crowd.

NOW WHAT HAPPENED



Third Night After the Full Moon—
Assembly—Joey Pidgeon vs. Tom Bennett for boulder moving championship.

Tree climbers get together.
Fourth Night After the Full Moon—
Dinosaur Tamers' club.
The Tablet Carvers.

Fifth Night After the Full Moon—
Cave Builders.

Sixth Night After the Full Moon—
The Gleomen's club.
Widiso Wanderers.

Seventh Night After the Full Moon—
Mightier Women's club.

Baseball—
Puckering Valley vs. Gobblers' Knob. Played at Recreation Cave.

THE QUAKER

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

Editor-in-Chief A. Fratila Jr.
Business Manager John Knepper

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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 Sa-
lem, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XV. MARCH 29, 1935 NO. 23

EDITORIALS



Attention, Chiselers!

"Never chisel off more than one appendage at a time, especially observe this courtesy to our female brutes."

Some squirmy feeling inside me prompts me to write the above words and I trust, my fellow low-brows, you will swallow this lesson the whole way down. Permit me to give an illustration at this appropriate time when so many of you squats and brutes are getting hooked. The other day it was my pleasure to observe a blushing couple, he, a chubby little rascal, and she, one of our most angelic little squats, engaging in the wedding marathon. She far out-distanced him and when it seemed inevitable that he'd not catch her for his bride, she tripped over a dinosaur. This was most pathetic for he, now knowing himself to be superior to her, kind of gave way to his passions and sort of forgot his manners. Jumping on her chest he yelled with lusty vocal chords, "You're in my power, ha, ha, ha, ha," and then proceeded to rapidly chisel off her leg bones. This was slightly outstepping his rights of "All's fair in love and war." I, myself, can sense his great pleasure of sucking the luscious marrow from such young and juicy bones but I readily assert it not fair and square (as I know our citizens try to be) to take more than one drumstick when a person's down and out. Of course, they'll probably kiss and make up and have the ordinary little love nibbles (true love never runs smooth) But try, my hairy creatures, to control the rampages of your appetites and be temperate, as well as mannerly to your lady-friend. The more hair the brute, the greater this courtesy.

P. S. By the way, I saw some pleasingly plump woolly rhinoceroses the other day. They are a welcome diversion in the menu.
Bludgeon Wilders—Phooie on thee!

Phooie On Racketeers!

Recently, the Bludgeon Wilder's criminal organization announced that the protection fee for cave diggers and hide-traders would be increased 17%.

For the last 10 years this illegally intentioned group has successfully and continually terrorized our peaceful community. Mrs. Woggle Eyesoles' baby was kidnaped and fed to the crocodiles, simply because the youthful mother refused to carve the toenails of one of the group.

Our citizens have been thrown into the volcano, suspended by the eyeballs for days at a time, and have had their arms amputated and attached to the ears for rare minor offenses.

This day and age is supposedly representative of our highest civilization but is this really the ideal civilization? Why should we proceed further to commit ourselves even more radically to the whims and game of the Bludgeon Wilders? Down with organized crime! We with our standards of civilization. Trample beneath your feet the encroaching desperados! Kill them! Torture them! Beat them! If we fail—we die! I know not what course others may follow—but as for me give me liberty—or give me death!

MR. J. X. CODOSINDEX, Editor

The great hunter Kaiser watching a leopard chasing a hunter—Partner, can you spot the winner?

Partner—H'm, the winner is already spotted.

Nevin Halverstadt (the traveler) — Well, well, Mr. Hermit, you call this place home? Why?

Bob Chappel (the hermit)—Sure, because there's no place like it!



THE HEARER



Well, there's been strange doin's around these parts lately! As chief reporter for this scandal column, I guess I better get out my chisel and let the rock fly!

I understand Les Julian was feelin' higher than a kite the other night. His bootlegger, Lionel Diford, told me the stuff is concocted of Hinklepappenschneffer berries crushed in mineral water. He must have had plenty, judging from the way he was carrying on with Cora Mae Rich!

Walter Schell is sure a caveman supreme. He rushed into the Casto Cave and dragged poor Ada Mae out by her scanty locks, and, after bumping her pretty head on a rock for half an hour, succeeded in getting a date for the annual Hatchet Throwers' ball!

Evelyn Crawford rather turned the tables! She gave Ciddy Mullins a goin' over that she won't forget for a while! Poor ol' Jo just sat back with a rather dazed look in his eyes while Harry Bichsel fed him cloves!

And speaking of royal scandal! Ethel French appeared at the Stone Ax annual outing in a new sport outfit of leopard skin and sable (Just a hint: Our dear king, Jimmy Campbell, caught the biggest leopard of the season!)

Cissie Rich and Earle Zelle were having a glorious time "sparking" on Earle's new Model F dinosaur, then Bernice steps in—and can she throw a wicked hatchet? (Funeral services for Cissie will be the second Tuesday of next week! Boo hoo!)

Alex Fratila still remains true to the miss in Minervaria. And does that boil a number of local lassies?

And 'tis rumored that Eileen Griffiths' magic power is still being wafted over the boy in Berlina Centeria! What a gal!

Professor Lehman is worried about his second period journalism classes! Sez he, "There's gonna be some drastic changes around this yere cave!" And shore 'nough, Bob Chappell was moved, rock tablet, stylus and all, to the other side of Cave 203. Things progressed nicely for a day or so—then Jack Harroff was

removed to a rock in the back of the cave! What a charmer this Chatfield woman is!

Irene Schmid has been going down to drink water every day from the "Can't Get Over It" pool. Somebody told her it was good for freckles. Sez Irene, "It must be! I've counted six new ones!"

Tom Bennett's gone on a diet! It consists of dinosaur eyes and Whit-tajellope juice. Poor Tom! 'Twill either kill or cure, quoth he.

'Tis said around these caves that Caveman Ronnie Schaffer is a chiseler. What about that milkshake, Ronnie?

"Kid" Berg, holder of the Grunt 'n' Groan title, was knocked out the other day by Joey Pidgeon. Seems that the "Kid" was giving his famous "come hither" look to Anna Grace Booty, and Joey Pidgeon wouldn't stand for it.

"Honest John" Knepper has filed bankruptcy. It seems that the members of the Business Staff hooked all his stylisses (pencils to you) and he took in his shingle!

Richard Gidley declared a feud on Bang Rich and Bill Woods. He says the way they drag their women about is making them bald, thereby ruining his trade! Poor Dick!

Phila Beery was quite embarrassed the other night at the Sable Tan-ners' ball. She was dancing the Jungle Stomp with Thirl Eckstein when her foot became mixed up with a wild Ellacareenoclyptus vine and down she went!

Marcella Judge says she's going to write a book. We always knew Marcella to be a chiseler—but she'll have a lot more done by the time she finishes that book!

Helen Gobley recently gave up! Yep, she just couldn't hold out against the persistent methods of Caveman McCarthy! (Or maybe she was tired of having him watch her all the time with that yearning look in his eyes.)

But that's all the dirt I know (it'll be quite stale by the time the office gets it out of this new limestone), so I'll have you thinking, not too harshly, I hope, of
THE HEARER.

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LOST—One large black and green dinosaur, with yellow spots. Eighty-six feet long (tail fifteen ft. extra) answers the name of Cleopatryon-thopostx. Is valued as pet for children. If found, please return to 1987 Hatchet Cave. Reward if returned dead. (Owners not responsible for damage done to finder)

WANTED—Refined young caveman about twenty years of Stone Age, to act as tutor and guardian to the Big Shot's children. Must be well educated in Slaying, Slaughtering, and Monkey-business. Employer

will provide the clubs. Only experienced murderers need apply.

NOTICE—There will be a meeting of the S. P. C. D. M. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Deceitful Mammoths) next Fourthday night at the big Fern Tree. Professor Nowyoutellme Yesigothcha will speak on "What Eve Didn't Know." We are sure this will prove interesting. All Cavemen are invited to come and leave their wives at home.

FIRE SALE—The greatest sale in the history of caves will be held by the Reptile Plateau Co., as soon as it stops raining. The entire stock must go to make way for the new spring trade. Wonderful bargains in handsome leopard skins for men. Tailored to perfection. Also imported fig-leaf gowns for the ladies. New extra weight stone rolling-pins bound to be a smashing bargain. Don't miss this great opportunity. (Bring your own matches).

SCRAMBLED CELEBRITIES

By successfully unscrambling the following letters a caveman of great renown shall be revealed to the students of Uncle Tom's School of Dressmaking, which meets every 2nd Tuesday:

O—riginated crap-shooting.
J—ohn Knepper's Patron Saint.
N—ever took a bath in his life.
U—should meet him.
B—rother of Katey Fiditch.
E—very 1 nose him.
I—no him well.
J—ust a mythical character.
Last weak the right honorable John Knepper, the last of the 7 Kneppers, was discribed in this column.

What Do You Think?

I think we should have more parties at the big cave and have a larger fire in the center. But we should have a better tom-tom player. The one we now have doesn't even wave his hair or change his leopard skin.
J. C.

I think there should be a law against having to take baths, because every time I take one, my hair always knots into thick knots so that I have to take a dinosaur tooth to get them loose. Not only that, but my leopard skin always gets stiff when it gets wet and it is very uncomfortable.
B. C.

There should be a humane society for the protection of dumb animals. Most of these cavemen knock those poor dinosaurs around so badly that it is a shame. Only the other day, when his wife needed a needle, Caveman Crouch hit his pet dinosaur and knocked out his front tooth so that the poor animal was in agony for two weeks.
J. P.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is possible among highly-civilized tribes such as ours, for do we not know how to kindle a fire? And can we not make medicines of certain herbs? And yet, the other day at the tournament, did not the spectators boo? There was a deplorable lack of sportsmanship present. It was not fitting to the dignity of our position. And when a man of our tribe goes out to kill a cave-bear, is it necessary that six or seven other men help him? Why not give the poor bear a chance? Let us stop and consider this matter of sportsmanship, and after this, let us carefully ascertain, before we act, that our actions are sportsmanlike.

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Some Views of Private and Public Lives of Our Illustrious Twain

Well, folks, here we are back in Rockyville! We can't see much now except rocks and caves. There's a dark, dense forest to the left—it looks dangerous. It's a rather dark day and the air is heavy.

Here comes some one—let's see who it is. Why it's Mary Bunn and Gwen Potts riding on two huge dinosaurs! They have the latest models with rumble seats. The girls are dressed in the latest style skins with bone necklaces and bracelets. They are in their bare feet, of course. (Quite large).

Well, let's go over here, there's a battle going on! Charlie McCloskey is struggling with a cave bear. It looks like a tough fight! Oh, Charlie draws his stone dagger and plunges it into the bear's body. Then with one big flat foot on the bear he gives the victory yell.

Let's go over here and see what's wrong? There are rocks flying from the cave and you can hear an awful racket! Who! There goes a baby dinosaur flying from the cave and here comes Jane Metzger, Zoa Slutz, Mary Giffin, Betty Hoffman, and Thelma Filler in hot pursuit! Guess the dinosaur busted up their card game.

Well, it looks like someone carving on a rock. It's Charles Berg drawing a mammoth's picture with a stone dagger. Who'duh thunk it?

There's Ed Lesch baking some meat between two heated stones. His hair is long and his beard reaches his knees. Near by is Lucyle Hilliard milking a reindeer. She has a piece of wood hollowed out to catch the milk.

It looks like Helen Gobley's in danger. She's scrambling up the side of a cliff with a bear after her. It's almost upon her but she's turning and she begins to throw rocks at it. There, it's going away! Thank goodness!

It's getting dark—let's see if we can find shelter in this cave. That sounds a little like music? If it isn't ol' James Bruce and his band. James is dressed in a full dress elk skin with a wooden cane. He has long hair and a beard, as is the custom. He has a necklace of

teeth (the teeth of his opponents). There's LeRoy Green and Charles Freed playing reindeer horns. And Glen Detrow and Fred Kaiser playing drums made of hollowed tree stumps with skin stretched over them. Anna Ruth Vincent is furnishing the song. Mary Franves Juergens does her new cave girl dance.

It's getting lighter; we'll see if we can venture out. There goes Rita Munsell, Ruth Kinney, Dorothy Rakestraw, and the Barber twins scaling the side of the rocks. They are equipped with bows and arrows, all set to bring home a couple of elephants.

That looks like Cora Mae Reich out for a walk with her new pet jackal. Here's the barber shop. Dick Gidley's giving a haircut. He hasn't scissors of course—he's just calmly chewing away!

Boy! Here's the real cave man stuff—Chiz Palmer is dragging (Ow) his wife home where she belongs. It seems he caught her talking to another brute.

Gangway!—here comes a mammoth! With Jimmy Campbell, Tiny Bennett, Fred Roth, Paul Cleland, and Dick Harris aboard. The boys are stabbing it for all they are worth, but look out, there they go—oh, what a spill!

Ally Oop McCloskey—Say, my woman wants some kind of powder. Frosty Mullins—What kind?

Ally Oop—Er-ah-she said something about a naked woman!

Frosty—Oh-you mean our new powder, the Modern Eve.

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HOT-CHA NEWS

By IMA APEMAN.

I was invited to the "Stone Hatchet" night club last night. As we entered I heard the orchestra chiselling out the tune "A Heart of Stone." "Twee Twa" McGowan was waving his 50-lb. baton before the orchestra. The bass drum was the marvel of the orchestra; Bob Schwartz was beating his big brother's head with the trunk of a tree. After about one-half hour of playing, the trunk was a pile of sawdust. A little later the floor show started. Two trained apes came running onto the floor dragging their trainer, Gwen Potts, after them. Potts had gone over to Africa after them. She had the apes go through some of their tricks when a spectator threw her a false face and yelled, "Put that on so I can tell you from your pets." A little later I saw Betty Martin going around in her fig leaf suit selling souvenir war clubs. I heard she had Sally Rand worried. Dick Gidley and Phila Beery stole the entire show with their new dance, "The Carry Rocka." The last feature of the floor show was Karl

Sanders and his stooges. The only trouble with the act was that Sanders only got a broken arm instead of a broken neck when his stooges turned on him. During the dancing afterward Gabby Hixenbaugh and his wife, formerly Gladys Whitacre, had a fight. The whole fight was disastrous for Gabby. The only damage he did was throw her across the room and trip W. Johnson Springer, who was bouncer for the club. When she came back things happened quicker than can be explained. The results were, Gabby was sent to Doc Schaffer's hospital for dinosaurs. On the way home I saw Joe Pales doing a very good job driving his chariot drawn by a triceratops with one arm. All in all, I had a rocking good time.

Fred Roth (the strong man) — Woman, you don't have any partridge in this soup.

Woman—No, and you don't have any wild horse in my horse radish either!

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3-G Holds Meeting

Continued from Slab 1
up a prayer of thanks for the ants and worms we have left!"

"Oh, Great Blunder Buss, send some more reindeer to kill, and thanks for the ants and worms!" he concluded.

King Allyoop, former Baron Horace Kline Schwartz, the speaker of the evening, was introduced by Mesozoic Allen. His speech was on "Advantages of Scalping."

The minutes of the last meeting were read from the new stone table by Mudge-Mouth Williams. A committee consisting of Dick Carns, Virginia Hunter, Howard Kerr, and Fleetfoot Gidley was appointed to offer up a sacrifice to the god of war, none other than Dick Eakin.

The meeting closed by a duet sung by Silly Dilly Vincent and Gangly Legs Tink Giffin.

Refreshments were served by the Hooky Dook sisters.

The next meeting will be held at the cave of Wally Doop Freed in two moons.

Gug Visits Ug

Continued from Slab 1

"Well, I don't want to mess in your private affairs," said Gug politely, "so I will take my leave of your humble abode."

Ug flew into a rage. "So, it's humble, is it?" he roared. His ax flew through the air, and hit Gug Crouch of the red head squarely on the head and smashed him against the wall.

"Stick around," said Ug Harroff.

And that is just what Gug did.

OUR HERO

He leaps through the air
With the greatest of ease,
Oh, during cave man
As he swings in the trees.
His thick mop of hair
Is whipped by the breeze;
Such grace and agility
One seldom sees
The stunts he performs
Make us shake at the knees,
Yet he does not heed
Our entreaties and pleas,
But goes carelessly on,
His admirers to please.

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NEW RULES ADOPTED

The weekly meeting of the cave-man eaters' protective association was called to order by its new President, Knepper of the Iron Hand, and new rules were voted upon. These new rules were:

1. If a member refuses to pay his protection of two grindstones a week he is to be given 28 hours to think about it instead of the usual 60.

2. If he still refuses to pay he will not be turned loose in the forest to be hunted (the last one got away) but will be killed and eaten immediately.

A little time may be taken now to say that Caveman Fratila, the last president, refused to pay his protection.

A few of the members said he was tough.

TIPS ON LATEST FASHIONS

Ladies, I have several little news tips for you this time; one is that someone has discovered that those red berries when rubbed on finger and toe nails add considerable color to our fur ensembles. We have used these berries on our faces and know how they improve our appearance unless it rains.

Dinosaur skins make handsome shoes and we have decided to make from the same skin a bag to hold our war axes, hatchets, etc.

The arches on the back of a dinosaur tied with thongs make excellent new hats to protect our skin from the sun.

The dinichthys skin has taken the place of the dinotherium skin this season.

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etc., find you, the next time they go hunting, some of those shiny glass beads, etc.; these strung on thongs make fine accessories.

Now for the last and best tip: Take an elephant's tooth, roll your hair up on it and tie it, see how it aids your looks.

Tie these with a string or something and see how it causes your latest hero to fall anew for you. 'Tis said red hair ribbons have the best effect.

COMMENT ART

I am a connoisseur of fine arts, asked to give my opinion of Ally Anglo Michelo Oop and his picture. It is called "Love" a strange title that we know little of. It depicts a scene between two famous models, Clarkedo Gableoop and Jeanole Harlowalga. It is a love scene and tenderly done.

It warrants my finest praise and I know that if the public are allowed to gaze on it, they will agree with me.

Heading of notice cut on the rock 'bulletin board:" King Ackacko served on new pottery.

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'Tis twilight, and a fire in the center of a circle sends eerie shadows about. Suddenly an unearthly cry rents the air, shadowy figures rise from the dusk and dance around the flames; something tied is lying beside the flames.

They dance on and on, emitting shrill cries; the tied one moans and prays to be forgiven of her sins.

Finally a man, a witch doctor, rises from the kneeling figures of the stilled dancers, comes over to the shaking figure, picks it up and mumbles over it.

Then everybody quiets, the figure

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MARGE: "JANE! I JUST HEARD AL TELL BILL THAT HE WAS GOING DOWN TO HALDI HUTCHESON'S THIS EVENING TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES."

JANE: "WHAT A BREAK! I'M GOING THERE MYSELF TO GET A PAIR OF THOSE \$3.95 TIES THEY HAVE IN THEIR WINDOW."

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is left tied to a stake in the ground in the flames, and the natives leave their victim to its just fate.

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