

## News Views

By  
Jean  
McCarthy

The National news this past week has been shocked more than once by walkouts and resignations.

The biggest walkout of the week was staged by Dr. F. E. Townsend in the investigation of his organization. He declared that the investigation was unfair and unjust and the elderly doctor suggested that his colleagues follow his example. He even made the statement that he would testify only if they arrested him.

But the walkout isn't the half of it, because he has left the investigating committee in a "tight spot." To take the question to court or not to. To court with it would mean making a martyr of Townsend, and thus make him popular. Last minute news (when this was written) said that they had decided to take it to court.

Townsend, however, is not worried and is expecting 200 places in the Senate next year to be filled with Townsendites.

Next biggest walkout (or maybe not) was executed by Herbert C. Hoover. In a speech delivered in Chicago he came forth with the astonishing words: "I should be evident that I am not a candidate . . . have no interest except to get these critical issues before the public . . . rigidly prevented my friends from setting up any organization and from presenting my name in any primary or to any state convention . . . and get one thing straight . . . I am not opposing any candidate . . . my concern is with principles.

And so the G. O. P. battle rages on. Borah and Langdon—Langdon and Borah—unless a dark horse turns up.

Democrats were disappointed in another resignation—that of H. H. Lehman, present governor of New York. The Empire state has long been Democratic—Smith, Roosevelt, Lehman. Each one capable of pulling more votes than the other—until Lehman last election received the governorship by an overwhelming majority.

Now the Democrats were sure that Governor Lehman would run for another term and thus assure that the electoral votes for presidency would go for Roosevelt.

But as the story goes, Lehman resigned, refused to run again, and G. O. P. hopes are high.

The Veterans of Future Wars (mentioned previously in this column) were on the wrong side of the fence with Gov. Davey of Ohio in one of his speeches last week. It seems that he was addressing the Disabled Veterans of the last war. Davey lightly touched upon the subject then came out more boldly.

"These college students are mocking your patriotism. You fought for your country and many of your friends died for it. Yet these students, who were only kids when you went away to war, never know what hardships you went through, dare to mock patriotism."

The writer of this column, however, though not a worldly wise author nor critic, believed that Gov.

(Continued on Page 3)

## Students Awarded Prizes In Contest

### Barber, Loschinsky, Campbell, Morey Win

The winners of the Brooks contest were announced at an assembly last Monday morning.

The students who won prizes in the four divisions were:

Poetry—Charlotte Morey, "My Old Man," first prize; Mary Elizabeth Sharkey, "Trite Expressions," second prize; Zoa Slutz, "The Flood," third prize.

Essays—Vera Barber, "How I Keep Healthy and Happy," first prize; Lionel Difford, "Something for Nothing," second prize; Dale Engel, "It's a Great Life," third prize.

Short Stories—Theda J. Loschinsky, "Forgotten Hero," first prize; Mary Jane Weir, "Three Sisters," second prize; Virginia Hurray, "For Cat's Sake," third prize.

Orations—James Campbell, "Another War to End War," first prize; William Bennett, "The Call to Arms," second prize; Charles Davidson, "A World Safe for Democracy," third prize.

Each year this contest is held. The prizes are taken out of a trust fund set up by the late Charles J. Brooks.

## Seniors Hold Meeting

The Senior class held a short meeting a week ago Monday morning in 206.

Miss Beardmore made several announcements in regard to the compulsory Senior meetings that were held last Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon.

Seniors were asked to report any ideas for the Senior class gift to any member of the gift committee, which is composed of the following students: James Campbell, Lois Dilworth, Vance Stewart, LeRoy Green, and Lois Pidgeon.

Charles Davidson, Quaker business manager, asked that all Seniors pay their \$1.00 for the Quaker cut by the following Friday, if possible. In 205 the money was paid to Jim Bruce, and in 206 to Betty Lewis and Garnetta Lentz; in 208 to Helen Thompson.

## "Shag" Roelen Expected To Do Big Thing On Next Year's Cinder Path

There is one trackster on the Salem High squad this year who might be termed "Old Faithful" because he always comes through. This person is Paul Roelen, junior, and one of the best distance men in the state. Paul escapes the usual publicity of an athlete as he is always expected to finish first or second, and he always does. An athlete who scores an upset is one who was not expected to win and attracts the most attention. When Paul wins, it's not news, but when Paul is outrun, that is news.

Paul was a scrawny, wiry little fellow when he first reported to Coach Cope two years ago, and since then he has been going places in both cross-country and track. In his first year of cross-country, besides winning district and dual meets, he finished fifth at the state meet and last fall he placed second,

## Say Good-Bye to Quaker



EDITOR CHARLES S. FREED MGR. CHARLES W. DAVIDSON

## Graduation Won't Separate Cronies Who Finish As Editor And Manager

With the publication of this final issue of The Quaker, Editor-in-Chief Charles Sydney Freed and Business Manager Charles W. Davidson, Jr., must place the well-known "ex" preceding the title which they have carried throughout the school year of 1935-36.

After a long and full year in which many changes in make-up, general style were introduced, along with new ideas on both the weekly and the Annual, these two graduates must vacate the posts they have held at the helm of Salem High School's weekly and annual publications.

## Gowns, Dates and Dances Await Prom

"What's your dress like?"  
"Oh, I'm not telling."  
"Come on, I'll tell you what mine is like."

"O. K., but come over here, where no one will hear us."

And so soft whispers soon came from that corner, and from many others, too. Boys went tearing around getting dances days before time, and scornfully ignored the stags.

Girls took days off to get their lovely dresses and accessories. All for this long-awaited and eagerly discussed Prom. Preparations were made, and now the day has dawned. Tonight the gym will be in its most beautiful dress, the Juniors' good-bye gift to the Seniors.

With the end of the present school term, Editor Freed will hand over the Editorial reins to Jane Metzger and Manager Davidson will transfer his duties to Robert Battin. Both these students are Juniors and will take their places as Editor and Manager next fall.

### Plan to Attend College Together

Together in their school and social life since fifth grade, Freed and Davidson plan to resume their quest for higher education at Ohio State University at Columbus next September, where Davidson will prepare for the legal profession and Freed will pursue a course of journalism which will include dramatics and the fine arts in preparation for specialization.

The final duties of these boys in their executive capacity will be the presentation of the Quaker year book for 1936 to the student body in Recognition Assembly Wednesday morning. Both boys feel sure that the Annual this year will contain many pleasant surprises for its 1,000 readers.

### Think Their Book Best!

When one sly sob sister cornered these two gentlemen during the rush and helter-skelter of the past week and inquired of them how they thought this year's book would compare with the others before it, there was a tense moment of silence and then both answered in a booming, modest, yet reassuring, tone, simultaneously: "Absolutely the BEST ever put out!"

Could one have seen these two rushing at break-neck pace all during the past two or three weeks at work on the Annual, one might realize that the aforementioned enthusiastic statement was anything but conceit.

At any rate, it will be a far from joyous occasion when Toots and Dugie take one last and longing glance at the old Quaker office and see their names at the top of the masthead for the last time.

## Junior Prom to Be Gala Affair Tonite

### Rev. Ian Hunter Will Speak at Banquet

Tonight, the Junior class of '37 will entertain members of the class of '36 at their annual Junior-Senior prom. The banquet, beginning at 6:30 at the Masonic temple, will be followed by a dance in the High school gymnasium.

Kenneth Shears, Junior class president, will be toastmaster, introducing the speakers of the evening. Jane Metzger will welcome the guests and James Campbell, Senior class president, will give the response.

Rev. Ian Hunter will talk on "The Four Adventures of Youth."

The musical program will consist of the following selections:

Saxophone solo, Bob Battin; clarinet duet, Jean Kingsley and Wade McGhee; girls' quartet, Katherine Giffin, Ruth Grubbs, Irene Baltorinic and Elizabeth Hinkeley.

Favors will be made by a committee in charge of Mrs. Harris with Irene Baltorinic as chairman.

Harry Highland and his orchestra will provide the music for dancing. The gym, which will be cleverly decorated in pastel colors, will also have a lattice-work ceiling. Chairman of the decoration committee is T. J. Loschinsky.

The Temple committee, in charge of seating arrangements, has Jane Metzger as its chairman. Miss Lawn is its faculty advisor.

## Candidates Chosen For Football Girl At Junior Assembly

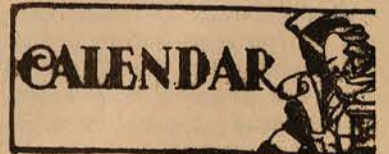
A Junior class meeting was held on Thursday, May 21, the purpose being to make nominations for "football girl" for next fall.

Four nominations were passed upon. They were: Lola Mae Greene, Betty Fifer, Loretta Greenisen and Louise Thiess.

The home room voting was done on Friday.

Also, a short talk was given by Miss Horwell, as to the "dress" for the prom. And she also asked for flowers to decorate the tables for the banquet.

All students having flowers available please report to Miss Lawn.



- Friday, May 29—  
Junior-Senior Prom.
- Saturday, May 30—  
Ohio State meet in Columbus.
- Sunday, May 31—  
Baccalaureate service at High School auditorium.
- Tuesday, June 2—  
Senior farewell party.
- Wednesday, June 3—  
Recognition assembly.  
Distribution of Quaker Annuals.
- Thursday, June 4—  
High School commencement.
- Friday, June 5—  
Close of school.  
Alumni banquet.

## THE QUAKER

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## EDITORIALS



## We Hate to Go, and Yet —

They say we hate to graduate, but you know different. They say we love the old school, but we know better. They say we'll be lonely and homesick and miss the noisy classes, crowded stairs and echoing halls, but—ah, well, its this way:

We know our high school days are happy. We know what we lose when we graduate. We lose our carefree childhood; but what does that mean to us? We gain freedom, we fly the coop, we enter into worldly pursuits and leave our youthful days behind. We're sad, and glad, but anyway we leave with our chins up and our heads high to battle with the world.

## The Students of Salem High

This is the last issue of "The Quaker," and so it is the last chance for this paper to bid farewell to the students who have been its friends this past year. From the "green" Freshmen to the "dignified" Seniors, "The Quaker" thanks all of you who have helped in any way to make this paper a success.

The silent group that first entered the portals of Salem High with cautious steps—staring around and wondering just what it was all about—has grown into a happy, carefree gang of Sophomores, or will be very soon.

The happy-go-lucky Sophomores have calmed down and have become a bit more serious. They will make good Juniors, no doubt about that.

The Juniors, who have a class to be proud of, will not find the

Seniors' shoes hard to fill. They will make an ideal Senior class.

And now we come to the Seniors, a fine body of students who have been working together in Salem High for the past four years. Today the Seniors held the last classes they will ever hold in this school. It doesn't seem like the end is here—but it is, right here at hand.

To the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors it is only until fall, but to the Seniors; . . . well, that's different. They have watched classes go before them, and now it's their turn. In another week the Class of 1936 will join the long procession of graduates from Salem High School.

To the Seniors, we say: "Goodbye and good luck, and may happiness and success follow you wherever you may go."

Pun of the week. Student to Miss Lawn:

"You're not tuft, it's just the Lawn in you."

Then there was the absent-minded host who squirted seltzer on a guest, introduced the ice, and cracked his wife.

I was standing on State and Randolph streets. Two girls came along, going opposite directions; one was wearing green hose, the other was wearing red, white and blue hose. I was puzzled at first as to just what to do, but I decided to show my patriotism and see America first.

## PATTER

By T. J. Loschinsky

The man she had was kind and clean,  
Good enough for every day,  
But, eh, my friends, you should have seen  
The one who got away!

Crush of the week: Doris Hutchinson and "Flash" Albright. Remember, Avie, that's 10 cents commission you owe me . . . 50 per cent.

Add new rules for Padiddle:  
Three green lights in a row . . . one!

Wingwazzla: Parked car, in the country, without lights . . . five!

Razzmatazz: Greyhound or a big truck with only one light . . . ten!

(Super-special Janie-Dugie Padiddle: A moving car with two headlights! . . . Nutticks, that's an excuse!)

Though Marian Todd lives in Marion, Ohio, her headache remains little Billy Jones of Euclid street.

Oh, yeah, I've found out what the "S.I." they've hung on young Joe Fisher means: "Sweet and Innocent."

Some Wayne from East Palestine is surely taken up by Tootsie Theiss. And I hear she never answers a letter, sweet ones, too . . . but she keeps 'em for future reference. (Ah, the way of the world, the way of the world . . .)

When Leipper finally picks 'em, he picks 'em! . . . Freshmen . . . Marj Layden, to be specific . . . And what's more, the latter half of the "Pixilated Pair," Hossie, is carting Kingsley to a swell hop in Warren . . . (Now, Hossie, I mean Hossie . . . pleeze don't fail to return to home stamping grounds.)

Of course, there's no actual proof that they didn't run out of gas . . . but . . . Strange how the moon affects one . . . or two, when seen from some ideal spot . . . like . . . say the Pidgeon Road . . . that's a nice place, ain't it, 'Quilla? Anna Mae Slaby and John T. Shea approve. Quite a pow-wow, quite a pow-wow . . .

Things I never noodle now: Who Bill Bennett was . . . That Kenny was six-one at night . . . That Zoa deplored dramatics . . . That Jeane Auld could say anything but "Shut up" . . . That Beb Dole ever let Bob's letters out of her hands . . . That she's ever forgive me . . .

Noteworthy: Jeanne Layden's spelling ability, "poyeenynxs" . . . "Phoenix" . . . Chuck Yeager's line . . . Lola Greene's good humor . . . Roger Cope's middle name: Oiville . . . Fifer's dislike for secretary-ships . . .

Here's a cut poem:

MORAL —!

Relations are errors that Nature makes.

Your spouse you can put on the shelf.

## Wall Flowers And Stags, Here Is A Bit Of Advice On Eve Of Prom

Are you a wall flower? If so, why so? There are, of course, exceptions, but don't let yourself be an exception. If by chance you are one of the most unfortunate damsels who doesn't have a date for the Prom, it may be interesting for you to know the stag fellows at the banquet fall for high-class flirtation. Of course, don't attract the attention of the entire crowd by waving a hankie at him, but just gaze at him, and in time he will look your way, but while you are looking at him, don't spill a fork full of victuals on your new dress; it may cause embarrassment (if there are any victuals). Are you a woman or a weasel? If you're a weasel, you're no credit to your class. If you're a woman, you're a benefit to mankind, and I think some stag will pick you up if you work it right.

## Winning Story and Poem Reprinted

In this year the short story, "Forgotten Man," and the poem, "My Old Man," took first prizes in the Brooks contest. Below is reprinted the text of these articles. Because of lack of space, the winning essay and oration cannot be printed:

## MY OLD MAN

My old man, we call him "Pop,"  
His hair looks like a kitchen mop,  
Straggly and yellor and thin on top,  
And the town folks say he's just a flop,  
But he's just my old man!

He's kind of small and not so thin,  
And has a funny lookin' grin,  
His corn cob hanging' o'er his chin,  
And he's not dressed as neat as a pin,  
That's him, that's my old man!

The neighbors say he's a dirty bum,  
And just kind o' lazy and nacherly dumb,  
And makes things hard for dear old Mom,  
Who works and works until she's numb  
For us, and my old man.

When we are hurt, he fixes our sores  
And gives us a penny to spend at the stores,  
And while us kids is doin' our chores  
He dozes away and snores and snores,  
He's tired, our poor old man!

My Pop, he sits by the stoop all day,  
And dreams and dreams the hours away,  
And where he goes nights, I can not say,  
But he comes back home a' feelin' gay  
At one, that's my old man!

And when he's mad, boy! he can cuss!  
But your friends, dear friends,  
are the quaint mistakes  
You always commit yourself.  
—Phyllis McGinley.

Here's another:

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD  
I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree.  
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,  
I'll never see a tree at all.  
—Ogden Nash.

Are you a stag? Don't let the ignorance which kept you from getting a date show itself again by letting you attend the dance to night. Picture yourself the escort of a beautiful girl. You enter the high school gym and are immediately besieged by a group of undated students who ask you to give up dances with your date and find your own.

If you are one of these students get yourself a date! Now! Even at the banquet tonight. There isn't a girl at school who will be at the banquet who wouldn't love to have an escort! Overcome embarrassment and be a man—not a mouse. If you're a man, you're a benefit to womankind; if you're a mouse you're a disgrace to your class.

He sure stirs up an awful fuss!  
But when Mom hears him, she says:

"Gus!

Ye shore air goin' from bad to wuss!"

And shuts up my old man!

And when he's a' whittlin' time away,  
He makes us children leave our play,  
And tells us tales of a bygone day,  
So lonely I'd be, if he went away,  
He's grand, he's my old man!

## FORGOTTEN HERO

It was March, 1936. Up in Hartford, the flood wasn't so bad. I fact, Jim Feller didn't think you could tell there was a flood. At least, not until you got up on top of the hill, across from the little German grocery, and looked down on the calm water, resting, like after its mischief. He was up there looking down and thinking of Junior. He was still a little sulky 'cause Mae, that was his wife, wouldn't let him volunteer for flood-work. You stick, she had said and look out for yourself and your own family. Jim wasn't sure but what she was right. She didn't take his mention of life-insurance very well. Jim guessed she just loved him; women're funny . . .

He was still a young copper, and kinda green. There were no street lights up here, because of the water below, but when Jim swung his eyes around, he couldn't help seeing the man, pressed against the building and making for the window.

Jim waited, then leaped across the street and followed. When the cop rounded the corner, the guy's last leg was disappearing over an into black interior. He waited outside until he heard the other padding softly along the lane behind the counter. Then he swam his own long leg over the sill, stopping momentarily to wonder at the rapidity of such an obviously amateurish jimmie-job.

The man was bending over some boxes up front, shoving things into every available pocket. Jim could see him in the dim beam of his up-on-end flash-light.

He was a young man, although his face was deeply lined. And there was a desperate tightness about his thin mouth. He looked up a moment, and Jim lurched behind some packing-cases. But the guy turned back. He guessed it was just a mouse. Jim watched him and wondered why he didn't touch the cash register.

The place was musty-smelling  
(Continued on Page 4)

## Personality of the Week

"This is certainly an interesting ping-pong game, isn't it?"  
 "Uh-huh."  
 "Who's the small, dark complexioned boy, who seems to be winning?"  
 "Him? Oh, that's Tip Lowry. Yeah, he's winning all right; he usually does."  
 "Hmm, Tip Lowry. I've never heard of him."  
 "You've never heard of him? Boy, you don't know what you're missing. Why, he's gonna be Salem's star basketball player in a couple years. He can pole vault, too."  
 "He's kinda cute, isn't he?"  
 "Oh, you girls would think so. I don't know what he's got but, gosh, the girls go silly if he even so much as smiles at them. Naw, I don't think he's so cute, but he's got a nice sister wot's a Freshman."  
 "What's Tip?"  
 "He's a Freshman, too."  
 "Know anything else about him?"  
 "No, except he's a swell guy an' awful good natured, too."

## Esquire Breaks Up Journalism Class

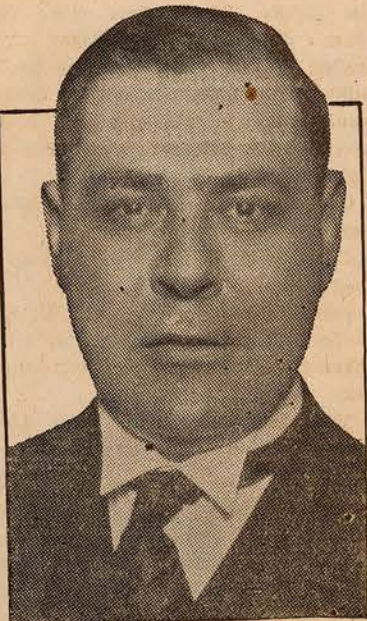
Yeh, I'll say so. Ha! Ha! Did you catch the joke in that one, or is it too deep? This is the kind of gab heard in 202 first period last week.  
 It seems that Marge Eckstein was the founder of all this fun. When the Journalism class was told to bring magazines to class, Miss Marge Eckstein brought a couple of her brother's "Esquire" magazines.  
 And these copies caused so much commotion that no work was done in class on Thursday.  
 The last week the above mentioned magazines were seen adorning the top of the lockers by 205 and at different times were surrounded by a group of onlookers.

## Seniors Exchange Greeting Cards

"May I have one of yours?"  
 "Here, I'll trade you," and "Don't forget I get one," will forever more echo in the halls and in the class rooms of Salem High.  
 Yes, the High School days of the Class of '36 are about a thing of the past. The Seniors were exchanging name cards, to remember their school pals and the three R's.  
 But, as the work of the Seniors has not all been accomplished (for there is always lots to do), they leave the Juniors, who will be Seniors next year, to carry the traditions of Salem High.

"Does de white folks around hyar raise chickens?"  
 "No dey doesn't, but dey trys hard 'nuff."

## Speaks to Students



MR. AMBROSE WYRICK

On behalf of the Great Lakes Exposition of Cleveland, Ambrose Weirick spoke to the student body on last Tuesday at 8:40 a. m. Mr. Weirick, who modestly kept his identity secret until the end of his program, was revealed to the students as Ambrose Weirick, famous tenor of the radio and opera.

Mr. Weirick was very high in praise of the exposition. He said that people did not realize the magnitude of the exhibit and told of its being larger and more complete than the Century of Progress exposition in everything but acreage, and that "you should be glad of that."

"It is a natural question for the people of America to ask 'why are great national and international expositions held?' and often the quick reply is that they are held to make a great profit for their sponsors, of course. No answer could be farther from the truth, for in the history of expositions, only one has been known to make a profit for its sponsors, and that one paid less than a one per cent profit for a five-year investment. Any business man will tell you there is no profit value in such an investment. If the public really knew the service rendered by the commercial, industrial, social, educational and religious organizations in the presentation of national and international expositions, the sponsors would be hailed as national heroes and their names would go down in history as saviours of national and world-wide unity. For expositions pay world-wide respect to the greatness of the past, make an accurate measurement of the progress of the present and point the way to a glorious future.

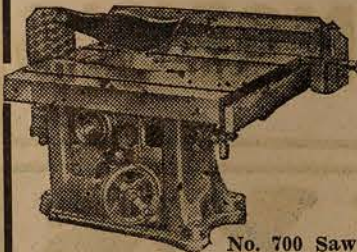
"In the history of mankind there

**BROWN'S**  
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has been found but one means and one only for raising the mass mind of a country and the world from the doldrums of hopelessness and despair, from the smallness of personal affairs to great broad national and international perspectives and that one means is the presentation of great international expositions. In the days of the Roman Empire when the Roman soldiers and the Roman citizens went into a tail-spin of misery and hopelessness and began to fret and feel sorry for themselves, the Roman emperors would call all of the people together in the great amphitheater and hold the great Olympic games and the spirit of contest and the spectacle of the mighty men in a great display of physical prowess would cause the multitudes to raise their chin above their knees and raise their eyes from their own petty little bickerings to the broader planes of a great national perspective. If you will analyze the history of America you will find that great expositions have ever been our only means of breaking our disastrous national depressions. The great panic of 1891 was broken by the much talked of Columbian exposition of 1893 which was almost immediately followed by the Buffalo World's Fair. St. Louis, Omaha and San Francisco quickly followed and the country and the world again began to look through rose-colored glasses. Again in 1929 the world was struck with a great avalanche of fear and by 1933 the panic was at its lowest point of depression. This condition was first broken by the Century of Progress at Chicago, and humbly I want to here thank those men of great vision that carried that exposition through to a successful and glorious conclusion and turned the hopelessness and confusion of the mass mind of America from utter despair to a great vision of progress and a great national perspective. The Century of Progress ran for two glorious years and was immediately followed in 1935 by the San Diego (Calif.) Centennial; and opening on June 4 is the great Dallas (Texas) Centennial. But greatest of all, and exceeding all others in magnitude and greatness, is the Great Lakes

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## My Doggie

Once I had a little dog,  
 A wonderful dog were he;  
 He could jump a fence and run a mile,  
 But he couldn't climb a tree.  
 He could do everything that I do,  
 Almost he were good as me;  
 But when he chased a little cat,  
 The kitten would climb a tree.  
 But one day he got kilt;  
 An autymobil hit he;  
 He had chased a kitt across the rode,  
 And the car couldn't climb a tree,  
 either.

Exposition of 1936 to be held on the lake front at Cleveland, Ohio, opening June 27, 1936, this summer, and carrying on for 100 days, commemorating the 100 years of the existence of the City of Cleveland.

"Any great movement, whether religious, social, cultural, industrial or commercial, to be a real success must have the whole-hearted cooperation, co-ordination and enthusiasm of the whole of the people. This is best and quickest attained by every citizen singing a song of praise. I want to take just a few minutes to demonstrate to you how the rhythmic cadence and repetition of the song of progress that is to be found in the words 'Yo! Heave! Ho!' changed an entire country-side from one of misery, hopelessness and despair to a country of co-operation, co-ordina-

DANCE EVERY NIGHT TO AN ORCHESTRA AT  
**ANNIE'S PLACE**  
 SOFT DRINKS AND LUNCHESES

Best Regards to Seniors  
 from  
**CORSO'S FRUIT STORE**

## NEWS — VIEWS

Continued from Page 1  
 Davey has the wrong impression. It is doubtless whether the originator of the idea ever took it to be serious. Perhaps he meant to mock war—and that's the proper idea.

Though Gov. Davey believes that there is no real assurances of another war, the Veterans of Future Wars only used common sense when they said that European affairs were at the boiling point and probably would boil over at any moment, though they gave them 25 years to do so.

Anyway, if, as Davey says, they have received too much press attention, at least they have brought the people to realize what a really humorous problem the war question is or can be.

Here's a thought to cool you in the late spring heat: Montreal, Canada, has in the past week had an inch and a half of snow. Record previous to this held in 1878 for one inch.

tion and joy in singing this song. I shall use two Russian terms. A Yock Nem, meaning 'Yo! Heave! Ho!' and eye-da-do eye-da, meaning only an expression of joy."

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# TRACK TALK

By Bob Whitehill

## COLUMBUS BOUND!

Congratulations to Paul Roelen, Archie Bricker, Bruce Whitcomb, Howard Tibbs, Larry Hart, Tom Tilley, and Eddie Kanasky, who qualified for the state finals at Columbus tomorrow. These boys are now on the way to Columbus with hopes of bringing back laurels to old Salem High.

## FAREWELL, SENIORS—

The Quakers have completed their track schedule and most of the thinclads have hung up their spikes until another season. Nine members of the track squad, however, have hung up their spikes for good.

Nine members have performed for Salem High for the last time. The departing seniors are: Lew Catlos, Dick Wernet, Eddie Kamasky, and your truly (Bob Whitehill), all cross-country men, Les Julian, Ralph Snyder, Leland "Pat" Patterson, Bill Westfall, and Les Turner.

Of this group, two trackers, Lew Catlos and Eddie Kamasky, have gone through four track seasons, while Dick Wernet has experienced three years of track.

Westfall, Whitehill and Turner were with the squad two years, while Snyder, Julian and Patterson are newcomers to the team.

Catlos, Wernet and Kamasky are the lads that provided thrills for you in the distance runs and were valuable assets to the team on several occasions.

Snyder, Julian and Patterson were the weight men and kept Salem in the running in several meets.

Westfall and Turner, although not heard from a great deal, proved to be very capable high jumpers.

As for your truly, well, he also ran.

## NEXT YEAR—

With only nine tracksters lost through graduation, prospects for a successful season in 1937 are very bright.

Paul Roelen, one of the state's best milers, and Harold Culler, promising young Sophomore, will return next year to run the mile for Salem. Archie Bricker, who ran several outstanding races in the 880, will also be back.

Howard Tibbs, John Shea, and Larry Hart, veteran dash men, will capably serve Salem High in that department.

Morris and Maitland, promising underclassmen, have shown plenty of ability in the dashes and from this group should develop a good half-mile relay

## FORGOTTEN MAN

Continued from Page 2

Jim decided he'd better put a stop to things. He stood up and reached for his gun, but he didn't take it out. He didn't know why . . . just didn't think he'd need it . . . somehow. His thick shoes didn't make a sound until he tapped the man's thin shoulder. Slowly he turned and eyed Jim.

"Oh," he said quietly. "Guess I didn't get away with it, did I?"

Jim felt silly saying no, he guessed he didn't. But he said it, just the same.

team.

Chuck Yeager and Bruce Whitcomb, the Quakers' leading timber-toppers, should cause plenty of opposition to rival hurdlers.

Max Lutsch will be back to better his excellent marks in the high jump.

Bruce Whitcomb, Bill Rice and Cliff Lowry are three good pole vaulters who will also return.

Tom Tilley, Joe King and George Catlin will be back to run the 440-yard dash. Chuck Huddleson, who is only a Freshman, should develop in the 440.

Hippley, Wentz, Wise, King, and Terry, and Fitzsimmons will be back in the weight events.

With this array of talent returning next year, it certainly looks as if track is making a real comeback in Salem High.

## INDIVIDUAL SCORING—

Here are the final individual scorings of the Salem High tracksters:

Athlete—	Points
Roelen .....	36½
Lutsch .....	26 5/6
Tibbs .....	21½
Yeager .....	20
Bricker .....	18½
Whitcomb .....	15½
Snyder .....	15
Tilley .....	14½
Patterson .....	11
Culler .....	8½
King .....	8½
Catlos .....	7
Rice .....	6
Kamasky .....	4½
Hart .....	4½
Julian .....	4½
Shea .....	3½
Turner .....	3 1/3
Dolansky .....	3
Whitehill .....	2½
Lowry .....	2
Westfall .....	1 1/3
Catlin .....	1½
Wernet .....	¾

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The fellow started reaching for the things in his pockets, and, instead, swung a bony fist at Jim, who merely side-stepped and grabbed the other's arm.

"Sorry, officer," he mumbled contritely. "God, I . . . I must be nuts!"

Jim looked at the stuff in the fellow's pockets. "I guess not, mister. Judging from the loot, I'd say you were hungry . . ."

The other smiled slightly, his dark eyes suddenly very soft. "Yeah . . . I guess that's a better word . . . hungry. Everybody is right now . . . At least, everybody down there." He jerked his head toward the flood district. "I've got a wife an' a new baby . . . they're hungrier'n most, seems t' me. We ain't had none o' the relief."

Jim rasped a little sound in his throat and pulled at the packages. "Then this ain't the kinda stuff you want," he said slowly, putting it back in its place and grabbing a basket. "You'll want milk . . . an' this stuff. My wife gives it to our kid . . ."

He watched the young cop gather up the stuff, and blew his nose violently. "Gee, guy . . . you're a regular copper."

Jim shoved the basket into his willing hand. "Nuts," he mumbled, wondering about Junior. "We're all like that."

Then he drew his service revolver from its holster. He pulled off his right glove and took the guy to the window. "Now . . . if you were to take these and bat me on the skull, you could put my glove back on me, drop my gun near me . . . 'n' . . . I couldn't get the men from the flood here in time to stop you, could I . . .?"

The shiny drops in the guy's eyes were tears. Jim tried not to see them and switched off the flash. "O. K." he murmured.

Then that was all he knew until the siren whirred near-by.

He opened his eyes. Casey was

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bending over him. His head was on a flour-sack. The chief was standing by the window, talking to a little German. He tried to move his hands. There were cuffs on them. Jim glanced at Casey and smiled a bit. Casey was a good fellow. He hoped the damn' tears would stay in his eyes. It had been a swell job. The chief was a right guy, too.

Casey helped him to his feet and took him over to the others.

Casey helped him to his feet and took him over to the others.

Police Chief Timothy Brian turned his hard eyes on Jim and asked the Dutchman to repeat himself.

The fat little bird with the brown side-whiskers complied:

"About ten-tirty I come down from mine bad-room. I hear peeble talkin', tso I stop an' sidown on de stair'. I hear cop tell yudder fella what to take. Den yudder fella, he doz what he sayys an' hits him ofer de had weet' his gonn. I ronn to de weenda, but he's gone. Tso, I call p'leece. I dunno yudder one."

Brien spoke. "Anything to say, Feller?"

Jim shook his head. "Nothing more, sir."

"I'm going to lenient; more so than I should be. This is a serious offense, as I suppose you understand. But, due to your newness, and good work, up to now, I shall merely ask you to turn in your

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badge." He extended a smudged white glove.

Slowly Jim unpinned and looked at the shining medal. Then he placed it in the outstretched hand. He felt as though he were burying something. A tear dropped against his cheek; he was glad the light was behind him.

He could feel them loose the hand-cuffs; he couldn't see who did it. He saluted blindly. "Thank you, sir," he said gruffly. "I'll return my uniform tomorrow, sir."

The chief melted a little and held out his hand. "You're fine, Jim."

Jim brushed his hand across his eyes and took it. "Good-bye, sir."

\*\*\*

But when they call out the names of the Hartford flood heroes, they don't mention one James Feller. But me and Maizie always do. That food was swell!

(THE END)

Minds are not ever craving for their food.—Crabbe.

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