

# 159 STUDENTS TO BE PAROLED IN JUNE

## Ex-Con Performs Honest Deed Mugs and Molls to Quit Stir on Permanent Parole

### Davidson Reforms —the Sissy!

Word was received here last week that the late prisoner, Charles W. Davidson, Jr., was rewarded because of an honest deed that he did. It seems that Davidson works in one of the down town stores and while he was waiting on a customer, that person laid down his wallet on the counter.



This Is Him

The customer went away and left the wallet on the counter right before the eye of Davidson. The business in the store was terrific and Davidson could do nothing more than set the packet aside until later.

In several hours, the young fellow returned and upon finding that Davidson had kept it for him, he insisted that the honest gentleman take a reward.

We think it's a chisel. All that money and he was satisfied with only being given a small percentage of it. The jailers say that out in the cruel world there are people like that—who really enjoy returning a lot of money to the person who first had it without sometimes even getting a one spot for it.

#### PRISON YARD BRIEFS

WARDEN'S OFFICE — Warden Williams found himself in trouble yesterday morning when he forgot the combination to the new safe that had just arrived, but his worries soon came to an end when Light Fingered Jack Hinkly was called from his cell to help out. Jack cracked the safe in eleven seconds, breaking his own professional record by three seconds.

### Jail Riot!

One is dead, many more are injured seriously because of an outbreak last night when Prisoner Trotter, 911603, Cell 204 (mental case) claimed, and actually had people believing him, that he was king and supreme ruler of some country called Laurania (whatever that may be). He was aided and abetted by one of the jailers, McDonald by name. The latter has been quietly dismissed.

It all occurred when a traveling salesman told Trotter a weird story about a soap image of three monkeys. Trotter believed the tale and bought the monkeys. After spreading the tale there evolved that Trotter, now assuming the name of Hinkle, was the long lost king of Laurania (again I ask, "Does anyone know where it is?")

He gathered into his conspiracy: Beattie, Hart, Smith (dead), Farmer, Bruderly and Simon (you look up their numbers, I haven't time). All these prisoners were going to be dismissed next year in the spring but there is doubt in the mind of Warden Williams if he will grant them this honor.

The heroine and hero of the situation were inmates, Bechtel and Difford, the latter temporarily disabling King Trotter, by means of the shotgun, (anyway it was a pistol).

The majority of the fighting was carried on in the main assembly hall. To make matters worse it was guest night and at present Warden Williams is in hot water. The trouble is under control now because Trotter has been placed in the prison hospital and the rest of the upstarts are in solitary confinement for an indefinite period.

With television just around the corner, it will soon be a question of "call me up and see me sometime."

ALL CONVICTS  
FOR ATTRACTIVE SERIAL  
NUMBERS  
SEE BUTCH, THE SNIPER  
(ALIAS) R. B. BATTIN,  
NO. 275,290

### Menu of the Week

Sunday	Beans
Monday	Beans
Tuesday	Beans
Wednesday	Beans
Thursday	Beans
Friday	Beans
Saturday	Beans

### 3 More Stooges!

Convicts of '38 held a meeting in the prison yard to nominate future officers for prison association a week ago last Thursday.

Matron Horwell took charge of the meeting and her secretary, 1438 Fido took charge of the nominations.

Convicts David Hart, Harold Hoperich and ex-con Ward Eckstein were nominated to wear No. 12345 which signifies the president. Mary Bruderly, Marguerite Vincent and Margaret Simon were selected to fight it out to wear No. 1234.

Convicts Wentz, Cope and Brooks are at each other's throats as to who will occupy 123 and keep the prison books.

Extra guards have been placed on the walls to assure no breaks during the battle.

P. S.—Hoperich, Bruderly and Brooks got the most votes.

### Balls and Chains Are Painted In Just the Duckiest Colors

In accordance with the season, many of our inmates had their balls and chains painted for Easter. With such colors as red, blue, lavender, and green predominating, they (the balls, not the inmates) resembled Easter eggs.

Mary Louise Emery, cell No. 107, chose a bright red, while Mae Kaercher, cell No. 202, looked particularly attractive with a shining green ball dangling about her.

Helen Berg chose a poka-dotted blue and orange ball, which was in lovely contrast to her yellow and green striped gown.

The State Bureau of Pardons and Paroles and Phooey has announced that 159 inmates of this institution are eligible for pardon or parole on June 10. Most of the freedoms are as the result of completion of sentences, while others come as a reward for merit. Among those cited (Webster's unabridged, Page 2164) in the latter instance are:

Arthur J. Bahmiller, better known as "Big Stuff" Bahmiller, cited for breaking down and dating "Skitter" Gibbs for the Prom.

"Muscle-Moll" Greenisen for making the dames physique conscious. (The women's door is to be renamed "Amazon Alley" after "Muscle-Moll" is paroled.

"Pasty" Dilworth, for being "Just pals" with everybody. (The Spinners' Uplift society was responsible for securing this parole for Patsy.)

"Gum-Totin'" Theiss, for her devotion to the Prison High-Bar society, of which she was president. Theiss was heard to say: "Who, me? Gettin' paroled . . . there must be somethin' wrong!"

T. J. (Smoky) Loschinsky and "Mush-Mouth" Metzger, paroled so that the prison can have a decent "Ball and Chain" for a change.

"Mugger" McCarthy and "Giggles" Kingsley, released because they were causing the downfall of "Sleepy" Yeager and "Baby-Face" Cavanaugh. They're dangerous molls!

"Beezy" Baltorinic, "Handy" Holmes, "Digger" Dow and "Saw-Tooth" Santarelli, all paroled for their dangerous Communistic activities, while in stir.

We're sorry to see these here jail-birds go, but they'll probably be brought back before long. So long, all youse mugs and molls!

### Convicts Hold Mass Meeting For Fun

Warden Williams called a meeting for the convicts who will be released on June 10 in cell 206 last Tuesday at 8:30.

He announced that the Wooster penitentiary would have "Open House" on April 17. In the morning tests will be given to those convicts who have good records in their last four years of confinement. At noon lunch will be served to the underfed convicts, and in the afternoon a little theatre program, track meet and a football game will take place. An all-penitentiary dance has been scheduled for the evening entertainments.

He also stated that each of these '37 convicts would receive a slip of paper with four blanks on which they were to nominate four mates to be their speakers at the great celebration before their release.

The convicts were asked not to choose their cell mate, particularly not if he isn't as good as the guy across the hall in cell 205.

### This Here Issue Dedicated to These Guys Who Took It On the Lam in Feb.



"Two-Gat" Thompson  
"Rat-Face" Rice

"Two-Gat" Thompson and "Rat-Face" Rice are getting this here lousy rag, "The Bowl and Chain," dedicated to them this week. It's on account of because the two guys, they got paroled ahead of time. It seems sorta screwy, but Warden Williams and Governor Kerr said they could take it on the lam whenever they wanted to, but they had to come back and get kicked out formal-like in June.

We feel pretty good on account of how we got their pictures in this here sheet of blab. "Two-Gat" is a pretty good looking guy, but we'd rather look at "Rat-Face's" mug, especially if all you can see is the back of his dome.

Note: The guys' two frails, "Gum-Totin'" Theiss and "Blinky-Eye" Layden, are still waiting for their heroes to come back.

### Song of the Week

### The Bars and Stripes Forever

ILLUSTRATED



## This Dame Wanted to Write an Editorial So We Let Her, See?

Tradition . . . funny word, tradition. I suppose you'd call it tradition that there's fellows like you and me in a joint like this. I suppose it's a tradition that they alternate the beans and mush every other day. Then again it's tradition that some of us fellow sufferers never do get out of here. Most of them things can be changed, and here's another I'm hoping they change mighty quick.

Anyway, it's always been a tradition that the warden makes us

buy a new suit (dresses for the dames) before we can participate in them final last night celebrations before we get sprung. I'm all for the idea of a new suit all right, and the dames do look pretty nice in them fancy white silk dresses, but there's been a depression and our friends outside to send us money is kind of few.

Well, last year, in the prison branch at Alliance, Ohio, the graduates, that's the polite name to call them, wore kind of like uniforms,

what some calls in them higher institutions for correction caps and gowns. The fellows wore black, which suited their masculine dignity (did I get all that out?) and the dames wore white, which always did make the pretty ones prettier and the others just downright good lookin'.

Anyway, they say you can rent the costumes for one buck and they'll clean them for you at the cleaner, for another spot . . . they might even do them wholesale. Be-

sides, underneath them you can wear the clothes they took from you when you came in, or if you haven't those, you can wear your old striped uniform.

Most of youse guys have seen pictures of them, so I don't have to tell you what they're like. How about the idea? Is you game? Remember, it's an inexpensive proposition and we're hoping Warden Williams, Matron Beardmore and the Executive Board agree with us.



THE QUAKER

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

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Subscription Rate, \$1.50 Per Year

To subscribe, mail name and address with remittance to Manager of The Quaker, Salem High School, Salem, Ohio. Entered as second-class mail December 1, 1921, at the post office at Salem, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XVII. APRIL 2, 1937 NO. 25.

EDITORIALS

Mamma, They Don't Treat Us Right

We, de inhabitants of this here pen, make a loud appeal for better subjects in dis prison school. Up to the present time, the only subjects we have are safe busting, lifting wallets, and the like. But we want more refined subjects. Somethin' that we can do while in dis pen.

Now we think there should be somethin' like a knittin' class or someone to teach how to embroider.

We think dat these would be good, 'cause after us guys get done crackin' rock all day it's a relief to come back to a nice quiet cell and knit. (Yeah, and speakin' about crackin' rocks, we need bigger and better sledge-hammers and littler rocks.)

Us guys want silver-plated knives and forks. For almost a month we been using forks that has tasted like copper, and the fellers doesn't like the "coppers." Unless youse gits some new kind, us is going on a "sit-down" strike and us won't eat a scrap of food. Then youse will be sorry, 'cause we'll git thin and we'll send a petition to the governor and say we ain't gittin' nothin' to eat. And that ain't all: We wants the newspapers we git to be not over a week old. The ones we got yesterday had the news about the re-elction of Roosevelt. If youse wardens don't improve the conditions 'round here, we're goin' to make a break. We is goin' to give youse a warnin' and youse had better listen. Don't forget, this is the last warnin'.

Listen, Mugs!

I see in the paper that the warden of Sing Sing prison is faced with an unemployment crisis; they don't seem to have enough work to keep their inmates busy. The warden of our prison, which we call by no such cheery name as "Sing Sing"—rather, it should be "Boo Hoo"—is faced with no such problem. Not with us poor convicts getting longer sentences every day from the brutal keepers. Warden Lawes should give a parole to all the unemployed like Warden Williams is going to do for us pretty soon—we hope!

We Resolve:—

Muggsy O'Brien Cell Number 291 Salem Pen Salem Ohio Dear Muggsy:

Listen, you gnat-wit, if youse think fer wun minnit that I'm squatting around waitin' fer youse to be sprung, the weathure's gone to youre head. I'm writin to tell youse that I'm gettin married. Our engagement is off—send me back my ring. This guy is a gent—he wears a vest and sometimes spats, and he don't have to special in crackin safes, he has stooges which do it. He gits mild every day and has a apartment on 108th.

That's all I had too say except I want my ring. I'll come up and git it necks week.

Thank you I remain, Hazel

"Tanky" Teege Gets Hers As Column Begins To Smell

The moon shone eerily in the padded cell, it cast its blassy shadow upon the upturned face of its only, at present, inmate.

As punishment for the lauzy column the person thinks she can write, Miss T. J. is now confined to padded cell (Quaker office to the outside world).

T. J. is under the illusion that she is a very capable columnist—for some time the prison officials thought it would be best to let her retain her impression but her column was driving so many other inmates crazy, that T. J. is now confined.

She is considered by some a genius but people often say there is but a hair's breath between geniuses and nitwits. Time will tell.

Tee Jay

Transients and fellow-lifers, again I accost you after having served my eighteenth term in solitary, this time for refusing to make pebbles out of boulders. Now, da reason fer dis, palsies, is dat I had a blister on de slippery fingers. I only wish to vindi-vinda-clear myself in de eyes of youse guys. I ask ya dis question, can dey expect a guy like me to ruin de only means of support I got? No, a t'ousand times hunh-unh. Dat's all. Now fer de news of de day . . .

T'ings has come to a purty pass, I repeat, to a purty pass, when dey won't even put our pitchers in de Post Office no longer. Take, fer instinks, da case of "Soap-box Gertie" Harris, number 3145986. De aut'or—aut'au—de big shots refused to put de mug of Gertie, a darn good likeness, too . . . in de post office, dey had to resort to a cheesy little jernt downtown, where it stayed for t'ree days . . . Now, I ask ya, is dat justice . . . But, dat ain't all, dey didn't even have a reward, not a red Indian, offered fer her capture . . . Now dis ain't right! Dis is by way of a plea to youse guys in de print shop. How about some new posters, wit' five centuries reward, anyhow?

Honary Guard, Bill Knepper, formerly number 0000000, really has a job on his hands. Out in de yard, he stands by de fence between de gals' section and dis one. "Silly Solly" Matz stays on dis side and pines fer "Beautiful Betty" Beck. Betty, she stands on dat side and yens fer Solly. Well, it's Bill's sorrowful duty to keep each of dem informed as to de other's health, compan—friends, and sech-like . . . When last heard from, dey was pinin' high, wide and yout-betcha . . .

Number 22-00, Beatrice "Busy" Herschman, resident of cell number 304, is no longer allowed in the yard after the riot caused on the male side when she last appeared . . . Now de boys will have to be content to look at de sun.

Notice: Dere has been a new shipment of books to de library, Keeper Lehman, wants me to announce. Dere is now a wide selection, running from de Bobbsey Twins, fer de conservative readers, to Righting de Wrong, fer dose mugs which ain't ashamed to ask fer it! Let's have more enlightenment. Nosir, dere ain't nuttin' to compe—dere ain't nuttin' like edjication!

Lee "Legs" Vincent is de wit of dis mouse-trap (ain't dat a honey!). When a guy speaks, civil-like to him in de halls, when a guy says "Hi, Lee," just like dat, de smart guy comes back wit', "Hi, Lo." Den de chains won't letcha at 'im!

Yeh, palsies, here's a pip of a pun eminating from cell 206, con number 4&'(-)\*%@¼&&\$¼ ud-derwise, Wade Muggy McGhee and Bob, 5689478, Schwartz, "dat guy should be in de punitiveary

Incomings and Outgoings of Inmates

Women's Dorm:

- 1. Reba Dilworth and Stella Fidoe—ten years. Embezzlement of Senior and Junior funds. 2. Tee Jay Loschinsky — Life.—First degree murder of five hundred students and the lovely thing called the Kink's English. 3. Dorothy McCandless — Sixty days. Exceeding the speed limit.

Men's Dorm:

- 1. Jack Wright, Jim Ballantine, Harvey Rickert, Bill Wark, Stuart Wise and Bill Lutz.—Ninety days each. No lights, wrong side of the road, three sheets to the wind and singing (if you want to call it that). 2. Art Whipkey — 20 years—Stealing Silver. 4. Dave Cope—Life—Brutal cold blooded murderer to Mary Jane Britz. 5. The following were recently transferred from other prisons: James Knepper, Donald Sankey, Everett Dean and Vincent Bober.

CLUB NEWS

THE HEAVIER THE BETTER

The Double Nine Club was recently formed. This is a mixed club of young men and women who are serving time for the same offense, namely parking. This group, in deep remorse for their great offense, have formed this club for the purpose of furthering their knowledge of the degradations of parking. The president is Bud Dean who was elected because he is best qualified to inform the club about the technique of parking.

Another club has also been recently formed. This is called the V8's and is composed of eight spinsters who are very lonely. They are going to have the first meeting in cell 200, the present home of No. 376, Meta McCave. No. 376 said that the evening would be spent with the women knitting and sewing. No. 376 said she did not know what the lunch would be but rather imagined it would be hard tack and water.

The Salemasquers (The Black Legion) held their meeting in the mess hall last night. With "Trigger Finger" Jones in charge, plans were made to attempt a jail break. The meeting was broken up by the entrance of Warden Williams.

The Slide Rule (I mean slide bar) club met in cell 20002. A new method of sliding bars was demonstrated by "Dead Eye" McGhee who is an expert at this art.

Something new in the way of clubs is the Hi-Tri which was started at supper last night. "Louie" Theiss started trying high for Tee Jay. She used her knife for a dagger but Tee Jay ducked and the try was high.

OOP!—Let me off at the next stop, conductor, I thought this was a lunch wagon.

. . . And dey say dey don't believe in cruel and inhuman treatment in dis cheese-box . . .

Gal-Con 1098465, alias Gwen Dean, which gets out in a week, is lookin' fer a new Tootsie, since "Shine" Hinton was rapped fer life. She says he don't have t'be so good-lookin', none of dat Jim "Barrymore" Knepper stuff, but he's gotta have coin and a short sentence . . . Apply cell 107 between Matron and Warden . . .

Us, the Inmates—

Art(h)ur-go-Straight Bahmiller offers the thought for the day. The best ways to convey a secret are: telegraph, telephone, and tell-a-woman.

Jailer Jones and Slugger Hart are still meeting in cell 302 every evening to decide who is the best chess player. The score is 22-21, Jones having won the last game.

Have you noticed that Spike Halverstadt's mustache has been missing since visiting day? 'Tis rumored that Gun Moll Gertie came to see him and let him have it that she didn't like that whisk-broom on his face. And you know, Spike's one of those sentimental guys.

One of the main features of this week was the moving picture shown through the courtesy of the Woman's Higher Standards for Prisoners Organization. The picture was "We Who Are About to Die" and produced a cheery atmosphere around the prison.

Greedy Yeager will not be allowed to eat with the rest of the charges for a week. The punishment was inflicted because he snitched Gun Totin' Smith's pie at mess last evening.

Book Tender Lehman has announced that prisoners who are keeping books and magazines overtime will have to work out their fines. We've wondered why Toughy Martin and Slippery Fifer spend so much of their time in there.

The prisoners witnessed an exciting game between the officials and the Song Song Basketball team several weeks ago. The only outstanding action was Poison Pen Raynes giving Manager Brungard a black eye.

Rat-a-tat-tat!! Maxie "Dead Pan" Dutsch, our second-story man, has returned from his brief visit to the State Prison in Columbus. Maxie said that the ceiling of the cells were too low and the beds were too short. Even the meals weren't long enough. The prison guard on the wall has been doubled because Maxie threatened to break the World's record in the high jump.

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# CAT TALK

By "Tobey" Tom Cat and "Pudge Face" Puss

**LISTEN, ALL YOUSE MUGS:** If youse don't like this here spiel we're writin', don't read it; and if youse don't read it, don't make no cracks. 'Cause if youse do—WE'LL BEAN YOUSEE.

**VERY IMPORTANT:** Any inmate of Salem High Pen wishing to join a little jail break party, get in touch with "Yawny Yeager, No. 842842, Cell 209 before April 9. "Yawny" is aiming to bust through by way of the back cellar door while the Annual Prisoner's Ball (and Chain) is going on in the cellar. Inmates are asked to bring their own saws and time bombs.

**KEEP YOUR TRAPS** buttoned on this: "Cokey Kate" Fronius, who was out on parole over the weekend, met a guy named Carl the Cracker in a joint in Farrell. And she didn't want to come back to jail! Ain't skirts funny?

**IT'S FIERCE** the way all these new cons are getting frails to take to the Prisoners Bawl. "Corn Ears" Clark is tooting Dusky Morris; "Baby-Face" Cavanaugh is going to drag "Doll" Bischel and "Shinky" Davis is planning to hoof it with —. And they're all just out of reform school.

**WARDEN WILLIAMS** has thought up a new punishment for four of the inmates. Before they get paroled out of this dive, "Mugger" McCarthy, "Mush-Mouth" Metzger, "Screw-Ball" Shears and "Buller" Schwartz have gotta spiel off about somethin' for ten minutes in front of all the pen-pups. Maybe the warden thinks it's punishment for these four stir-hounds, but what about the rest of us jail-birds that gotta listen to 'em?

The cutest skirt in this whole pen is Mary Helen Bruderly, according to a bunch of guys. Maybe it's because she dresses so purty, and has got a yeller sweater. Mighty nice, them yeller sweaters.

**COURT NEWS:** The case of "Swing-it" Gert Harris vs. "Rhett" Harry Halverstadt, charged with intent to mugg, will be heard next Monday.

## This Is Porky Pig, The Pen Pet



### The Story of a Wayward Lad

The following is the true story of No. 411968 as told to one of the Bawl and Chain reporters:

I was born the son of a poor farmer in Cri, Me., and lived there until I was eighteen. At that tender age I was lured to the city by a desire to better my conditions, and before many months had passed I was rolling in wealth. You see, I met in the city, our mutual friend No. 411999, and together we became engaged in a well-paying money-making business that soon made us both multi-millionaires. But even the best of schemes has some red-tape attached to it, and I soon found that ours did, too. Imagine my surprise when I learned that the government was making the same kind of money that No. 411999 and I were. Of all the nerve! And we had to suffer for it!

He: I'd like to buy a white shirt.  
Girl clerk: Neck?  
He: Yeah, but I got a class in a few minutes.

—Southern Calif. Wampus

The parents of Nancy Waggoner today issued a warrant for the arrest of Kenny Hutcherson accusing him of keeping their daughter out after 10 o'clock.

### Dopey Gets Jailed For Stealing Frail

Many inmates thought that it was thunder and windstorm that they heard last Monday. But it wasn't. It was "Dopey" David Hart lustily crying.

He was being admitted for the stealing of Silver from "Legs" Bill Lutz, and David didn't like it. He sobbed. He kicked. He hollared. Everyone tried to comfort him.

"Don't take it so hard," Warden Williams tried to cheer him. "You'll have nice companions here," he lied.

"I k-know, but, you see, I'm a t-tall fellow and pretty s-slim, and I CAN'T wear stripes!"

Poor slender David! Everyone felt so sorry.

But at last Mr. Williams kindly consented to have a special suit made for David, one with horizontal, rather than vertical stripes.

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## Lovely Moral Air To Recent Lecture

Using the theme, "America, the Land of Freedom and Opportunity", the members of the Travelers Club held their monthly meeting in cell No. 2597306 last night.

This was the second meeting of its kind since the founding of the group. The members spent most of the evening in the electing of officers. Splicer Cavanaugh was unanimously elected president of the organization while Bull McCarthy was chosen vice-president.

Other officers are as follows: Secretary and Treasurer, Dutch Der McMotta and Chief Traveling Agent, Mauler McGhee.

After the election, Inmate No. 445566 gave a paper on "The Great Open Spaces and What They Have to Offer". This was followed by a recitation by Clipper Cope on "Liberty, Life, and Happiness." The meeting was then closed by the singing of the club's anthem, "The Bars And Stripes Forever".

Clerk—"A wedding present, eh? Has your friend any glass?"

Cutie—"Oh, yes, that's what she got in her engagement ring."

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R. B. BATTIN,  
No. 275,290*

## Prison Yard Briefs

Jailer Cope, Track coach, announced today that the "Chain-Gang" is training hard in its Road Work. The prison track team is scheduled to enter a track meet the first of the coming month. Cope reports that the team is lacking in weight men. It is the coach's belief that Joey "Banjo-eyes" Pidgeon, who picked up his ball and chain and escaped from this prison would have made an excellent weight man. "Banjo-eyes" might have even made the state prison team in Columbus. However, the G-men are still on Pidgeon's tail.

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## "Goody, Goody, Our Side Won!" Say Shears, Slagle, Schaeffer, Raynes, Lutsch: Pen Pansies

Resorting to brawn, muscle, and fists, the inmates of our proud infirmary managed to out-slug the guards of the day shift and win the basketball struggle, 40 to 33, at the prison recreation hall last Wednesday afternoon.

Ex-warden W. Springer took on Butch Lutsch at the spring-up position, but was held down to two baskets, as an extra pair of steel fist cuffs were found on Lutsch after the game ended.

Dead-Eye McCloskey was another guest slugger for the guards, but he took care of himself a little better as he made two goals and a foul. Third-floor guard, Early, Man Mountain Brungard, and Trainer Spike Brown helped in the losing of the battle.

The fray was covered by an extra detail of specially armed bluecoats, but in spite of this, Gunner Raynes somehow managed to "lift" the ball

that was used during the game. Warden Williams stated that from now on, all players would be searched when leaving the hall as well as when entering.

Trainer Brown was on top in scoring as he piled up 7 buckets and 4 free tosses for a total of 18 points. Smelly Shears took 12 points and was therefore sentenced to three weeks of solitary for misbehavior.

Slippery Slagle and Slugger Schaeffer, when interviewed, stated that the game lacked action. Slagle said, "De man I was guardin' only came out of da game wid a cracked skull and now I'm ashamed t' face de boys back at da cell."

The Slugger replied, "My man called me a cheat and a robber, and dat sorta hurt my pride, so I ups and breaks a couple of his ribs." However on the other hand, Spike Brown stated, "Aw, dose guys don't cheat fair."

## Pukey Pen Life Revealed by No. —Oh, Who Cares!

Cell 206  
Warden: Lehman.  
Time: In till June  
Dear Ex-Con:

Times awastin' and I've lots of rocks to crack before June but I just simply had to tell you what your old cell mates have been doing.

Toots Theiss, remember her? (No. 534 is her pen name) is certainly longing for the outside world. Seems as though Bob and Bruce don't interest her. Whereas Peg Loutzenhiser—No. 4437 to you—is perfectly satisfied as long as she is in the Quaker office, better known as padded room of Bug House, as one inmate there is extremely interesting to her.

Max Lutsch, No. 5823 (He's pretty young, perhaps you don't remember him—he was the noted mugster) is casting an appraising eye hither and yon looking for a new moll—he'll probably find one.

Here comes that Warden Lehman, he's a great trial in my life. Next warden I get I'm going to bring up right.

Well, in the words of that immortal gambler Mr. Penny Annie (No. 3511), You come and see me, No. 5673

She—Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?  
He—Don't believe they ever did.  
She—Then where'd you get the idea?

## The Doings of the Nine Hundred

Da editor of dis here rag come around and told me I was ter rite a sassasity colum. Well dere ain't much doin' for quite a spell but I got all there is anyhow.

No. 1319 Krauss, he got in here cause he tuck a sucker off a baby. He gets to quit stir in the spring, he's got a beard longern anybody else now. 1313's is 13 feet 9 inches, 1313 challenges anybody to beat it.

No. 13695 (Joe Pidgeon) got transferred to Leavenworth.

Dey had a party down in cell 309 tother day. Dave Hart 26095 smuggled some cider in an we just went right to town right in da middle. Sargeant Guiler came in but he said he'd keep his trap shut. (He's a swell guy). Well, I guess dats all der is. Say I hope de editor puts my name under dis fer haven wrote it cause I ain't seen my name in print since I got in here four years ago for playin paddiddle.

## Ad Agency

Hey, you mugs, dis here ain't no sissy stuff. Jes on account of because I gotta write it ain't no reason ya gotta get tough about it.

First of all, I'm gonna tell you about dis here shoppe we gotta git all our wearin' apparel at. H'is called the Golden Eagle—Tin Sparrow for short. The warden said that we gets our striped shirts there. I guess it's a reliable place, all right. I ain't heard much about it though, 'cause it's only been here about 25 years and I been here 30. I guess if they kin run that long they oughta be perty good.

I gotta dame outside what bought me a file and she said it oughta be good 'cause she got it at Glogan & Myers'. Speakin' of the skirt, she's a pip. Her clothes is enough to catch any mug's eye. She gets 'em at Schwartz's.

Dis here grub dey been feedin' us ain't worth smellin'. Let's start a sit-down strike if they don't get our meat at Simon Bros'.

Old Butch Gidley's been cuttin' our hair with a bowl for so long I'm gettin' tired of it. I wished they'd put him outa this jug and get a new barber.

Me mudder sent me a letter from de old homestead last week. She used MacMillan's writin' paper, too.

Matron Hart is takin' all dem skirts in ward 206 down to some ritzy grub house Sunday 'cause they've been little goody-goody girls for two weeks. Me thinks they are goin' to Hainan's mess hall.

We gotta go for a hike tomorrow

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## Convict Pens Sad, Sad, Sob Story

To Whom It May Concern:

I am just a common ordinary guy in here for stealing a pencil, that little petty offense that the law jails you for. Anyhow, I can't sleep at nights as that radio over in Cell 303 is never shut off. Don't call me an old sour-puss but I would like to get my rest.

Thank You,  
No. 77340

with Warden "Baby Face" Williams. He said we hadda pick flowers and report on them. I'm gonna send down to Endres and Gross' and he won't know the diff.

Say . . . don't tell the warden . . . I know where you can get some swell heavy sheets. They make excellent ropes. I figured since I was on the third floor it would only take five and one-half to reach the ground. Oh, yeah—I forgot to tell ya . . . McCulloch's.

Well, don't let no monkey wrench ya.

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TWO STORES

SOUTHEAST CORNER — Last week when the Black Jacks were getting their spring baseball training, Egg Top Smith stepped to the plate and knocked a homer over the high left field wall. Being the only ball the Black Jacks had, Smith got permission to go after it. Smith hasn't been seen since.

DEATH CHAMBER—Just before Smokey Schwartz was "fried" on the hot seat, last Friday night, the warden asked him if there was any special favor could be granted for him. Smokey replied, "Warden, youse always has been a nice guy to me, and I wonder if youse wouldn't comfort me by holdin' me hand when I goes?"

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