

Last Town Hall To Be Film Of 'Sylvan Trails'

Hall H. Harrison will conclude this year's Town Hall series when he presents his narration of "Sylvan Trails," a saga of life in the Pennsylvania woods. Harrison is the outdoor editor of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette and is making his second appearance at 8:15 Monday night.

He is an author and authority on wildlife, and has made the color film of Pennsylvania nature to show the wonders of Ohio's neighbor.

Featured in the movie will be such unusual scenes as drumming grouse, playful beavers, leaping trout, stomping deer, angry porcupines, and feeding groundhogs, against a setting of forests, marshes and rivers.

The film will also attract bird watchers who will see close-up shots of Baltimore orioles, hooded warblers, rose-breasted grosbeaks, cedar waxwings, cardinals, and meadowlarks.

Hunters and sportsmen will enjoy shots of such colorful ducks as woodies, shovelers, baldpates, pintails, blue-bills, and teal.

"Bambi," the fawn deer; the mother opossum, who gives her brood of 12 a bath; the den of baby foxes; five little rabbits; and the baby racoon that goes for a swim will interest people of all ages. The film is climaxed with the drama



Hal Harrison

of a raging forest fire.

Harrison appeared here last year with films of the coast of Maine.

There is no admission charged at Town Hall; the association functions on donations made by Salem citizens.

Turn to Third Page For April Fool's Day Treatment Cooked Up By Staff

8 Win Superior Rating Saturday

Eight superior ratings were achieved by Salem high music students when 17 of them went to the Solo and Ensemble contest held at Massillon high school, Saturday, March 21.

Of these eight, only two were vocal solos, sung by Rosemarie Faini and Eileen Jackson. The other superiors were given to Gale Fair, Marilyn Dodge, Ralph Firestone, Wendell Dunn, Charles Couborn, and Bruce Snyder.

Those winning excellent ratings were Pat Schmidt, Jerry Roberts, Richard Coppock, John Hively, Sally Scullion, and Duane Bates. Duane was entered in the contest twice—in the cornet and piano divisions.

Jean Yarian and Faye Lippiatt were given ratings of good.

Those students who have superiors are eligible to attend the regional contest to be held at Canton April 11.

Accompanists were Bruce Snyder, Rosemarie Faini, Nancy Fife, and Mrs. Esther Odoran.

Gloria Colananni Wins State Finals Of Contest

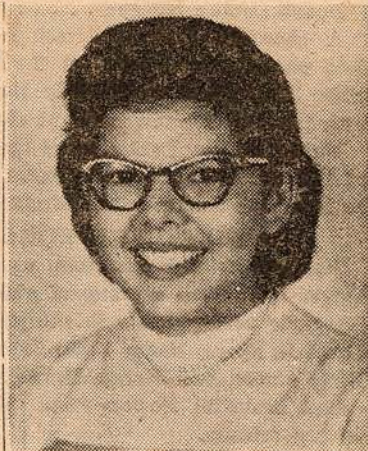
Gloria Colananni has been named the state winner of the American Legion Essay contest, it was announced last night. Gloria, who is a sophomore, wrote on the theme, "The Need for A Strong American Democracy," and the essay won in the city, the county, and the tenth district. From there, it was sent to Columbus for the finals.

Eight winners were chosen from the state of Ohio and their prize will be a nine-day trip to Washington, D. C. Gloria will leave for the tour April 23 by car and will stay at the Summit hotel, Uniontown, Pennsylvania. From there, on her way to Washington, she will visit such points of interest as the Skyline Drive, Monticello, Williamsburg, Virginia, and Yorktown. From Yorktown she will embark on an overnight steamer trip up the Potomac river to Washington.

While in Washington, Gloria will stay at the Wardman Park hotel. She will tour the national capital and will lunch with Ohio Senators Robert Taft and John Bricker and Ohio congressmen.

On her return trip, she will visit Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and will come by way of the new turnpike.

There were a total of 104 entries in the state finals from which the winning eight were chosen. The Charles H. Carey post announced plans to make awards to the three



Gloria Colananni

students who entered the county contest. They are seniors Bob Rea and Lois Getz, and junior Donna Gault.

Gloria is an honor roll student and is an active member of the Salemasquers and Latin Club. Last year she was one of the freshman winners of Brooks contest.

Spring Brings Easter and Passover

Spring has officially arrived, and with every spring comes one of the most beautiful holidays of the year. A week from Sunday, churches all over the world will hold sunrise services. Choirs will sing of the Glory of God, and men will wonder at the Resurrection.

One of the many peoples who will be celebrating Easter will be the Roumanians, who observe Lent for eight weeks. For seven of those eight, no meats, fats, or oily foods are allowed to be eaten.

Palm Sunday starts the holy week, during which church services are held twice a day. On Good Friday, services are held throughout the night.

Midnight mass is held the next day when everyone brings a few

colored eggs to be blessed. The eggs are dyed from the outer skins of onions.

At the same mass, a few minutes after the clock strikes twelve, everyone takes a lighted candle and walks around the church three times. This is to signify the Resurrection of Christ.

Passover Draws Near

Along with the celebration of Easter by the Christians at this time of year, the Jewish people also have one of their most holy observances called "Passover."

This year Passover starts Monday, March 30, and continues for eight days. This celebration is to commemorate the time when Moses led the Jews out of Egypt and slavery.

Tradition says that the name Passover came when Moses told all the Jews to mark their front doorsteps with lamb's blood, and the angel of death came, killing the first born sons in all the Egyptian families, but "passing over" the Jewish homes because they were marked. Hence the name "Passover."

Because the Jews left in such a hurry, they did not have time to let their bread rise, so they had to eat unleavened bread during their long journey. Today, one of the traditions of the passover celebration is that every Jewish family eats nothing but unleavened bread during the holiday period.

SHS Alumnus To Teach Here

Bob Askey, a 1949 graduate of SHS, will do practice teaching in the high school art department. A student at Bowling Green university, Bob will teach here from April 7 to 17.

While at Salem high, Bob was active in Varsity S, Thespians, serving as president his senior year, and was on the editorial staff of the Quaker Weekly.

Band Enters Contest

The Salem high band will journey to Canton McKinley high school tomorrow to participate in the district band contest.

If the band receives a superior rating it qualifies for the state contest in Columbus.

Art Classes Study Figure Sketching

By now you have probably noticed the figure sketchings on the bulletin board outside room 206. Possibly the first thing that entered your mind as you viewed the drawings was, "Who were the models?"

But had you dropped by the third and fourth period art class at the right time, you would have seen Patsy Lease posing in shorts while her classmates were busy sketching a picture of her.

The other model was Burl Cameron who posed for the first and second period class.

The resultant fine drawings depended a lot on the "professional" skill of these models.

Student Council Starts 'Cush' Drive

When the Student Council met Wednesday, members voted to conduct an all out clean up campaign to make the school building neater looking, inside and out.

The name chosen for the project was "CUSH." It was derived from the initials of the slogan, "Clean Up Salem High." A complete gathering up of papers on the front lawn and clearing out of lockers will be supervised by the council clean-up committee composed of Dick Gleckler, Victoria Paparodis, Bob Conroy, and Jim Beard.

When the tax stamp reports were made, it was revealed that homeroom 203 was ahead in the drive with an average of \$58.49 per pupil turned in.

Five new students, Ralph Bowles, Harvey and JoAnn Stumpo, and Tom and Walter Rutzky, attended the meeting and were introduced to the council.

Juniors Sell 1,006 Tickets

1006 tickets were sold for the junior class play, "Professor, How Could You?" Miss Carol Kelly, class adviser, reported.

Homeroom 204 won the prize for having sold the most tickets with 210; while room 203 sold 205; 202 recorded 172 sales; 205, 155; 201, 133; and 206, the smallest homeroom in the class, sold 89.

Forty-one tickets were sold at the door to account for the total.

Charles Jones, who had the lead in the play, also was the best salesman in the class selling 50 tickets. Joe Hajcak, the class vice-president, accounted for 34 to take second honors.

As part of the sales campaign, a thermometer was drawn and tacked to the junior hall bulletin board, the aim being to surpass senior play sales which reached over 1100 tickets.

This Year's Annual On Way To Printer's; Reporter Finds Out Where It All Started

By Jackie Welsh

Thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Marion Cox for their help with this article. It was their copy of the first Quaker annual that made it possible.

As the school year quickly draws to a close, the anticipation of viewing a new annual and the recognition assembly becomes greater and greater.

With another Quaker annual tucked under his arm, a person might wonder how this book came to be, what the first one had in its pages and who its creator was.

It all began more than half a century ago with the class of 1893 and Philip Hiddleston, editor of that year. This graduating class of '93 brought forth the first annual, not to surpass any previous class, but rather to put their many writings and ideas on paper so that students in later years might remember them.

Since then its name, "The Quaker

City Bijou," has been changed several times and the many pages have been altered according to the years. But its purpose has always remained the same.

Most of the work on this first annual was done by the 25 graduates of that year. Their pictures were taken as a group and placed in the front of the book. It was the only picture of students in the book.

A poem dedicated to the seniors had a verse for each student with his name cleverly hidden within it. Following the poem for seniors were poems about each of the remaining classes.

Several pages contained biographies and large pictures of faculty members.

Speaking of faculty members, the superintendent of the school was called M. E. Hard.

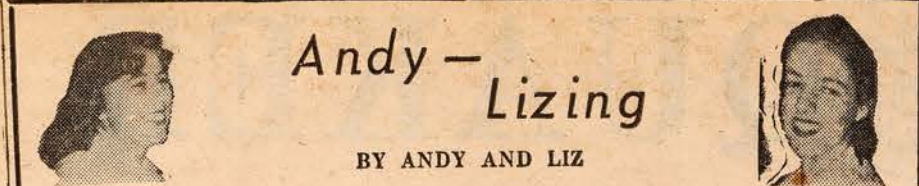
Recorded within these pages also were trips taken to near-by communities. Prominent in the most in-

teresting was the one taken by the class of '91 to Georgetown. What we take for granted now concerning methods of travel hadn't even been thought of. Instead of having glass windows on their bus, heavy curtains covered the windows. When a thunder storm struck, turning the roads to mud, the students had to get out and push the floundering bus. When they returned, late at night, every one was covered with mud.

Essays explaining "What Is Wrong With the American School" were published in the space which today is devoted to athletics and pictures of the class activities.

Class prophecies in verse form expressed the many wishes of the graduates.

This record, published 60 years ago, has long since been forgotten, but because of this class and this book, you are able to enjoy your own annual with its many memories.



Andy - Lizing

BY ANDY AND LIZ

YOU CAN'T LOSE

Orchids to that tired bunch of junior lads who spent a few evenings of last week trying to sell some 70 play tickets. These "try, try, again" boys knocked their knuckles off on the hardwood doors of a few thousand houses only to hear that familiar refrain, "My husband works nights," "I'm too sick to go," or bluntly, "No!"

P. S. We're glad to hear that their efforts were not in vain, however, for they helped considerably to boost the number of sales during those last few days!

THIS WEEK'S TRAGEDIES

Donna Cocca's letdown

A chocolate milkshake met a horrible fate one day last week at the "Corner" when Judy Tame accidentally showered it over the laps of a few innocent victims . . .

Next time Kay Paxson spills the contents of her wallet we hope she doesn't happen to have five dollars worth of change in it!

SOMETHING SPECIAL

No professional actresses ever got a bigger thrill than a group of girls following their performances in the junior play. Carol Jo Byrns, Nancy Zeck, Barbie Smith, Betty Moore, and Margie Hannay each received beautiful flowers from their admiring friends.

"This ol' grey hair, it ain't what it used to be" was the lamentation of three students last week when all showed up for classes with a generous sprinkling of grey hair disguising their normally dark tresses. The antiquated trio, Jean Kirby, Tom Ehrhart, and Sandy Hansell, were actually "made-up" for their roles in the play, but a passer-by might have thought the kids were working too hard at their homework. Ha!

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Here's hoping all you stoogents get a chance to see Betty Bartholow's diamond

. . . "From the Five & Ten," you say? Why, certainly not . . . it's strictly a Fisher's original!

We can't help but wonder why Dick Crookston's recent pastime is doing handstands and somersaults . . . Come on Dick, who is she?

Believe it or not, George Kubas has added another new car to his collection . . . This time it's a Pontiac!

Most of us are probably planning on spending our summer vacations in the ordinary manner—swimming in the new pool, etc., but two junior misses are going to do their dunking in a pretty famous hunk of water this year. The gals, Hildergarde Kropat and Yvonne Breault, are going to spend a week with Hilda's relatives in New York City and hope to pass many blissful hours sunning themselves on the beach at Coney Island. We only hope they get there in time to stake their claim before the rush!

COUPLE OF THE WEEK

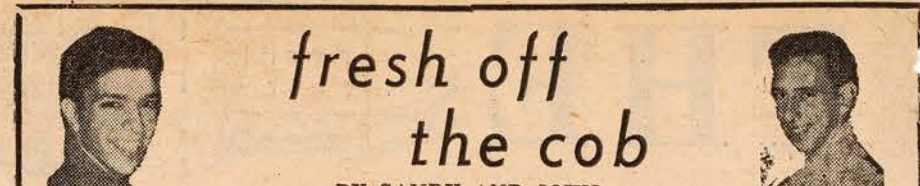
It's spring and a young man's fancy—Gene Zeppernick's to be exact—has turned to thoughts of Shirley Zocolo. This fact can be verified by the class ring this pretty senior miss now wears on a chain around her neck!

RUMOR HAS IT

. . . that there has been organized in our dear Alma Mater a moving organization known as the "Willy Megert" fan club. If this be true we are sure that is the reason this junior lad found himself among a throng of autograph hounds after his great debut on the stage!

IT'S ALL OVER, KIDS!!

The parties held at Don Schuck's and Chuck Jones's last weekend provided a swell climax to all the excitement which has been brewing for the past few weeks!



fresh off the cob

BY SANDY AND JOHN

When you start thinking that your girl is looking lovelier to you every minute it means that you are beginning to feel your Dad's Old Fashioned.

Our irrelevant feature for this week is an informative treatise on dating by the eminent professor, I. L. Fragit, instructor at Tideout and Tynassus State Normal, and adviser to Signa Phi Nothing fraternity..

DATING PROCEDURES OR HOW TO PROCEED

1. Pick up your target.
2. Gas up.
3. Peel to a squealing stop in front of her house. It never fails to impress the parents.
4. Don't bother going to the door. Be energetic; stay in the car and lay on the horn.
5. Park in a "No parking" zone, then tear up your ticket in front of the cop. It makes you look tough.
6. Resist arrest. It makes you look tougher. Besides, bars add expression to your face.
7. Make sure you buy her something expensive and romantic, like a jawbreaker or a tootsie roll.
8. Squeal to a stop in front of her house again, just to let the parents know you're home.
9. Flip pennies with your girl in the car. Maybe you can win back the price of the movie.
10. Finally, for that dashing effect, peel away while she is getting out of the car.

Horrors, Schultz is dead!

In closing, this is National Convenient Location week. Are you conveniently located?

We hear Betty Moore is practically finished singer—the neighbors almost got her last night.

The original mistake was in inventing calendars. This led, in due time, to Monday.

Overheard in the girl's locker room:
Gal Greenie: "What does it take to be popular with the boys this spring?"
Sal Senior: "Wire wheels."

Well, bless my buttons.

This week's driving hint: Always pass cars on curves. Don't use the horn; it may unnerve the other driver.

Unnoted scientists have just made the earthshaking discovery of purple chlorophyll on Mars. Think of the complications this could lead to—purple chewing gum, purple dog food, purple tooth paste, purple shoe polish, purple shampoo . . .

Dean Callahan: Aren't you ashamed to be seen in my office so often?

Gail Hanna: No sir. I always thought it was a respectable place.

This Modern World

In Bangkok, Siam, they have one of the world's most beautiful post offices. Very Modern. Eight different slots or letters. City Mail. Air Mail. Up Country Mail. Up Country Air Mail. Europe. Asia. North America. Africa. Then at five o'clock a little old man with a cart comes along and empties each box into one big pile . . .

Spring vacation will begin this afternoon at four o'clock, Principal B. G. Ludwig announced this week. Classes will resume Monday morning, April 6, at 8:30 a.m.

Rude Awakening

By Nance Zeck

The cold wind turns to a summer breeze,
The naked branches bloom into flowering trees,
The overcast sky gives way to blue,
And the grasses are heavy with sweet summer dew.
Like daisies we dream through the day,
Our worries and troubles are all blown away,
Our thoughts are of swimming and boating in the sun—
Then a teacher reminds us that school's not yet done.

Secret Desires Revealed By Seven "Dreamers"

Have you ever had an overwhelming urge to throw a brick through a bay window or stand up in the middle of church and give a blood-curdling scream? In a recent poll the following studes were interviewed as to their secret ambitions and admitted they had been tempted to try these nasty little ideas.

Patty Jurczak—"I always wanted to throw a lemon meringue pie in someone's face."

Buddy Deagan—"I'd like to direct traffic in the halls of SHS, mounted on my horse Bobby."

Rosie Sulea—"It is my greatest ambition to propel myself through the atmosphere by means of a grape vine suspended from the top of the flagpole which is situated on top of SHS."

David Retchert—"I'd like to pull the cord to the fire alarm during school hours."

Frieda Ackerman—"I think it would be just lots of fun—and certainly satisfying—to scream when the study hall is quietest."

Marilyn Schramm—"I'd love to pull the tablecloth off the table in the middle of a big dinner."

Joan Sell—"I'd just love to stop the clocks in 209 study hall on Friday, sixth period."

Journal Offers Way To Solve Teen Ager's Many Problems

What's your personal weather report? Fair and warmer? April showers? Or a hurricane moving up along the coast? In "Teen-Age Tempest" in the April LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Sub-Deb Editor Ruth Imler tells the story of a high school girl undergoing a whole flurry of stormy moods and finally emerging on the sunny side.

First, Julie was disappointed because she didn't get a party invitation. From that she decided that "life is just one huge disappointment." Then she grew angry at

the hostess—"Carol has a grudge against me"—and then depressed with herself—"I'll never make the grade with the gang." A ring of the doorbell, a bid for a movie date, and Julie was elated. "Maybe Bill will ask me to the Prom. Maybe . . ."

Ideas of March

I wish I were a little rock,
A-sitting on a hill,
A-doing nothing all day long,
But just a-sitting still.
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash—
I'd sit and sit a thousand years.
And rest myself, b'gosh!

Worries and disappointments, the editor notes, are universal experiences. Lots of them (your height, your skin, the way you blush) disappear like an April snowfall with the passage of time. Others take concentrated effort to eradicate. And still others can be overcome by quiet, careful analysis.

For instance, Julie could have lessened her disappointment by thinking about the reasons that any hostess has to limit her guest list. Instead of letting her problem dissolve into a daydream about Bill, she could have tried to solve it. The best way to eliminate mood-causing worries is to talk them out in the clear light of day and examine them. What's your trouble? Write it down. Think of possible solutions, and imagine what would happen if you used each method. Choose the best solution. Get to work on it.

A geometry flunker, for example, could rearrange his schedule to include more study or have conferences with his teacher—maybe both. A girl with a spartire waistline could go on a doctor-approved diet or take exercises in gym—or both.

Finally, Ruth Imler gives suggestions about what to do for the blue moods that strike everybody sometime, for no apparent reason. Write a short story or visit a sick classmate, she says. Try going to a light-hearted movie or walking a mile or two. Do something constructive to take your mind off your worries—and smile!

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B. G. Ludwig, principal

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Staff Artists Rosie Sulea and Jere Hochadel

Pause That Refreshes

By Curtice Loop

It's been a long, hard pull, but at last spring vacation has rolled around. Never was a week more eagerly welcomed by SHS students. For 60 days, without more than the too-short weekend break, the same concrete has been worn in the same path by the same feet on the way to the same school. The normal student spent 360 hours or 21,600 seconds in school during the period between Christmas vacation and spring. Those who stayed for eighth period for some personal reason whiled away 390 hours.

The only breaks in this tedious, tiresome, monotonous, brain-wearing, body-wearing schedule were a gum assembly, Hedley Hepworth, the junior play, a basketball and debate assembly, and a five-minute respite from one class for D-day (report cards). Of course the sophomores relaxed for one morning when the annual psychological test was given, and the freshmen and seniors rested on their feet at the Industrial Exposition in Youngstown. But the motto was always, "Anything for a change."

During this interval of "slavery" every textbook and every teacher had at least one dire threat directed against him by some brain-weary student desperate to "get away from it all." Hawaii never seemed quite so desirable, and playing hockey was never given such serious thought. More diseases were caught that took longer to cure than at any other time. Flaming one-day rumors and torrid weekend romances flared.

Homework was greeted with groans that could be heard a block away. Complaints against this teacher or that assignment flew around for a day and died when another teacher gave a whopping lesson.

But at long last the air became warmer, birds sang, flowers bloomed, and vacation came—and so to bed.

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STATE GRAND THEATRES
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Reporter Spends Few Minutes With Hollywood Actress; Regrets It

By Percy Veerance

I am a reporter and believe me there's nothing like this newspaper game. I enjoy it, now don't get me wrong, but I'd like to air a few of my gripes now, while I have the sanity left to write.

I walks into the City Room yesterday morning, just like any other day, mind you, and sits down at my desk. Just as I start pounding out a hot story, the Editor calls me into his office. I knew it. Get started on something and they always find something else for you to do. And what do you think he wanted? He sent me, think of it, me, to interview Lana Lamour, the Hollywood movie star. Now I ask you, why would anyone in his right mind send me out on an assignment like that? I don't know, and just between you and me, I don't think the boss knew either.

So before you know it, there I am sitting in her hotel suite. Now I like dames all right, but this one, omigosh. Perfume like I never smelled before. And that dress. She was classy enough but those dames just aren't for me.

"I'll ask her some questions," I thinks to myself. "That'll get her started. That's all you have to do, just get these dolls started and they'll talk till the end of never."

First I asks her how she likes our city. Well, she bats her big eyelashes (false, of course, and so bristly they remind me of whisk brooms) at me and giggles a little and says, "Oh, you big handsome men are all alike; you just want to make us helpless little girls feel right at home, don't you?" (Well, I knew the next thing would be wouldn't I like to hold her hand 'cause she's just so, so lonely. That stuff just isn't for me.)

Next I says to her, "How many pictures have you made this year?" And I asks her, "How do you like working in Holly-

wood?"

Well, then she gets that dreamy look in her eyes (there was so much purple goop around them, I could hardly see what color they were) and sighs and says, "Oh, I am so busy in Hollywood. You know how it is when one is in constant demand with all the directors." (Bragging again, and with that Park Avenue drawl. Now, that's just like a woman, always bragging about herself.) "I just love the movies. It just makes me feel like a real live princess." (Princess she might be, but if she is, she ought to be crowned.)

At this point, she takes out her jeweled cigarette case and a holder about three feet long and lights up. Her lighter flame slightly resembles a blow torch, but I suppose all those ritzy dames have to be spectacular. She flips the case shut with one of her blood-red fingernails. Reminds me of a horror movie I saw once.

I asks her then what she would like most to do. Her answer was typical of a woman, naturally. She says, "I'd just love to go on a tour around the world so I could see all the wonderful people who write fan letters to me. You know, I'd feel ever so much closer to them all if I could just see them. And then, too, I know they'd love to see me. Not very many get to see a real live movie star." (Now it comes: gush, gush, gush. Women, they're all alike. All they do is gush and goopy all over the place about how glamorous they are.)

After she's done gushing, she asks me if I wouldn't like a little drink. Now that's just too, too much. I know better than to get involved in anything like that. You just can't trust any woman, much less an actress.

Here I sit at my faithful desk. Boy, it's good to be back among friends and feel safe. Those women, you never know what they'll do next. Imagine sending me out to interview a Hollywood star. Now I ask you, how ridiculous can you get. Gee whiz.

Because the recent weeks have been such a strain on Quaker Weekly reporters, the staff feels that it must give way to the tension under which the writers have been working. So this is their page.

Any similarity to persons or thoughts, living or dead, is a dirty shame.

Stadtlander Isn't; He's His Twin Brother - We Think

Flash! Word has just been received that SHS's art department is staffed by the wrong man. Yes, it's true. The man we know as Joseph Stadtlander isn't; he's really his twin brother, George.

The mix-up occurred when both men were visiting with their parents last summer. When they prepared to leave, somehow they picked up each other's train tickets and just ended at the wrong destination.

Steps are being taken to correct this mix-up. The entire family is, of course, in a state of terrific shock, but this reporter was able to get a few statements from the members. Joseph himself (but is it really Joseph or is it George? Anyway, it's the one from SHS) had this to say: "It's certainly a surprise to find that I'm the wrong person. I'm not

really myself at all, but my twin brother. Oh, well, I always did like the way he parts his hair."

The mother of the boys, when a roused sufficiently from her state of hysteria, said, "Isn't this cute!"

George (or is it Joseph?) spoke as follows concerning the confusion: "My brother and I have been close for so long. I guess we just forgot ourselves for a while."

Mrs. Stadtlander, the wife of the real Joseph, (at this point we're not sure who the real Joseph it, but she's his wife) said when approached, "This is so sudden.

forming this group blended voices of Louis Diercks. Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Pardee and the presented such a fine concert. We want to wish Mr. Pardee and the O. S. U. Symphonic choir that the library showcase of choruses, and orchestra contest. We You have probably seen the picture in the district band, Liverpool, Canton McKinley, and tomorrow to compete against East

Keep on Practicing!
 The band will journey to Canton tomorrow to compete against East Liverpool, Canton McKinley, and the district band.

onal Contest April 11.
 opportunity to compete in the Regional ratings. This gives them the chance to receive the highest honor.

Record Shop
 The top tune of this week is "I'll I Waltz Again With You." Have you heard "A Lady Loves to Be Loved"?

with the members of the Robed choir to form a choral clinic directed by Mr. Diercks. The Robed choir members think it was fun and educational.

SHARPS 'N' FLATS
 By Nancy and Helen

Girls! Dream Boy Has Been Found! Meet SHS Superman

By Clark Kent

Did you know that we have in our midst a perfect teenager? This lad may be found in the senior hall any time during homeroom periods, talking to some of his many friends, the people in the pictures which hang in our halls. A candidate for the title, "Most Friendly and Handsome Boy," this cheerful fellow thinks SHS and everything about it are just tops.

A busy lad, he carries a full schedule of his favorite subjects: food, clothing, Latin, shorthand, and typing. He participates in many extra-curricular activities, including G. A. A., Hi-Y, and intramural sports.

After a lively meeting of the Young Men's Sewing society he enjoys listening to his favorite radio program, "Lora's Lost Lover." An individualist in all his favorites, he states that his choices for an ideal meal would include a Dagwood and a chocolate milkshake, perhaps topped off with a piece of cherry pie.

In order to make the rest of the

evening ideal, he would travel to the local movie house to see his favorite, though little-known comedians, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Afterwards he might head for home and turn on the TV set and enjoy the new screen hit, "Birth of A Nation."

This extremely likeable fellow has only one pet peeve, people who talk with their mouths open. If you should see him strolling through the halls between classes someday, give him a cheery "Hi," and then run for the nearest phone and call Massillon CR-5902. They'll come right away to get him.



Sport Slants

By LOWELL FLEISCHER

ANOTHER BANQUET

Last week we told you about the Boosters club basketball banquet and this week we would like to mention another one, the Mickey McGuire banquet.

Last Monday night the Elks club had a banquet for all of the Mickey McGuire players, coaches, and officials. Special tribute was paid to McKinley school who received a trophy for winning the league championship. Don McCormick, president of the SHS Varsity S club, who bought the trophy, presented it to Vince Crawford, coach at McKinley.

Jack Gottschling and Stan Cosky were the main speakers of the evening. Each gave a short talk on the Quaker varsity basketball squad.

Wayne Ickes served as Mickey McGuire timekeeper this year, Don McCormick as official scorer, Al Catlos and Tom Nedelka were referees, and yours truly was reporter and kept the league records. John Callahan, dean of boys at SHS, directs the Mickey McGuire activities.

The league is a wonderful thing and all those who have anything to do with it should be rightly proud of themselves, for they are helping to build the athletes of tomorrow.

THE STATE TOURNEY

Both of the district teams entered in the state basketball finals at Cincinnati last Friday and

Saturday were defeated by very small margins. Canfield, in the class B division, was edged by Philo, 51-49, and Girard lost a heartbreaker to Newark, 40-39. The Canfield tilt was an overtime affair.

Both of SHS's basketball coaches attended the tournament. Ken Vaughn of the Indians was chosen by officials for the second team of an all-star cage squad.

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CLUB INITIATES 9

Initiation was held yesterday for new Varsity S members who have just received their letters. When the club met March 23, it was decided there would be no Varsity dance because of no open dates.

The boys who were initiated are Jack Alexander, Harry Baird, Larry Stoffer, Dale Middeker, Richard Hunter, Kenneth Davis, Bill Buckman, Gary Paxson, and Jack Gottschling.

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Sophomore A's Take Varsity S Tourney Title

The sophomore A team came out on top of the Varsity S invitational cage tourney held last week at the high school gym. Harry Baird captained the winning squad, while other members of the victorious team were John Todd, Jerry Snowberger, Jim Beard, Bill DelFave, Dick Saltzman, Dale Middeker, and Harry Maenz.

The first game Saturday morning pitted the frosh B's against the sophomore A squad. The sophomores, who went undefeated in the tournament, whipped the first-year boys, 80-26. The lone junior squad was edged by the other sophomore entry, 46-44. In the last game of the morning the frosh A team humbled the senior B entrants, 64-55.

After school Monday, the senior A team, who drew the only Tourney bye for the first round, met the remaining sophomore squad. Ten points separated the teams when the buzzer rang ending the game, the sophomores winning the contest, 66-56. Harry Baird was high scorer for the sophomores with 22

markers, followed by Nelson M. Inger who chalked up 19 points the seniors.

The same night found the frosh A's put out of play by the sophomore B squad. Larry Stoffer of the sophomores with 21 points with Richard Hunter getting markers for the freshmen.

The championship game was between the two sophomore teams. John Todd led the sophomore A's to a 56-42 victory over the sophomore B's by scoring 17 points, followed by teammate Harry Baird with 15.

The captains of the squads were Harry Baird, Jim Kelly, Jerry Myers, Bob Sebo, Bob Kupka, and Jack Ference.

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