

The QUAKER



Salem High School

MAY, 1923

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THE QUAKER

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STAFF 1922-23

Editor Louise Scullion
Asst. Editor..... Mary Helen Cornwall
Joke Editor..... Fred Zeigler
School News Editor..... Eleanor Tolerton
Alumni Editor..... Nellie Haldeman
Sports Editor Harry Sheehan
Art Editor Helen Reitzell
Junior Editor..... Cecelia Shriver
Sophomore Editor..... Helen Smith
Freshman Editor..... Donald Smith

STENOGRAPHERS

Inez McCullough Mildred Sheehan

PROOF READERS

Florence Hoffmaster Elisabeth Miller Lloyd Loop

Business Manager..... Nellie Haldeman
Assistant Business Manager..... John Cavanaugh
Associate Managers..... Glenn Walde, Richard Roose

FACULTY SUPERVISORS

C. M. Rohrabough..... Faculty Editor
Ella Thea Smith..... Faculty Manager

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HEMMETER'S

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He was a slim young fellow who loved to sit on the wharf and watch the whitecaps in the channel and the waves slosh over the sea-wall to make slapping noises against the worm-eaten piles. He liked to listen to the voice of the sea which slid past him with a song and a sigh. At times like this he actually lived. He had never been farther away from that ramshackle structure, an indifferent lemon in color with its ill-fitting doors and torn wall paper which he called his boarding house, than he could travel in an hour.

But nevertheless he dreamed dreams of emerald seas, of nights sapphire in their darkness, their warmth, and their beauty, of palm trees, and of murmuring waves, little sun-flecked dancing waves.

One day as he watched the parading wavelets, things seemed to become misty. A filmy gauze seemed to unroll across his eyes. He rubbed his eyes but the gray haze would not go. The spots and dots remained. That night pinwheels of fire and crackling vol-

canoes of many colored fires spouted in his brain. He saw red lights swung through the darkness on invisible pendulums. There seemed to be a revolving dome studded with millions of lights revolving behind his eyes. Suddenly the glittering dome fell inward and he was alone in the thick darkness.

He found his way to the squalid shop of a faker who called himself an optician. Dully he listened to his verdict. He was truly blind.

What could he do? He begged. One might see him sitting against the grimy wall of an office building dirty, ragged, unkempt and aged holding out a battered tin cup. Everytime a coin dropped in to the cup and tinkled he winced, he who had dreams of soft nights and dancing waves. He winced and smiled a queer, crooked smile as if looking back on the days when he too could have mingled with that rushing crowd before him. In the tinkles he heard the harsh, cruel voice of the city which sneers and laughs but never smiles.

One day he heard a snatch of a conversation which carried through his darkness. "I wonder what that blind fellow sees in life The same old thing day in and day out." He winced and began to piece the threads together, the threads of his life.

He got up and started for his old wharf. He had to think. Why should he drag his life along through years of darkness? What good was he to the world and to himself? He needed to feel and smell and hear the familiar spots of old. He could see the old place in his mind. A pointed moon sailing through thin, greenish clouds. The pier, dark, motionless casting dark shadows, exhaling the dead odor of rotting timber. All things around him seemed alive with a curious madness—the tide streaking between the piles, the waves tumbling about, and above thin greenish clouds scudding across the sharp pointed moon. Out there his god the lighthouse stood—lonely, like a Cyclops gazing over the gliding darkness.

He could feel the waves. It seemed to him that they were coming down the channels like generations of people, generations coming down the channel laughing till they reached the wall. Then came the shriek of the generations going down.

Was he to go down like that? "No. Not crying out, more manly, maybe laughing," he said to himself.

He remembered he had read someplace that man is the peer of the gods.

"Got to remember that," he said to himself. "It'll help a lot. Got to prove man's the peer of the gods, got to prove it to myself."

He turned away from the wharf and started up the street. He had fought his battle and was a man.

—Eugene Hill '24—

As I was coming out of class,
I happened to meet a little lass;
Her lips were moving rapidly
Her face was beaming happily.

I followed her down through the hall
It seemed she always watched the
wall;

I asked her what she could be saying
And why out there she was a-straying?

The teacher gave her a poem to write
She worked so hard it made her bright,
"I can, I can, I can, I will, I will, I will,

I must, I must, I must—I think that's
better still."

Then she thought of a little verse
She never dreamed it would fill her
purse.

But she kept on with that in mind
The more she wrote, the more she
could find.

When it was finished, she thought it
no good

She said she had done the best she
could

She took it to school but 'twas small
in size

But nevertheless she got first prize.

—Verdi Jones, '26.

REGRETS

Here today, gone tomorrow
Happiness I tried to borrow,
And the heart break and the pain
All comes sweeping back again.
Would that power so great above us
Send those back again who love us
And the wrong once more be righted
Same as of old when our troth we
plighted.

—Mildred Birch, '25.

TAKE HEED

Jack was nimble, Jack was quick
But his head was harder than a brick
He tried to go faster than a truck
And into his grave he sure was stuck.

—Betty Miller, '25.

THE GIRL WHO COULD BE DEPENDENT UPON

The door slammed shut with a careless bang behind the back of a girl as she left the school house. Yes, it is true, she might have been any girl, tall, medium, or short, dark or light, thin or stout, that is, until you had seen her face, but she was not just any girl; she was Marcia Vale, a Junior, vice-president of her class, and class editor of the "Echo." Marcia had come to Belmont in 1921. In the fall of that year she had entered the Belmont High School as a Freshman. She was an industrious girl, socially she had not been particularly popular. She contributed many interesting and well-written articles and stories to the "Echo" which were readily accepted, and in her Sophomore year she was made class editor. Marcia was a sensible, good natured and tactful sort of girl whose sense of art and its values were in her head rather than on her face. In this second year at Belmont High another new-comer entered the school; in fact there were two, Billy Devon and his twin sister Marjorie. The Devons had bought the large house across the street from Vales, and on the second day after the family and all furnishings had been moved in, the Devons' twins entered the Sophomore class. Marcia, as usual, was kindly and friendly to her new neighbors. She liked Marjorie instantly, and Marjorie gladly accepted her friendship. With Billy, it was different; he had interests of his own which decidedly included neither Marcia nor any other girl. "Billy," as Marjorie said, "was wild about foot-ball," and before the end of the season he had surely proven himself to be.

To say that Marcia was not popular in school would have been an injustice, but when Marjorie began to get acquainted it looked as though all the popularity that ever existed rested solely upon her light curly head. Marjorie loved a good time and from the first she had had it.

Of course as time passed Marjorie saw less and less of Marcia; other newer acquaintances were taking her place. Moreover Marjorie often was a little out of patience with Marcia. "She's so old fashioned," Marjorie remarked to Billy one night.

"Marcia Vale, old-fashioned? Oh, I don't know. She has sense and sure has brains, if that's what you call being old-fashioned," returned Billy. "Marcia can be depended upon."

"That's just it! She's too sensible. Why, Billy, she won't even use rouge and she can't do the new dances a bit well and—"

"Aw—cut it, Marj, what do I care? And besides, that doggone gang of your's makes me sick?"

"Billy Devon! Oh you make me so mad! Why can't you be civil. I didn't know you had been noticing Marcia so much," added Marjorie with a sarcastic smile.

"Never mind, Marj, don't set your head on being vice-president of the Junior class 'cause you won't be it!"

A hot flush rose instantly to her forehead. Marj commenced to speak but checking herself in time, glared at her brother's slick black head bent low over his book and, turning, flung out of the room.

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up the street. He had
battle and was a man.

—Eugene Hill '24—

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—Verdi Jones, '26.

REGRETS

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—Mildred Birch, '25.

TAKE HEED

able, Jack was quick
was harder than a brick
go faster than a truck
grave he sure was stuck.

—Betty Miller, '25.

"I wonder," thought Marjorie as she went, "if that's the way Billy's friends feel about Marcia. If the other fellows think that—Oh well, Jim and Bob and the rest of our gang don't anyway."

Nevertheless when the ballots were counted after the Junior election Marcia Vale was named vice-president by a majority of eighty-five. The result was a great surprise to Marcia but the greatest surprise she had that day was the extremely enthusiastic congratulations of Billy who had run half way home before catching up with her. Billy had been breathless and exultant both of which were new to Marcia so far as Billy Devon was concerned. It seemed that Billy's only disappointment that day was that Marj had been elected assistant-editor. If Marcia had been almost any other girl she would have resented this herself because, as Billy had declared, she had worked for the Echo for two years, and now she had no higher position than she had held the year before.

"And yet," Marcia had told Billy, "Marj is popular, and she really has written clever things you know."

"But the fact is," Billy had remonstrated, "the editor worked that for Marj, I'm mighty darn sure of that and she doesn't deserve it, Marcia, at all!"

Two weeks ago the big event had taken place which the students of Belmont High, who were attending on that memorable day in the year of '23, would never forget. It was of this heroic but dreadful day of which Marcia was thinking on her home-ward walk this evening after school.

It was during the last period which Marcia had spent in the

auditorium. She had stopped for a moment to get a drink and in repassing the stage entrance door she had noticed a faint odor of something burning. Opening the door she saw that the scenery stored off-stage had taken fire. In a moment she was at the Superintendent's office and after informing him of the fire she dashed back and started to rush from the building with the rest at the sound of the alarm. Halfway down the steps, however, she suddenly thought of the Echo; it was entirely ready for publication; the proof readers had just finished their work on it that morning. Waiting on the stairway till all the students were down the steps she pictured in her mind just where the material had been put that morning.

In a flash she was back up the stairs past teachers and janitors and whatever firemen were arriving.

"The key!" she cried. "The door's locked and the editor has the key."

Panic-stricken she looked wildly about her, and catching sight of a high stool standing in the hall, she grasped it by the legs and with hard bangs sent the glass crashing to the floor. Oh! what a cloud of smoke poured through the shattered glass of the door. Marcia gasped, driven back for a second, then realizing there was no time to lose she thrust her hand through the opening in the door and groping for the knob opened it and entered the smoke-filled office. It was black as night, in the darkness of the suffocating room she sought her way to the table. Stumbling over a chair she nearly fell.

She had stopped for to get a drink and in the stage entrance door noticed a faint odor of burning. Opening the door saw that the scenery stage had taken fire. In the was at the Superintendent's office and after information of the fire she dashed out to rush to the alarm. Halfway down the stairs, however, she suddenly thought of the Echo; it was ready for publication. The readers had just finished their work on it that morning. Waiting on the stairs all the students were steps she pictured in the room where the material was at that morning.

When she was back up the stairs the teachers and janitors and firemen were arriv-

ing!" she cried. "The editor and the editor has

When she looked wildly around and catching sight of the fire standing in the hall, she ran to it by the legs and bangs sent the glass flying to the floor. Oh! what a scene! Smoke poured through the broken glass of the door. She was driven back for a moment, realizing there was no time to lose she thrust her head through the opening in the door groping for the knob and entered the smoke-chamber. It was black as night, the suffocating heat brought her way to the door, and she was able to get over a chair she

"Where am I going?" she thought. "Where is that table?"

At that moment a tongue of flame shot up the right side of the room.

"There that must be the stairway down to the scenery. Oh! here's the table—Let's see, the left end drawer—now the other side. Where are those cuts? Oh! they must be on this side of the table!"

One after another, such thoughts as these passed through Marcia's mind as she gathered up the Echo material. The tongue of flame came more frequently now. The room was growing blacker every second. Something had caught fire in the office. Finally the whole right side of the office was flaming, Marcia's hand touched the metal plates. Wildly she gathered them together in one hand clutching the typed material in the other and dashed for the door. It was not open; she pushed, and half-consciously realized that that something sharp had cut her arm. Laying down the cuts she opened the door and grasping them again made for the stairway. To her everything was becoming blacker than ever. She ran down the steps in a sort of daze; she might have been floating on air, so near had she reached unconsciousness. Vaguely she heard commands of far-off voices even though she was close enough to touch the speakers as she darted past them—the firemen. Reaching the outer door-way just one face was clear to her, and with the words, "It's all here, Marj," the face seemed to fade and she knew nothing more.

Today was the first day of school since the fire and "Oh what a day it has been," was the way

Billy Devon expressed himself as he took his place by Marcia's side. (For the door had banged carelessly behind Billy's back in that same careless fashion about ten seconds after Marcia's exit.)

"Gee, Marce, you were ripping; that's all just ripping, Marce, when the association president presented you that letter, gosh! I was so tickled I could've yelled. But when Sis made that speech of hers and resigned from the assistant-editor job in your favor, I—I could've kissed her, Marce, honest I could; first time I ever remember of wantin' to kiss her—oh, I don't know when! I just thought I'd bust, why Marce, if that cheer leader hadn't got up there and started 'em yelling Vale! Vale! Vale! I'm afraid I'd 've had to get up and done it by myself."

Marcia laughed outright. "But Billy, I felt so foolish! And for Marj to resign — I can't understand that."

Billy looked at her long and steadily, then answered, "Never mind, Marce, she does. Guess you've brought her down a peg. She's a pretty good sort at heart, Marce, but she needed a lesson for her popular snobbish self and I guess she got it."

They walked on in silence.

"Going to be home tonight?" Billy asked casually,—not that it was an unusual thing for him to ask now, but girls who receive letters for heroism may have other callers.

"S'pose. Coming over?" replied Marcia.

"Sure", grinned Billy feeling at ease once more. "Always did say she could be depended on" he muttered happily to himself as he crossed the street. —M. H. C. '24.



JUNIORS

Herbert Arnold—

We wonder what goes on inside
of "Punkin."

Orville Bates—

The country gentleman.

Eleanor Bates—

A heart too big for one so small
to carry.

Alberta Bingham—

Just one great big grin, that's
all.

Clyde Bolen—

Lovin' Sam.

Fred Bova—

Cleverness shines forth from
those bright brown eyes.

Ruth Bradley—

"Froggy," and who doesn't like
her?

Mt. Vernon Broomall—

Level-headed — Johnny-on-the-
spot—bachelor.

Hester Brown—

Never idle a moment but thrifty
and thoughtful of others.

Robert Bullard—

Thou art a fellow of good res-
pect.

Elizabeth Bunn—

Those graceful acts, those thou-
sand decencies that daily flow
from all her words and actions.

Martha Calkins—

Fair and square! A dandy kid
is "Mitz!"

Beulah Carnes—

Helpfulness personified.

John Cavanaugh—

His mind his kingdom; and his
will his law.

Joseph Chamberlain—

Joe was born a real musician—

with drums in his ears.

Wade Coffee—

Much learning doth drive me
mad.

Helen Conrad—

The ingenue' blond.

Edith Cope—

We're glad she's here.

Donald Cope—

Slow but sure.

Mary Helen Cornwall—

Who can foretell for what high
cause this darling of the gods was
born?

Paul Corso—

Ready to do his bit.

Lester Crutchley—

Cappy! He only is a well made
man who has a good determina-
tion.

Stephen Csillag—

Ambition has no rest.

Helen Cyrus—

She doesn't let us know her.

Franklin Davidson—

Good boy!

Verda Davis—

A sweet miss in a shy way.

Isabel Derr—

A jolly good companion.

Naomi Derr—

Care to our coffin adds a nail no
doubt, but every smile so merry
draws one out.

Leland Duncan—

If smiles gain friends, "Toady"
should have a million.

Eric Eastman

A youth light-hearted and con-
tent.

Leone Farmer—

Its very easy to love Leone.

Mary Louise Fawcett—

Of manners gentle, of affections mild; in wit a man; simplicity a child.

Matilda Fernangel—

Efficiency.

Bertha Fink—

I will not budge for no man's pleasure! It's a good trait, Bertha.

Elthel Fluckinger—

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm—she has it!

Helen Flick—

American girl—good sport—real worth—big heart.

Irene Frantz—

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems and in herself complete.

Edna French—

The spice of life.

George Fronk—

I'm busy.

Augusta Gabler—

Oh, so shy!

Nerr Gaunt—

Good-lookin' an' "nothin' else but."

Margaret Getz—

In the mildest manner and the gentlest heart.

Neil Grisez—

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live, to die.

Harold Harmon—

My Mamma's bouncin' blue-eyed baby boy.

Harold Harsh—

Just "Pip".

Ralph Hickey—

His flaming hair doth light the way.

Eugene Hill—

Bashful—time's all he needs.

Forrest Hill—

Quiet, likeable, willing.

Willid Holloway—

He doesn't talk much but when he does he says something.

Esther Hoopes—

Wise to resolve, patient to perform.

Karl Howell—

Push on—keep moving. We're with you, Freckles!

Harold Hutcheson—

So much one man can do, that does both act and know.

Kenneth Jewell—

The girls all cried, "He's quite the pick!"

Helen Judge—

Happy am I; from care I'm free.

John Kaley—

Talks or somepn'!

Kenneth Kelley—

Big and boisterous boy with much good will.

Ruth Kirby—

Jumpy but a smile for everybody.

Elizabeth Kirk—

She studies and gets knowledge.

George Konnert—

I profess not talking only this—Let each man do his best.

Russell Kuhl—

You'd be surprised!

Elmer Lather—

A boy, wiggly and kiddish.

Thomas Martin—

Handsome knight—chivalry—fair lady—courage and honor.

Starling McCullough—

Small but chock full of pep.

Vera Mellinger—

She has two great big eyes so soft and brown. Beware!

Irene Miller—

Who knows nothing base; fears nothing known.

Dorothy Moore—

A girl, well-known and well-liked.

Vernetta Moores—

Innocence is irresistible.

opes—
 resolve, patient to per-
 ll—
 -keep moving. We're
 'reckles!
 tcheson—
 one man can do, that
 ct and know.
 well—
 all cried, "He's quite
 e—
 m I; from care I'm
 —
 somepn'!
 elley—
 boisterous boy with
 will.
 —
 ut a smile for every-
 Kirk—
 es and gets knowledge.
 inert—
 not talking only this—
 an do his best.
 al—
 surprised!
 er—
 ggly and kiddish.
 rtin—
 e knight—chivalry—
 ourage and honor.
 Cullough—
 chock full of pep.
 ger—
 wo great big eyes so
 own. Beware!
 —
 ws nothing base; fears
 own.
 pore—
 well-known and well-
 oores—
 is irresistible.

Ursula Mullins—
 With a disposition as sunny as
 her hair, Ursula has many friends.
 George Murphy—
 Speech is great but silence is
 greater.
 Orein Naragon—
 I am not only witty in myself,
 but the cause that wit is in other
 men.
 Doris Parsons—
 Fly on dull care!
 Elizabeth Reese—
 Good-natured—we all like
 "Dizzy."
 Eleanor Scott—
 She says what she thinks. Snap-
 py!
 Catherine Shaeffer—
 As meek as a lamb—but inter-
 esting.
 Ethel Shears—
 Worth, courage, honor these
 indeed, your sustenance and birth-
 right are.
 Cecelia Shriver—
 A friend who knows everything
 about you and likes you anyway.
 Elizabeth Speidel—
 Cute and little—"Wib" still has
 a "Dolly".
 Frances Speidel—
 Thou who hast the fatal gift of
 beauty.
 Raymond Spiker—
 Don't I look innocent?
 Helen Stewart—
 As pure as a pearl and as per-
 fect; a noble girl.
 Margaret Stewart—
 Thy modesty's a candle to thy
 merit.
 Herman Stratton—
 The manly part is to do with
 might and main what you can do.
 Katherine Stratton—
 Does she step? Does she strut?
 Olive Stratton—
 True as the needle to the pole
 Or as the dial to the sun and as

steady!
 Russell Stratton—
 Never trouble yourself 'till
 trouble troubles you.
 Ruby Tinsman—
 Just new but we couldn't get
 along without her **nohow**. Speed.
 Donald Thompson—
 Pluck wins.
 Charles Vaugn—
 I'd be perfectly happy if I did-
 n't have to study.
 George Vollmer—
 A big heart in the "big boy".
 Paul Walton—
 What the teachers don't know,
 I do.
 Edith Ward—
 With that continuous sweetness
 with which ease,
 Pleases all around it from the
 wish to please.
 Ethel Weingart—
 Many dimples her sweet smiles
 doth reveal.
 Lee Weingart—
 The boy with great height and
 likeableness.
 Aleene Whinnery—
 Never loud.
 Lowell Whinnery—
 I am not in the roll of common
 men.
 Margaret Woodruff—
 "Dance and sing."
 Arthur Yengling—
 Boy! he rolls a wicked eye!
 Fred Yoder—
 A simple lad with awkward
 grace, curly hair, and baby face.
 Ralph Zimmerman—
 As useful and nice as he is tall.
 S—H—S
 Some girls are flappers
 While others are floppers
 Some girls are truthful
 While others tell whoppers.

SCHOOL NEWS

March 22, 1923.

Fine programme this morning. Big Rally for Rayen-Salem Debate. The question for debate this morning was: "Resolved that the powder puff is more of a detriment than the side-burn." This was very amusing and showed the ability of the debators.

March 23, 1923.

Salem-Rayen Debate! At Salem—we won. At Youngstown our negative team lost. The question was: "Resolved that the Towner-Sterling Bill should be enacted into a law." The affirmative was taken by the Salem team at Salem.

A reading by Ruth Kent and a solo by Eleanor Tolerton added enjoyment to the program. After the debate the Dinamo Society entertained the Youngstown people and our own team. Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

Our Indoor Field Meet was held March 30, 1923. Seniors—206B—first in meet.

440 yd. dash—First, Woods; second, Parsons; third, Duncan. Half mile—First, Woods; second, Davis; third, Bingham. High jump—First, Roessler; second, Sheehan; third, Parsons. Shot put—First, Roessler; second, Greenamayer; third, Yengling. Broad jump—First, Gregg; second, Coffee; third, Bingham. Mile—First, Allen; second, Davis; third, Zimmerman, Jr.

May Day is coming and along with it the May Queen. Lera Harris has been chosen May Queen. She is a Senior this year and also a prominent basketball player.

April 5, 1923.

Ruth Kent entertained the Basketball girls and their friends at a party given at her home. Everyone enjoyed a fine time. The party

did not break up till late. Maybe, we ought to say early.

April 13, 1923.

Rally for Junior Plays! The speakers were: John Cavanaugh, Mary Helen Cornwall and Elizabeth Bunn. The Juniors are giving three one-act plays, "Allison's Ladd," "The Flower Shop" and "Nature Takes Care of A Lot of Things," Friday, April 20th.

The program was as follows:

A nature dance by Helen Stewart, given by Marion Cox. A dance by group of girls, given by Junior boys. A one-act play was given also: Father, Kenneth Kelly; mother, Mildred Birch; son, Nerr Gaunt; daughter, Gladys Probert. The Rally was a great success.

April 13, 1923.

Senior Party!—The best Senior Party that has ever been given was given "Friday the Thirteenth."

The program began at eight-fifteen. Ruth Kent gave a reading. Mary Ellen Grove gave a dance, "You'd Be Surprised." Eleanore Tolerton sang after which Verna Bolen danced "April Showers." Newton Sterling gave a very fine act with his Ouiji Board. Raymond Lowery then gave an act entitled, "Our New National Anthem." The last thing was a one-act play. The actors represented trees, flowers, grass, etc. Some of the people were, Paul Bartchy, Joe Bodo, Ellen Wight, Alma Whinnery, and Miss Thraves. The play was entitled "The Gathering of the Nuts."

After the program we had our Grand March led by Helen Goodwin and Clarence Schmid. Dancing was the main diversion for the rest of the evening. Light refresh-

up till late. Maybe,
say early.

3.
Junior Plays! The
e: John Cavanaugh,
Cornwall and Eliza-
The Juniors are giving
act plays, "Allison's
Flower Shop" and
es Care of A Lot of
lay, April 20th.

m was as follows:
lance by Helen Stew-
y Marion Cox. A
up of girls, given by
A one-act play was
ather, Kenneth Kelly;
red Birch; son, Nerr
hter, Gladys Probert.
s a great success.

3.
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program we had our
led by Helen Good-
ence Schmid. Danc-
main diversion for the
ening. Light refresh-

ments were served. Everyone had
a good time.

April 17, 1923.

Salem-Wellsville Debate (Both
Salem teams won unanimously)—
Our negative team debated here.
The team was composed of Edward
Heck, Willa May Cone, Helen
Goodwin and Donald Smith, alter-
nate. Our team at Wellsville was
Erla Clay, Raymond Parshall,
Elizabeth Speidel and Therlow
Thomas, alternate.

The program was begun by Es-
ther Frederick who gave a reading
entitled, "Miss Cinderella Dines."

At the close of the debate, Elea-
nore Tolerton sang, "I Love a Lit-
tle Cottage." After the debate, the
Wellsville people were entertained
by the Boys and Girls Athletic As-
sociations. About two hundred and
fifty pupils were entertained by
dancing. Refreshments were serv-
ed. We enjoyed a fine orchestra
made up of S. H. S. pupils.
April 19, 1923.

Big Rally for Junior Plays! Sev-
eral speakers told us about the
plays; they were Cecelia Shriver,
Lester Crutchley, Helen Flick,
Leone Farmer.

The Freshmen gave an excellent
solution to the play given for the
first Junior Play Rally, April 13th.

The scene was a school room
where they were discussing the play
that was given last week. It was
decided that they should make up
an ending to it and give it in the
school room.

The next scene is the ending of
the play in question.

The next scene was the school
room. The pupils asked Edna
French if she had any tickets for
sale. The freshmen bought or
sold so many tickets that the ther-
mometer which they had on the
stage went up as far as it could

and then broke the record, and
filled the house.

We hope the Junior plays are a
great success. —E. T.—

SENIOR SPEECHES

May Murray—"Chinese Immi-
gration."

Ruth Hock—"It Can Be Done."

Mary Iler—"Understanding."

Jenny Jenson—"Forget It."

Cecelia Judge—"Stenography
and Secretarian Work."

Blanche Kaiser—"Dishonesty in
Oneself."

George Volmer—"Rubber."

Esther Kelly—"American Folk
Songs and Foster."

Ruth Kent—"Pleasure."

Anna Kloos—"Dope as It Exists
in the United States."

Loren Herbert—"Electricity in
the World."

Esther Knepper—"William
Gladstone."

Russell Limestahl—"Conditions
in Germany."

Lloyd Loop—"Morals."

Arleen Miller—"Keep Smiling."

Raymond Lowery—"Theodore
Roosevelt."

Elisabeth Miller—"American
Ideals."

Lawrence Murphy—"Is City-
Manager Plan a Success?"

Lois O'Connel—"Nursing as a
Profession."

Of all the speakers great
There are nearly eight.
Lincoln, Webster, Washington, Lee,
Bryan, Harding, Wilson and me.
—"Butch," 24.

When trouble's got you down
And its right on top your back
Just turn round and give it,
A *great big hard* CRACK.
For if you hit it hard enough,
It will simply slink away
And you won't have to bother
With it another day.

—Marguerite Wensley.



Spring! What joy it brings us all; just the thought of it. So much of the vibrant bursting freshness of Nature is embodied in this one word. Spring is the time of year when glorious hope and faith, seem to take wing and soar among the clouds, yet never are they lost to the vision of Youth in his quest for happiness. Spring is like the dewy dawn with its bird-song and clear blue skies, rose-tinted and radiant with glints of gold; the awakening after darkness when the chill of night has passed, and with it, slumber. Thus comes the Spring upon the snowy tracks of winter.

Members of the Senior Class, perhaps Spring holds the most meaning for you. Four years, you have worked and labored to uphold the standards and ideals of Salem High, and now in one more short month, you will leave us to carry on the work in which you have so admirably fared. We regret that you must leave us and go into other fields of education or into the business world but our loss is your gain. We congratulate you, class of '23, upon the splendid victories you have helped our school win. We will miss you, but we rejoice with you in your commencement upon the longer, broader road of life. We know that out there, just as here in Salem High, your lives will be as full of service and the joy of helping others. May our very warmest wishes for your suc-

cess and happiness go with you to the ends of the earth, for Spring has come to your lives, and it cannot pass by unheeded.

—M. H. C., '24.

Among all the words used to apply to the life of a high school student, probably one of the most detestable is that of the *knocker*. How can we accomplish anything if someone is always pulling against it? After all it is co-operation which makes it possible for us to have all of the outside activities which we enjoy and benefit by so much. Fortunately for our school we have not had many knockers in the past, but get rid of the few we do have, for they spread poison! Don't make them angry for they will only knock more, but drum it into them in some manner the high standards and ideals that our school stands for. We have a fine school with fine spirit!—Let's keep it in this condition! *Remember! DON'T KNOCK!* Keep still, if you can't say something good or encouraging!

—C. S., '24.

To be the best
And pass the test
Have your lesson every day
You'll be the best in every way.

—"Butch," 24.

Rastus—"Liza, what foh you buy dat other box of shoe polish?"

Liza—"Gwan, dat ain't no shoe blackin' dat's mah message cream."



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Liber's Auto Top Shop

22 Penn St.

Bell 1015

ALUMNI NEWS

Cupid has been terribly busy lately, in fact I am afraid we will all be married soon at the speed he is traveling at present. The following are the happy couples:

Frank Spencer and Laura Wright; Dolores James and Paul Covert; Laura Mulford and James Wilson; Arthur Brian and Lucille Houston.

We wish them all the success and happiness that they can possibly get out of this world.

Homer Reese had the tendons in his ankle cut at the Mullins Shop. He will be unable to work for a few weeks, so let's try to make his days in the hospital as pleasant as possible and go and cheer him up.

Dal and Pat Hanna are in the transfer business down on Ellsworth avenue. They have purchased some good looking transfers which are quite an improvement over the old ones.

Charles Lease, '21, is attending Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis. He is advancing just as rapidly in college if not more so than when in

High School. He is secretary of Boys' Work at the Y. M. C. A. and is a teacher in the Religious Day School. His fraternity is Sigma Phi Epsilon. All we have ever heard about Charles has been good reports, and we expect to hear from him often in the future.

Cletus Paumier, '21, is at Ohio State studying Commerce and Journalism. He is the Sophomore track manager and treasurer of the Sophomore class. His fraternity is Phi Kappa.

John Mulford is living in Los Angeles, Cal., and working for a civil engineer there doing surveying.

Frank Kille is alternate on the Wooster Freshmen debating team.

ONE WINTER DAY

Oh! what is so lovely as winter's day
When the fairy-like snow flakes dance
and play
And the trees are all bending to the
God of Snow,
Paying him tribute while the cold
winds blow
Swaying the branches which sparkle
and glisten
Like diamonds when touched by the
God of Sun.

—Evelyn Boyd, '23.

The Kennedy & McKinley Agency

Automobile Insurance A Specialty

Room 3 - Hemmeter Bldg.

Patronize Our Advertisers

17

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

WHERE THEY SHOW YOUR KIND OF PICTURES

Not every photo-play pleases all patrons. For there are as many tastes in pictures as in foods.

The Auditorium strives to please all by offering a great variety of pictures, comic and melodramatic, simple and spectacular, society and every-day life, plays for men and women.

Form the habit of coming to the Auditorium once a week and you will seldom be disappointed in the entertainment. You will see the picture in an atmosphere of quiet and refinement, with the temperature and ventilation always pleasing.

OL
JM

OUR

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pictures,
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day life,

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A NEW DEPARTMENT
AT THE
J. H. Lease Drug Co.
Soda Fountain and Table Service

We have equipped one of the most modern and latest Soda Fountains in this section and are now ready to serve the public the best in Sodas--Sundaes--Milk Drinks--Cold Drinks and Ice Cream.

You will like the sanitary method in which this Department is handled.

J. H. LEASE DRUG CO.

Main Street and Lincoln Ave.

TALK

It is not much use to worry over things that have been said,
Nor the balls of condemnation that go whizzing past your head;
The slams may be unwelcome and you may be sorely hit,
But your wails of wrath are futile if the shoe that pinched has fit.

You may tear your hair with anger and lament against your fate,
But you can't forestall the falsehood

that some gossip may relate;
Yet there's not a force for evil that can not be changed for right,
Disinfected in the process and redoubled in its might.

Let us boost instead of knocking and be frank with every one

Over weigh the faults narrated with the good that has been done.

—Lucy Hole, '23.

"LOST"

A HUNGRY MAN

— AT —

LA PALMA RESTAURANT

METZGER HOTEL BUILDING

Patronize Our Advertisers

If it's new and smart—
it's good and beautiful—
it excels in value—

If it is the very best to be found in
FURNITURE
it will be found at

Arbaugh's

Elks' Block

Salem, Ohio

**IT WASN'T AS HARD AS I
THOUGHT IT WAS**

Many times I sit and wonder,
How I can stand a year longer;
But when I think, eleven years I've
gone,
Why look at the twelfth in scorn?

Before long, our final exams begin,
Then I'll know if I lose or win;
Then school again, after a joyous va-
cation has passed,
Then I'll have to study, so I can come
out with my class.

Then when I have received that little
piece of paper,
Which means a great deal in the fu-
ture,—
I'll sit, down and laugh, because—
It wasn't so hard as I thought it was.
—Helen Cyrus, '24.

PLAY PRACTICE

Some say its fun,
Others, "I just hate it,"
But the ones who are right say,
"It's just what you make it."
—"Toady," '24.

SHOES and Hosiery in
ALEM means
PEIDEL'S

On Broadway

Green Stamps With All Purchases

nd in
RE

Salem, Ohio

have received that little
paper,
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—Helen Cyrus, '24.

Y PRACTICE

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ses

State and Grand Theatres

offer the best entertainment available both in
photoplays and stage attractions.

STATE

House of comfort.
600 upholstered seats.
Salem's leading Theatre

GRAND

Photoplays and Stage at-
tractions. We
are pleased to please you

SMILE AWHILE

Here's to the chap with a pleasant
smile,
He'll win success, and lead by a mile.
But here's to the fellow with a grouch
and frown
He'll not be happy, and will be out
when he's down.
So smile at your work in a pleasant
way.
And you will be happy and glad some
day.
For you'll have many more friends to
help you succeed
And bring you good returns in your
time of need.
They'll put you up on the ladder of
Fame
Success will be yours, you'll win a
good name.

When your feeling tired and blue
And you've nothing else to do,
Just stop and think awhile
You will soon begin to smile
As you look back on past years,
How you braved the laughs and jeers.
When you give to the world your
very best.

Then, can you look for peace and rest.
What we do for ourselves is not of
account
But helping others is what really
amounts
And so its just as I said before,
You are contented, and happy, and
want no more,
For you've won success and gained
by a mile
And now, you can look back with a
pleasant smile.

—George Murphy, '24.

APPRECIATION

As a cloud passes over an azure sky
Shutting out the sunlight and its glory
So do difficulties pass over our hori-
zon.
But a divine power pushes aside the
clouds and beneath them shines the
sun.
Our difficulties follow the path of the
clouds
And the same divine power shows us
the sunlight.

—Mildred Birch, '25.

"Johnny, let me see your report."
"No C's on it mom, they're all F's."

\$ Spent With Us \$ Come Back to You

Columbiana County Distributors
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1899 The Salem Hardware Co. 1923

Hardware

Plumbing

Roofing

Patronize Our Advertisers

21

Bunn's Good Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

EXCHANGE

The Black and White, Carrollton Ohio—We think your paper tells all the "new" all right all right!

The Monitor, New Castle, Pa.—Your paper 'specially the cover design is great! Well gotten up.

The Red and Blue, Alliance, Ohio—Your April issue is very clever and original. We are very much interested in your story, "Meet My Sister."

The Mirror, Sharon, Pa.—Your paper is fine.—Good Alumni Notes.

Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio—Good lookin' cuts, neighbors! You must have a pretty good school over there, huh?

The Bucyrian, Bucyrus, Ohio—Good but—why don't you try adding a few jokes?

The Arrow, Lakewood, Ohio—We like the "sound" of your paper.

Weekly Scarab, Cleveland,—Newsy

THE FIRST MUTUAL SAVINGS AND LOAN CO.



The teacher of Thrift in the School of Life.

Men and Women of Affairs must of necessity have capital.

To become a member of a Savings and Loan is a step.

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temporary headquarters

Phones 1013

President 17

Sec. 22 and 762

Shoes

PHOENIX HOSIERY

er, Sharon, Pa.—Your
—Good Alumni Notes.
e c o r d, Youngstown,
lookin' cuts, neigh-
must have a pretty
over there, huh?
rian, Bucyrus, Ohio—
why don't you try add-
kes?
w, Lakewood, Ohio—
"sound" of your pa-
rab, Cleveland,—Newsy

ND LOAN CO.

e School

must of

Savings

H. N. Loop, Sec.

Sec. 22 and 762

WHO is it that does not enjoy that very satisfying feeling of being well dressed? Give us a trial and perhaps you will find just what you have been looking for.

WE have very good selections in Ladies' Coats—Suits—Dresses—etc.

And incidently, the price is right.

KESSEL'S FASHION SHOP

62 Main Street

Salem, Ohio

THAT'S WHAT I'D DO

They told me I was good for some-
thing,
That's why I was born;
But how on earth can I do anything,
When I study from night till morn?

These people they call teachers,
Are not the human kind;
If I could only take their place,
I'd make them grind and grind.

They'd wish there were more hours
in a day,
Instead of just twenty-four;
I'd make them study until the sky
was gray,
We'd see if lessons weren't an awful
bore.

They have the advantage with only
one lesson,
There wouldn't be four, to see what
you were best in;
No outside work nor books to read
Just plain hard stuff and hard indeed.

I'd make Miss Friedrich write short-
hand,
Until she'd have fifty pages;

Miss Clark could write five thousand
words,
We'd see if it wouldn't take her ages
and ages.

Miss Thraves could translate a Span-
ish book,
And we would be the critics;
Mr. Drennen could read all the pa-
pers,
And outline the book of civics.

Miss Beardsmore would have the
same lesson,
And Mr. Reeves fifty theorems to
solve,
I bet by that time the world would
stop,
And would never again revolve.
—G. P., '23.

I had a little dog as skinny as a rail,
And he had fleas on the end of his
tail,
And every time his tail did flop,
The fleas on the bottom all landed on
top!
—H. C., '25.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK

4%

*We Never Even Waver in Our
Service to the Saver*

4%

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(23)

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Bennett's Drug Store
—and—
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KODAK AGENTS

OHIO TUEC ELECTRIC CLEANERS

The Home Store
China and Kitchen Ware
98 Main St. Phone

H. B. Thomas
65 Main St.

Auto Accessories and
Vulcanizing

Ladies Hand Bags

Trunks, Leather Goods
and Harness

"Pop," asked Clarence Lilywhite,
"what am a millenium?"

"Sho," replied the father, "yo
suttinly is am igerrant. A millen-
ium am de same thing as a centen-
ial only its got mo' legs."

s—h—s

Inez McCullough (ushering at
Dinamo Play)—"Is Cicero?"

Puzzled Patron—"Cicero what?"

Inez—"Cicero (is this the row)
where your seat is?"

Mr. Vivian—"Lots of girls use
dumb bells to get color on their
cheeks."

Lera—"Yes, and lots of girls use
color on their cheeks to get dumb
bells."

s—h—s

Miss Smith—"Do you know
there's always a burning heat in
your body?"

M. Cox—"Sure, I can see the
smoke on cold days."

For all kinds of

Furnace Work

Roofing & Spouting

—SEE—

Mounts & Starbuck
at Carr's Hdwe.

Base Ball Uniforms

See Sample Suits



G. S. Carr
HARDWARE

D TUEG
CTRIC
ANERS

ome Store

l Kitchen Ware

Phone

Thomas

Main St.

ccessories and
canizing

Hand Bags

Leather Goods
d Harness

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r cheeks to get dumb

s—H—s
h—"Do you know
ys a burning heat in

'Sure, I can see the
d days."

Ball Uniforms

Sample Suits

S. Garr

ARDWARE

KERR'S CONFECTIONERY

HOME MADE CANDY & ICE CREAM

HOME COOKED LUNCHES

"Pat It" Powder Puffs

Try our new Marinello Toilet Water

Marinello Tri-Essence

Anything in our line of goods make excellent
graduation gifts.

CLARA FINNEY

HAIR DRESSING PARLOR

10 N. Lundy Street

Salem, Ohio.

"For Economical Transportation"

CHEVROLET

The Elton Motor Co.

192 McKinley Ave.

Phone 927

E. B. DRAKE, Mgr.

NEW SYSTEM BAKERY

For the best in
BAKED GOODS

Free Delivery

Phone 349 J

KUPPENHEIMER SUITS

FOR SPRING

\$35

\$45

\$50

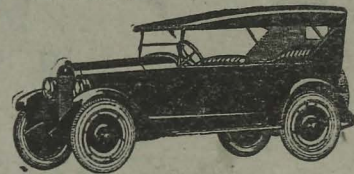
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Salem's Greatest Store For Men and Boys



^{The Good}
MAXWELL

Sales, Service and
General Repairing



SMITH GARAGE

192 EAST 4TH ST.

HURLEY CLOTHES WASHERS

Superior
Oscillator \$95

Superior
Vacuum Cup \$145

Thor \$125

Thor Ironer \$165

The Salem Lighting Company

Phone 48

Shoot's
Chocolates

The Best in
Box Candy

—AT—

CULBERSON'S

57 E. Main Street

Phone 452