

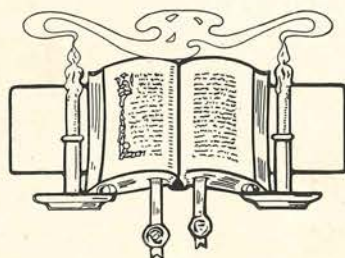
THE QUAKER

Salem High School

1921

"THE QUAKER"

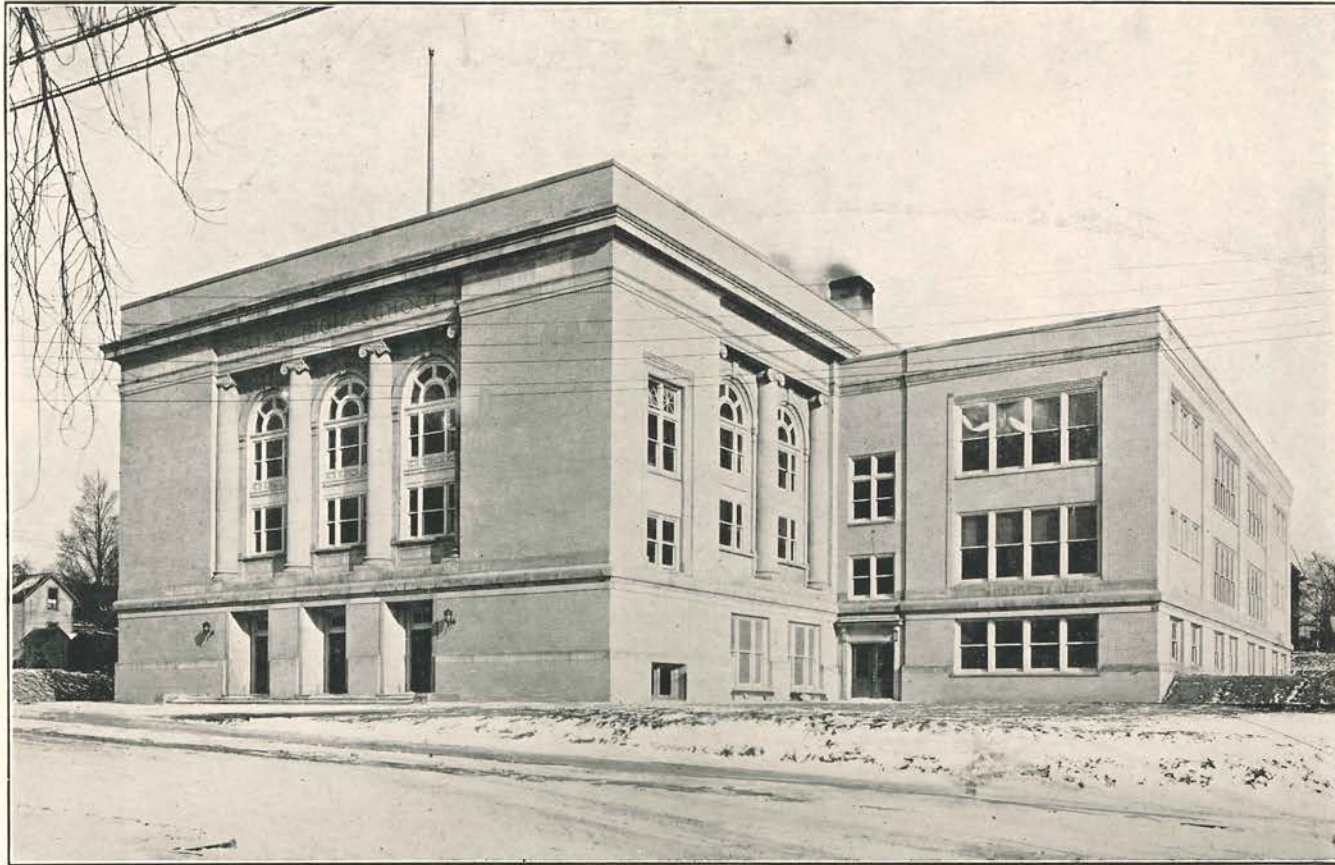
Published by
The Senior Board of Guarantors
of SALEM HIGH SCHOOL



To Miss Alice Clark, who has been our friend and
adviser in times of prosperity and adversity,
we respectfully dedicate this issue
of "The Quaker."

JUNE 1921

1990



This is the school that we love, because here we make strong friendships, and have happy times, and here we get our start on the road to success. We are proud to call this wonderful building OUR SCHOOL. We do not own the school, but the school owns us, and one of our highest aims is to make the school proud of its possessions.

SALEM PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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Faculty of Salem High School

FIRST ROW: Ethel Beardmore, A. B., (Hiram) History; Grace P. Orr, (Pittsburgh Conservatory and Chicago School of Music). Winifred Childs, A. B., (Ohio State) French; Nesta Weaver, A. B., (Mount Union) English; Eloise Scott, A. B., (Hiram) Gen. Science and Mathematics; Ella T. Smith, S. B., (Chicago) Gen. Science and Biology.

SECOND ROW: Alice Clark, A. B., (Vassar) English and Spanish; Eloise Young, A. B., (Michigan) English and Social Subjects; Gertrude Liber, A. B., (Mount Union) Latin; Karl E. Whinnery, A. M., (Wisconsin) History and Civics; Mrs. Phoebe Ryland, (Michigan State Normal) Domestic Science; Hazel Douglas, A. B., (Oberlin) Mathematics.

THIRD ROW: R. D. Owens, (Ohio University) Manual Training; R. H. Hilgendorf, A. B., (St. Johns College) Commercial Subjects; R. P. Vickers, B. S., (Dennison) Science; Douglas Vivian, (Battle Creek) Physical Training.

Due to an accident at the Preliminary Meet on May 4th., Miss Margaret Woods was unable to be in the faculty picture. Miss Woods is a graduate of Mount Union with an A. B. degree.

SENIOR CLASS



CHARLES E. LEASE, President

DOROTHY FAILER, Vice President

PHOEBE STOUDT, Secretary-Treasurer



COLORS:
Purple and Gold



CHARLES E. LEASE,

I am the state.

President of Class '17-19, '20-'21. "Comment,"
"Quaker," Debate, Dramatics.

DOROTHY FAILER,

"He's a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn
the current of a woman's will."

Vice-president of Class '21, Manager Girl's Bas-
ketball Team, Basketball, "Quaker," Dramatics.

PHOEBE STOUDT

On their own merit, modest men are dumb.

Secretary-Treasurer '21,
"Quaker."

JAMES McCLEERY,

He hath not given all his time to books. You can
bank on it, there's no philosophy like bluff.

Track, Dramatics.
Secretary Boys' Association.

JAMES HARRIS,

"You are so good, Hamilton, and I love you for
it; but I see the boy leap into your eyes when I say,
'a little spree'."

"Comment", "Quaker", Dramatics.

RICHARD BREWER,

"What I must do is what concerns me, not what
people think."

Track, Football, Dramatics.

KENNETH BURCAW,

Short and stout and round about and zealous as
can be.

Football, Track.

LAURA BUSH,

"Life's a joke and all things show it; I thought so
once and now I know it."

"Quaker," Dramatics.



REED CALKINS,

I cannot bring my tongue to such a pace.
Dramatics.

MARIAN CAMPBELL,

Know thyself. She hasn't much to say, but when she does, she acts it.
"Quaker," Dramatics.

JOHN CARPENTER,

A few strong instincts and a few plain rules. John has the "rep" of being the nicest little boy. We wonder how many really know him well!
Dramatics.

KATHLEEN CAVANAUGH,

We saw not half the charms her downcast modesty concealed.
Basketball.

CARROL COBOURN,

You can't judge a toad by the length of his hop. City manager—just see where he's hopping to.
Track, Dramatics.

MARION CONKLE,

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."
I'm as free as Nature first made man.
Football, Track, Dramatics, Cheer Leader, Track Captain '21.

ELIZABETH CONSER,

Roses are red, violets are blue; you chase me and I'll chase you.

RUTH DUNLAP,

Eyes too expressive to be blue, too lovely to be gray.
"Still runs the water where the brook goes deep."
Basket Ball.



DOROTHEA DUNN,

Begone, dull care! Thou and I shall never agree.
O Lord, I must laugh!
Basket Ball, Dramatics.

ALFREDA EASTMAN,

"Petite" our little Easterner, has become an indispensable part of our class. We know that in the joyous highway of life, "Petite" is going to be among "les plus grandes."

Entered from Carthage, N. Y., Jan. 23, 1921.

ELSIE FERNENGEL,

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

AUGUSTA FILLER,

"Her voice was even, soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in a woman."

Dramatics, High School Orchestra.

THOMAS FRENCH,

"You know me all—a plain blunt man that love my friend." "All is not gold that glitters." Personally, I have a great admiration for stupidity.

Dramatics.

MARY GETZ,

Oh, what a thing this learning is!

CLARENCE GIBBONS,

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light of toasts that I've made to fellows, 'cause fellows will use me right.

Football, Dramatics.

CAMILLE GLASS,

Give me a good time or give me death. 'Nuf 'ced! We all know those eyes.

Dramatics.



WILLIAM GROSS,

I am the cat that walks by himself, and all places
are alike to me.

Dramatics.

CELESTIAL HARRINGTON,

Waste no time in words.

GERTRUDE HARROLD,

Of manner gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

LEONARD HIVELY,

An indispensable man.

Of souls sincere, in action, faithful and in honor,
clear.

Dramatics.

DOLORES JAMES,

An ounce of discretion and a pound of good heart-
edness.

Nobody can do again what you've done to this
town.

Dramatics.

HAROLD JONES,

Of altogether genial character.

Football, Track.

NAOMI KENT,

Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows, sweet with hay.

JAMES KESSELMIRE,

Oft in the future day, when the clouds hang dark
o'er head, fond memory'll bring us back to the
funny things he said. Pictures of Napoleon—
diamond studs—swagger sticks—calliopes—ticket
seller in a circus.

"Quaker," President of Boy's Association '20-'21.
Manager of Boys' Basket Ball Team. Basket Ball,
Football, Dramatics.



MARY LAMPHER,

Meek and soft and maiden-like.

HAZEL LOTTMAN,

Men? Where have I heard that word?

RUTH LOWRY

American Beauty Roses—black velvet gowns with long trains—brightly lighted ballrooms—peacock feathers.

Dramatics.

ELIZABETH MILLER,

For light's her heart and blithe's her song.

Dramatics, "Quaker."

EDNA MINSER,

The precious gift of steadiness.

DONALD MONTGOMERY,

Wait a minute, wait a minute,, I won't be puzzled!

Dramatics, Debate, "Quaker."

ORA MONTGOMERY,

Soul fraught little piece of earnestness.

ELIZABETH MOORMAN,


Forget-me-nots—Lavander and old lace—an echo-doves.



GENEVIEVE OVINGTON

A gentle maid of rural breeding,
By nature first and then by reading.
Dramatics.

HARRY PARKER.

A veracious and intelligent man.  | |
Dramatics.

CLETUS PAUMIER,

Despatch is the soul of business.
Dramatics, "Quaker."

DOROTHY PAXSON,

A still, small voice,
"I must confess to you, sir, I'm no fighter.—"

ROBERT RHEUTAN,

"Mirth, admit me to thy crew."
Dramatics.

PAUL RICH,

He has common sense in a way that is most un-
common.
Football, Basketball, "Quaker," Dramatics.

MEALIA SHOPE,

For she looked every day,
Fresh as a rose in June.
She's gentle and not fearful.
Dramatics.

HOWARD SMITH,

For mine own part, it was Greek to me.



FRANK SPENCER,

I disagree.

Dramatics, Football, Captain Football Team '20, Basketball, Track, President of Class '18-19, Secretary-Treasurer '17.

DOROTHY SPIKER,

The rare gift of being constantly and eternally herself.

Captain Girl's Basketball Team '21, Basketball, Girls' Track, "Quaker."

GRETA MAE SPIKER

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun.

If I'd only been born a boy, I'd be the happiest man on earth.

Girl's Track, Basketball, President of Girl's Association, '21.

LENA THOMPSON,

The very soul of domesticity.

Is there any one so mean that Lena would not feel sorry for him?

Dramatics, "Quaker."

HAZEL VOTAW,

I oft have heard defended,

"Little said is soonest mended."

GLADYS WARD

She is not forward, but modest as a dove.

ALICE WARD

The world's no better if we worry.

Life's no longer if we hurry.

PETER WELLS,

Although a lion in the field,

A lamb in town thou shalt him find.

Dramatics.



BLANCHE WHITNEY,

The weapon that no enemy can parry,
Is a bold and cheerful spirit.
"Quaker," Dramatics.

DORIS WILSON,

Trittaty trot, trittaty trot,
The faster she went the farther she got.

CHARLES WIRSCHING,

To business that we love, we rise betimes and
go to with delight,

Love is a serious accident.

The worst of having a romance is that it leaves
one so unromantic.

Football, Basketball, Captain Boy's Basketball
'21, Track, Dramatics, "Quaker."

ETHEL WOODRUFF,

Is the kind who does a lot of work that nobody
sees.

She has such a nonchalant air that most people
think she never really works.

Basketball, Secretary-Treasurer of Girl's Asso-
ciation.

LLOYD YODER,

"Well now you see, it was just this way—"

He grew intoxicated with his own eloquence.

Dramatics, "Quaker," Football, Track, Basket-
ball.



JUNIOR CLASS

Miss Liber—"She fills up a place that cannot be so well filled when she hath left it empty."

Miss Beardmore—"A good example is the best sermon."

Charles Alexander—"Drag on, French, I'm still coming."

Mary Louise Astry—"Pleasant to walk with, pleasant to talk with and pleasant to think about."

Clarence Ball—"A good fellow in a quiet way."

Grace Bricker—"Needles and pins, needles and pins, when Caesar ends, Virgil begins."

George Bunn—"Can't hear."

Herman Carnes—"He is hypnotized by his own thoughts."

Alfred Catlin—"I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin."

Eloise Chamberlain—"See how far the little candle throws its gleam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Dorothy Chappel—"One exception to the rule, 'Nobody loves a fat man.'"

Phyllis Cope—"Take the hint and run, Edith, run, or we can't get no courtin' done."

Walter Davis—"He is so far behind the times that the 'Garden of Eden' is a new story."

Wilmer Davis—"Whatever anyone says or does, I must be good."

Theodore DeVenne—"And there is the boy with a three decker brain."

Paul Dow—"I'm not in the common role of men."

Harry Earl—"Out of sight, out of mind."

Frederick Eastman—"Like father, like son."

Catherine Enderlin—"Credits, not men, have always been her mark."

Russell Flick—"Plenty of noise makes a good enough argument for most people."

Charles Floyd—"He took four spools and an old tin can, put them together and the darn thing ran."

Isabelle Gallagher—"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

Josephine Gottschalk—"Jolly good nature beams forth in her smile."

Dallas Hanna—"No one his equal but himself."

Marion Hanna—"He hath an expression of sleep upon his brow."

Anna Mary Hutcheson—"Gangway! 'He's coming down from Alliance this afternoon.'"

Katherine Hutson—"These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues."

William Juergens—"Would that I knew all that I talk about."

Ethel Kaiser—"While others fish with craft for great opinion, I, with great truth, catch mere simplicity."

Rowland Kaplan—"A swelling head always contains a shrinking brain."

Frank Kille—"He kept his honesty and truth, his independent tongue and pen, and moved in manhood as in youth—pride of his fellow men."

Albert Knauf—"I'm seemingly slow of speech and action but—keep your eye on me."

Robert Kridler—"I'm a mistake."

Harold Maeder—"What charms distract my attentions!"

Robert Mathews—"The question is, 'What is the answer?'"

Ada McArtor—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Eleanor McKinley—"The smile that blest one lover's heart, hath broken many more."

Frank Miller—"I'm from Missouri; you'll have to show me."



JUNIOR CLASS

Frank Kille, President

Mary Louise Astry, Vice President

Marion Hanna, Secretary-Treasurer

Priscilla Miskimmins—"I have slept for fifteen years, ay, and the time seems thirty unto me."

Mary Naragon—"Modesty wears no mask to hide it's blushes."

Kenneth Mounts—"He marched the lobby, twirled his stick; the girls all cried, 'He's quite the kick.'"

Willard Naragon—"And thus he bore without abuse, the name of gentleman."

Blanche O'Connell—"Her heart was all on honor bent, she could not stoop to love."

Earl Ormes—"The cook and server each his talent tries and in various figures scenes of dishes rise."

Martha Parks—"Blessed are they who expect nothing—they shall not be disappointed."

Bessie Parks—"A woman of many household virtues."

John Pastier—"I know I'm right; I can't be wrong."

Walter Pearce—"All is not song that twitters."

Orrick Robinson—"You are above the little forms that circumscribe your sex."

Homer Reese—"Oh, simple lad with awkward grace. curly hair and baby face."

Lloyd Robusch—"Who can tell what wonderful ideas are stored above his ears?"

Estella Schaefer—"Kindness in women; not their beauteous looks, shall win my love."

Lee Schaefer—"If it came from Leland's, its a gem."

Elizabeth Schuller—"Keep Smiling,"

Harold Scullion—"I can't get organized."

Harry Sheehan—"It is better to be made a fool of by women, than to be ignored by them."

John Siskowic—"Faint heart never won fair lady."

Dorothy Smith—"Her air so modest, her aspect so meek; so simple, yet sweet are her charms."

Emerson Smith—"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith; fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

Mildred Smith—"Like a shining star—small but bright."

Ruth Steiner—"Playful blushes that seemed nought but luminous escape of thought."

Robert Stirling—"Up to fifteen, a boy has only two ambitions—to smoke and to shave."

Lucille Stratton—"Oh that simplicity and innocence, its own unvalued work so seldom knows."

Nellie Sutter—"The wise man takes a back seat and watches the fool walk into danger."

Raymond Sweney—"Content is mostly due to sleepiness."

Robert Taylor—"Imagination and rubberbands are valued according to how far you can stretch them."

Doris Tetlow—"She'll break your heart; she'd sooner break your jaw."

Percy Tetlow—"That is as good as if I had made it myself."

Frank Townsend—"Happy am I! From care I am free. Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Mary Van Blaricom—"She reasoned without plodding 'long, nor even gave her judgment wrong."

James Vincent—"Shake off slumber and beware! awake! awake!"

Catherine Votaw—"There is more here than doth at first appear."

Langston Williams—"This long-legged Junior boy, is the track-team's pride and joy."

Virginia Wilson—"Practicemakes perfect."

Doris Wisner—"So musical she carries a band on her teeth."

Bessie Zeller—"Speech is silver; silence is golden."

Glen Zeller—"His glances coy have broken many hearts."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Emmor Ackelson—"The frivolous work of polished idleness."

Laura Ackelson—"She was not inclined to labor for herself or for her neighbor, for she dearly loved her ease."

Edward Allen—"In Geometry I'm thought to be some bird, mainly because I'm often heard."

William Baker—"What he says you may believe and pawn your soul upon it."

Genesta Barber—"Of souls sincere; in action faithful and in honor clear."

Joseph Bodo—"I always get the better when I argue alone."

George Bodo—"Always afflicted with sleeping sickness when studying Civics."

Paul Bartchy—"Oh! What is so rare as such bright red hair?"

Henrietta Baellie—"You can have a circus with just her—you don't need any Barnum."

Verna Bolen—"Friends like Verna are very few—she's always willing, always true."

Clyde Bolen—"He seems to be haunted by oral themes; he says they bother him when he dreams."

Helen Bowers—"In dreams you wander far from this lonely sphere."

Evelyn Bowers—"Here and there and everywhere all at once."

Margaret Brewer—"Listen, my children and you shall hear, her voice quivering on the atmosphere."

Vernon Broomall—"Books are the only thing about school he doesn't like."

Ruth Bradley—"Always in a hurry; better to wait an hour than be too late."

Denzil Bush—"We'll be saying soon of a buzz saw. It just buzzed on but I left two fingers."

Hazel Bush—"What is the use of so much talking?"

May Burcaw—"Always spouting Latin in French class."

Alma Burke—"Better late than never."

Harry Calladine—"One could tell he had wheels in his head by the spokes that come out of his mouth."

Florence Calladine—"A group of boys surrounded her, she turned and sweetly smiled; and I looked again and then I saw a dozen boys go wild."

Mildred Cope—"Dreaming, waking, I am weary."

Mary Cosgrove—"There is little of the melancholy in her."

Erla Clay—"Thou art wise and questeth well."

Clare Davis—"Napoleon was small."

Ruth Dressel—"What was the question again: did you say—?"

Josephine Dunn—"She doesn't talk very much but anyway she interests us."

Thomes Fawcett—"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modesty and humility."

Morgan Forney—"It doesn't take an astronomer to see this shining star, 'cause in the world of foolishness, his stock's way above par."

Esther Frederick—"Yet it was ne'er my fate from thee to find, a deed ungentle or a word unkind."

Arthur Greenamyre—"Inclined to light thoughts."

Lucile Gallagher—"That's nothing to what I could say if I chose."

Elizabeth Gibbons—"I shall think and that is silence."

Carrie Gilson—"How soberly she passeth by."

Helen Goodwin—"Those rippling waves make one so seasick that he must look thru glasses."

Theodore Gregg—"I have never seen anything worth while getting angry about."

Mary Ellen Grove—"Brisk as a bee and almost as small but matchless in freckles."

Ruldoph Gunesch—"Thru his earnest efforts he has done much to reclaim the forests."

Charles Hassey—"Up at six-thirty with a broad smile, out to the hospital and back for the mile."

Lera Harris—"She came to school with her sweet curly hair? She smiled, he smiled, yes, Wallie was there."

Nellie Haldeman—"Full of laughter, full of cheer, Nellie never shed a tear."

Kathryn Hagen—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Harold Harmon—"He would make an ideal husband."

Gertrude Hirtz—"My heart! I forgot to study my English."

Stella Himmelpach—"Talking, she knew not why nor cared not what."

Ruth Hock—"A soul as even as a calm."

Ruth Hodge—"There was a girl named Ruth Hodge; all her lessons she loved to dodge."

Lucy Hole—"What she undertakes, she does."

Florence Hoffmaster—"Does she approve of woman suffrage? Just ask her and see!"

Loren Herbert—"The Geometry class wonders how he crowds so many things into one small theorem."

May Hurray—"Her spirit is at peace with all."

Mary Iler—"Quiet, reserved and studious was she."

Jennie Jensen—"What Jennie means and what she says are two different things."

Cecelia Judge—"Oh, so bashful and sedate, quietest girl in many a state."

Blanche Kaiser—"A serious, sincere character."

William Kendig—"I wasn't talking"

Ruth Kent—"Oh, Ruth, why art thou a woman? Thou ought to be a man."

Esther Kelley—"She can't help talking."

Anna Klose—"Anna is so gentle and kind, she's one of the nicest I have in mind."

Esther Knepper—"Esther Knepper as you can see, is always as busy as she can be."

Elmer Lather—"I wonder what Elmer carries in his right breast pocket?"

Russel Limestahl—"Grinning, his favorite occupation."

Lloyd Loop—"Oh, the old swimming pool in the long, lazy days, when the humdrum of school made so many run-long-a-ways."

Raymond Lowry—"Let me be boss."

Harvey Lottman—"He hath an expression of sleep upon his brow."

Kenneth Mather—"A good Sophomore always ready to make himself useful to all."

William McKeown—"He lives in Sebring, eats in Youngstown and loafs in Salem."

Chester Mellinger—"I'm here, but where are my thoughts?"

Elizabeth Miller—"We fear for Elizabeth Miller's fate, she is slow—she's always late."

Arleen Miller—"Does anyone ever remember when I had my Ceasar translated?"

Lawrence Murphy—"Tis said his parents didn't come from Ireland; they're still there."

Marguerite Murphy—"I've heard of a lady and good words went with her name."

Kathryn Nelson—"I don't mean that--er."

Lois O'Connell—"Lois O'Connell is very bright; she'll get her lessons if it takes all night."

Charles Oertel—"Oh, cloaked in deepest silence, wouldn't you be moved to violence?"

Michael O'Keefe—"In the world he's bound to shine; farming is his chosen line."

Walter O'Neil—"Hot Lucille!"

Raymond Parshal—"Watch his name, look him over—he's as lucky as a four-leaf clover."

Bertille Paumier—"There is a girl called Bertille Paumer, and let me tell you, she's a little dear."

Gladys Probert—"No force, persuasion, or nothing could alter her."

Alma Ritchie—"A still small voice."

Harold Riley—"After school, to the country he plods away; the perfect ending of another weary day."

John Roth—"Too many girls in Salem are sending him back to the old country—because red hair attracts."



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Kenneth Mather, President

Evelyn Boyd, Vice President

Chris Roessler—"A foot-ball player of great renown, you'll not find his equal in any town."

Richard Roose—"His shining forehead, his head down deep gives the impression he's always asleep—but he is not."

Ray Schilling—"A dimple on either cheek has she, and romping is her speciality."

Clarence Schmid—"He saves his shoe-polish for his hair."

Paul Schmid—"Here lies the remains of old Paul Schmid; he used his eye for a catcher's-mitt."

Carey Schroy—"Carey Schroy is a good little boy; French seems to be his joy."

Louise Scullion—"Sunny, happy and always cheerful. Oh, how I hope she will never be tearful."

Florence Schaffer—"A country seldom heard from."

Mildred Sheehan—"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, and if she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

Irene Steiner—"A perfect lady Irene is; and in sports, my dear, she's just a whiz."

Newton Stirling—"Fishing, always fishing."

John Simonds—"Where are your wandering thoughts, while French is being assigned?"

Forest Sitler—"His mind runs in grooves mathetic; his life will be quite systematic."

Wallace Stewart—"He has the power of a magnet."

Eleanor Tolerton—"You can't make me like that book."

Eva Thompson—"Eva is a merry little sprite; she's a dandy kid all right."

Harriet Triem—"Harriett, a girl of many delights; the best—he comes on Sunday nights."

Henrietta Tucker—"Fair and nice, a little plump, she made Sam's heart go bumpity bump."

Helen Van Kirk—"There's a little girl named Helen Van Kirk; and work's a thing she never did shirk."

Ruth Van Syoc—"It's not hard for her to take medicine if it comes from Lease's."

Brooke Votaw—"Gay laughter, fairy like in his movements."

Virginia Walpert—"A cast of thought upon her face that suited well her forehead high, the eyelash dark and downcast eye."

Margaret Wensley—"On with the dance!"

Alma Whinnery—"Basket-ball is her game; she's made lots of girls look tame."

Ellen Wright—"Very quiet and demure is she, the kind of a girl one ought to be."

Raymond Wilkins—"Sticky' is the other name, getting stuck in the mud, won him fame."

Donald Wood—"Barney Oldfield eats his dust."

Fred Ziegler—"Fred, oh Fred! you're an awful tease, what wouldn't you do, the girls to please?"

Kenneth Ziegler—"Never quiet, never still, has a time getting his Ford up the hill."

Ralph Zimmerman—"I've never studied quite so hard in all my life before, I am afraid that I shall die before this year is o'er."

FRESHMEN CLASS

LeRoy Allen—"My mother's kiss made me a painter."

Jeanette Andrew—"I don't know anything."

Herbert Arnold—"I can draw anything from a bucket of water to a steamboat."

James Askey—"There's nobody home in Jim Askey's dome."

Esther Bartram—"Peggy used to be bashful, but—?"

Eleanor Bates—"She must like algebra," they say, "for she went to three classes the very first day."

Orville Bates—"What would happen if he ever mentioned girls?"

Margaret Becker—"Few words are said; but those that are, are carefully chosen."

Clara Beech—"Speaking of giggles! Clara takes the medal."

Lucille Bell—"Dreams full oft are found of real events."

Alberta Bingham—"To be grave exceeds all power of face."

Karl Bonfert—"When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Fred Bova—"Fred wants to invent a way of delivering bananas by wireless."

Frank Bricker—"Wants to run the 440, but his legs don't."

Raymond Bricker—"Tis pleasant through the loop holes of retreat to peep at such a world."

Hester Brown—"Up and doing!"

Robert Bullard—" 'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange."

Kathryn Bundy—"Well, you'd be surprised."

Elizabeth Bunn—"Without a look, which tells everyone what she is looking for."

Elmer Bush—"Dutch" believes in the maxim "Laugh and grow fat."

Martha Calkins—"Championship high jumper. May she go still higher!"

Beulah Carnes—"Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside."

John Cavanaugh—"Thou art a fellow of good respect."

Joseph Chamberlain—"A scientific fact."

Floyd Chappel—"He regrets that there is but one more month to rest before school closes."

Bohus Cibula—"Seldom sober."

Harold Cody—"He talketh continually, but maketh no sense."

Edris Coffee—"Oh! Did you see that fellow?"

Wade Coffee—"Announcement! Those waves in his hair 'just grew.'"

Donald Cope—"Books the best companions are to me."

Edith Cope—"To know her is to love her."

Mary Helen Cornwall—"If music be the food of love—play on!"

Kenneth Crouch—"In conversation, boldness now holds sway."

Erla Crowl—"I don't care; it made me mad!"

Lester Crutchley—"I dare do all that may become a man."

Helen Cyrus—"We learn through trials."

Mary Dales—"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can, be clever."

Verda Davis—"The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Franklin Davidson—"My salad days, when I was green in judgment."

Isabelle Derr—"In framing an artist, Art hath thus decreed; to make some good, but others to exceed."

Ethel Dixon—"Come and trip it, as ye go, on the light fantastic toe!"

Naomi Derr—Be silent always when you doubt the sense, and speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.

Wallace Dole—Things without remedy should be without regard.

Leland Duncan—When a fellow needs a friend, Toady's there.

Eric Eastman—Son of a preacher, but full of the devil!

Donald Elton—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Leone Farmer—And she talked. Oh, how she talked!

Mary Louise Fawcett—"One thing is forever good; that one thing is success."

James Ferguson—A record breaker in tardiness.

Matilda Fernengel—Maiden with meek brown eyes, in whose orbes a shadow lies.

Dorothy Feree—Act well your part; there all the honor lies.

Bertha Fink—"Our aim is happiness."

Helen Flick—" 'Tis nobleness to serve."

Ethel Flukiger—Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams.

Charles Frantz—Enjoys staying in 204 after 3:30 (?)

Edna French—Changeable but adorable!

George Fronk—I'll say he has the gift of gab."

Arlan Fultz—"Man wants but little here below."

Augusta Gabler—Slow, slower, slowest.

Nerr Gaunt—"How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell."

Margaret Getz—Content thyself to be obscurely good.

Neil Grisez—Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow nature had written—Gentleman.

Julia Groves—Laughter, holding both his sides.

Ralph Hannay—The human butterfly!

Paul Harrington—"Freckles."

Harold Harris—Really, the man won't let us know that he's alive.

Emmett Harroff—He bears himself like a gentleman.

Harold Harsh—"How's come?"

Edward Heplar—Silence is commendable.

Ralph Hickey—"I have done some service."

Eugene Hill—And, still they looked, and still their wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew.

Forest Hill—He was a scholar, and a right good one.

Willid Holloway—"Work is my recreation."

Esther Hoopes—A noble type of good heroic womanhood.

Anna Hoprich—How natural is joy.

Harold Hutcheson—Zeal and duty are not slow.

Ruth Isensee—Linked sweetness, long drawn out.

Julius Jeffries—"S'posin'."

Kenneth Jones—"Now from head to foot, I am marble, constant."

Edward Judge—To be strong is to be happy.

Helen Judge—By the time she enlarges her vocabulary, she'll talk more slowly, to insure correct choice.

John Kaley—But still his tongue ran on.

Kenneth Kelley—When there's foolishness anywhere, you'll find a Freshman, named Kelley, there.

Winifred Kempton—"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Ruth Kirby—Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

Elizabeth Kirk—Her ways are ways of pleasantness.

George Konnert—Friends I have made.

Russell Kuhl—If he were as wise as he looks, he would outdo the proverbial owl.

Margaret Landenberger—"I count myself in nothing else so happy, as in soul, remembering my good friends."

Lucile Lippert—Neither man nor angles can discern.

Richard Manzilla—A jolly good fellow called "Gizeh."

Thomas Martin—"Hel-p." Yes, he usually need's it.

Alexander McLaughlin—"I'm not prepared."

Russell McGaffic—The modern "Wamba."

Vera Mellinger—With a look guaranteed to kill anything in sight (if "anything" be masculine).

Mary Menning—If she'd ever sing as she speaks, she'd outdo Schuman-Heink.

Irene Miller—"I've done my duty, and I've done no more."

John Moffit—A barren-spirited fellow.

Dorothy Moore—Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Vernetta Moores—How sweet and gracious even in common speech.

Albert Mullett—Has completed, but not realized, an air castle begun at 8:45 A. M.

Ursula Mullins—With hair of slightly tarnished gold, and a heart that's neither sad nor cold.

George Murphy—He knows enough.

Elizabeth Murvai—"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

Orein Naragon—Here again, there again, gone again, Naragon.

Winifred Ormes—If 100's were rainstorms, she surely would be wet.

Josephine Pasco—With just enough of learning to mis-quote.

Doris Parsons—Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.

Floyd Parsons—How long! Oh, how long!

Edwin Probert—On life's vast ocean, diversely we sail.

Elizabeth Reese—Nothing lovelier can be found in woman, than to study household good.

Ethel Reno—Or light, or dark, or short, or tall, she sets a spring to snare them all.

Kenneth Russell—"All's well that ends well."

Dora Segall—Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much, wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Michael Schuller—His highest ambition is to argue with St. Peter.

Catherine Shaffer, "Wasn't it?"

Ethel Shears—Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.

Elizabeth Shope—Grace and virtue are within.

Cecilia Shriver—She is gentle and modest, retiring and good. She always acts as a lady should.

William Siferd—"We call Bill 'Sneeze,' for when he's around there's always a breeze."

Francis Simonds—We wonder if he's going to become a professor of English.

Kenneth Slocum—"Hath Britain all the sun that shines?"

Faye Slutz—How far that little candle throws its beams!

Alden Smith—His pastime is work. (?)

Elizabeth Speidel—Sweetly demure, and demurely sweet.

Frances Speidel—She vamped and vamped and—"oh! it was pathetic."

Raymond Spiker—"I and my bosom must debate a while."

Helen F. Stewart—All rests with those who read.

Margaret Stewart—Credits, not men, are her aims!

Deborah Stratton—Happiness was born a twin.

Herman Stratton—A farmer traveling with his load.

Katherine Stratton—She flirts, flirted, has flirted, and will flirt until—!?!

Olive Stratton—"Whispering."

Russell Stratton—The hidden powers of this man are hard to comprehend.

Ruth Sweeney—A man hater, absolutely!

Haidie Talbot—"Children should be seen, not heard."

Donald Thompson—"But you, gods, will give us some faults to make us men."

Charles Vaughn—"I don't believe it's that way."

George Vollmer—Archbishop of Cranberry.

Consuelo Walker—Your gentleness shall force more than your force move us to gentleness.

Paul Walton—"Deacon" knows everybody's troubles but his own.

Edith Ward—The gravity and stillness of your youth.

Ethel Weingart—"Oh, girls, you can't guess whom I have a date with tonight."

Lee Weingart—"Man is dust. Dust settles down. Be a man."

Aleene Whinery—Very bashful when it comes to reciting.

Lowell Whinnery—Happy the man whose wish and care a few paternal acres bound.

Wilbur Whitcomb—Likes to talk of his beloved Lizzie.

Margaret Woodruff—"Buss" likes her

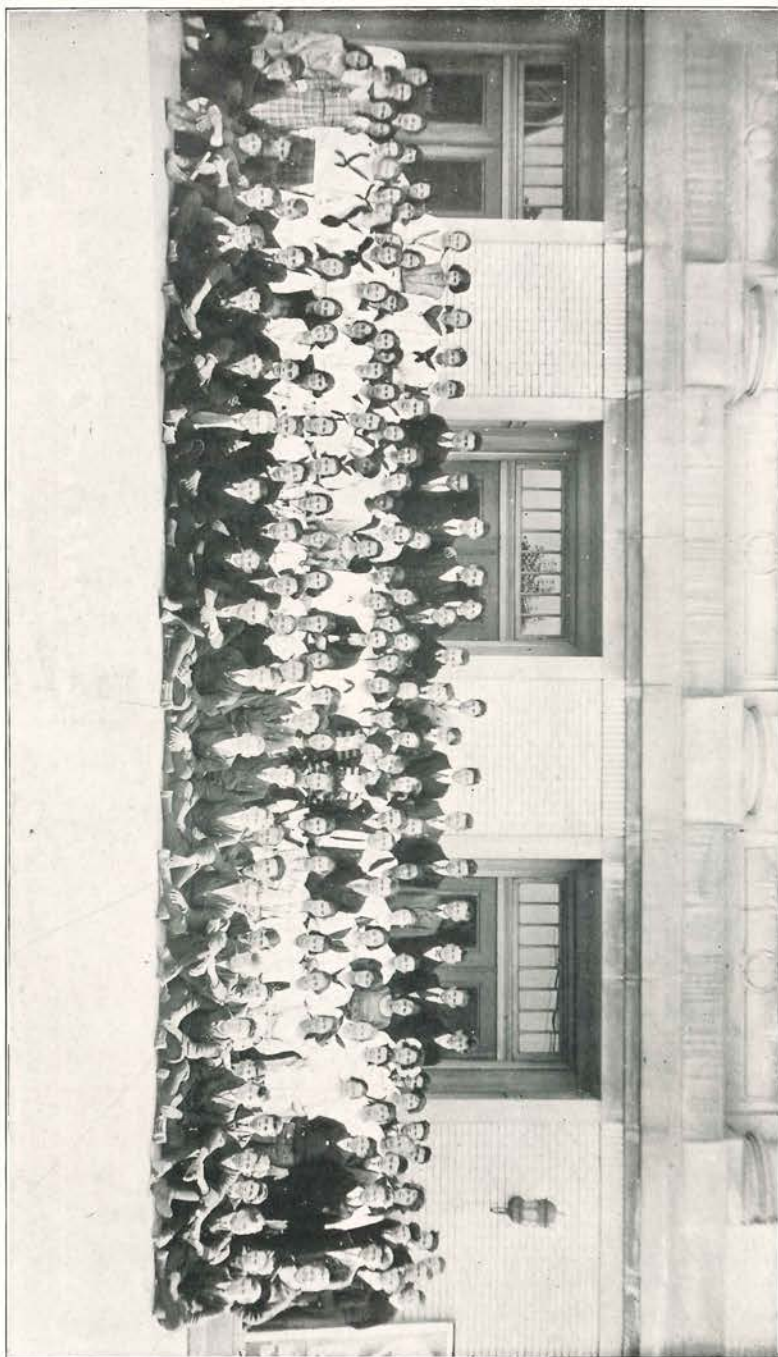
nickname, we wonder why—she bobbed her hair?!

Arthur Yengling—"Pude" will never be a carpenter, because he throws the hammer more than 100 feet.

Ross Yengling—And leaning back, he yawned, and fell asleep.

Fred Yoder—Red hair seems to attract girls. Go to it, Fred!

Milan Zatko—What brains thou hast not, are not worth having.



FRESHMAN CLASS

THE QUAKER

Salem High School

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EDITORIAL

The editor of the "Quaker" has been fortunate in securing an address for the June issue from Mr. Whinnery. This address "School Spirit," is better than any editorial that might have been written by a student. It will be especially prized by "Quaker" readers, since Mr. Whinnery leaves Salem High School at the close of this year. It has been our aim to make this annual one which you will be proud to keep and possess in future years. This address will make it all the more valuable as a source of our yesteryears.

—C. E. L.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Practically every pupil who enters our school is eager to enter into as many of its various activities as possible, that he may receive the full benefit of his attendance. Older members of the student body tell him that to do this he must get "some school spirit." So, whether he understands exactly what it means or not, he does his best to get it, and soon he also will be talking about his spirit, urging everybody else to show it.

I fear, however, that in the minds of the older pupils as well as the new ones there is too much vagueness as to just what this term means. There is always danger in catch phrases. It is too easy to take them up and repeat them without understanding their real meaning. I believe too few pupils could give a good definition of school spirit. I shall give my idea of it in this article.

There is little chance for a difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word "spirit" as it is used here. In my mind it carries the meaning of enthusiastic support. But what are these new pupils asked to support with enthusiasm? To get the full meaning of school spirit we must thoroughly understand the word "school."

This high school is supported by taxes, paid by the general public for the purpose of taking boys and girls, training them for four years, and turning them over to this general public, better and more useful citizens than they would have been without this opportunity. The whole purpose of the school then is the development of useful and good citizens.

In the first place, how can a pupil train to become most useful to his community? To be most useful he must work his best. To be able to work his best in after years he must begin right now to develop the habit of good, faithful work. This is an aim of the school and is the clear duty of anyone who has the school spirit. No loafer can claim acquaintance with real school spirit.

Then we are to produce good citizens.

Our graduates are sure to differ in ability, but it is possible for the all to be good respectable citizens, and to do their best. To develop the highest possible moral character in our pupils is our greatest aim. We want them to be clean, to be able to judge between right and wrong and to stand firmly for the right. Anyone of our numbers who disregards these principles has failed completely to sense the genuine spirit of the school.

Let us look for a moment at some of the misconceptions of the term. To many pupils, school spirit means simply the attendance of athletic contests and rallies and the exercising of their voices. This may be school spirit, if it is linked with the two conditions outlined above. If not, it means nothing. In this connection a few pupils consider it their duty to attend games and support the home team by abusing the visitors. These pupils are enemies of school spirit, for rudeness and unfairness are opposed to the aims of our school life. Others have the idea that this spirit means taking part in athletics, dramatics and other school activities. These certainly are evidences of school spirit if the participants have accepted the aims of hard work and good behavior. If not, they are simply taking advantage of the school to do things they enjoy, and in return rebel against the real aims of the school by neglecting their work and by being careless in their conduct. Never let such a person enjoy the reputation of having school spirit. He hasn't begun to learn what it means.

This spirit then cannot be measured by a single example of a pupil's activity. We must follow him into all phases of school life, in the class room, in the game, on the side lines, on the stage, on the street, in his home. If we do this and find him earnest in his work, clean in words and actions, courteous to his school mates, respectful and obedient to his parents—in other words, if we find him doing his best to make a good and useful citizen, he will be fulfilling the aims of the school and will have its spirit.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON CAST—SENIOR PLAY.

Given February 17th., at the High School Auditorium.



"YOKOHAMA MAID"

As there was no halftone available for Miss Orr's Music play, "Yokohama Maid" given March 24th. and 25th., we are giving here the cast.

THE CAST

Takasi	} Heralds	{	Doris Wisner	Kissimee.....	Katherine Nelson
Wau-kee			Kenneth Mounts	Tung Waga.....	Ruth Lowry
Wakasi			Harry Calladine	Hilda.....	Elinor Tolerton
Muvon Yu.....			James Kesselmire	Pauline.....	Laura Bush
Ah No.....			Arthur Smith	Cora.....	Lena Thompson
Fatedo.....			George W. Bunn	Kitty.....	Mildred Smith
Knogudi.....			Walter Pearce	Anna.....	Ruth Isensee
Harry Cortcase.....			Charles Lease	Stella.....	Evalyn Boyd
O Sing-a-Song.....			Dorothy Failer		



S. H. S. Football Team

BACK ROW: (left to right) Manager Gibbons, Conkle, O'Neil, Yoder, Kesselmire, Sterling, Coach Vivian.

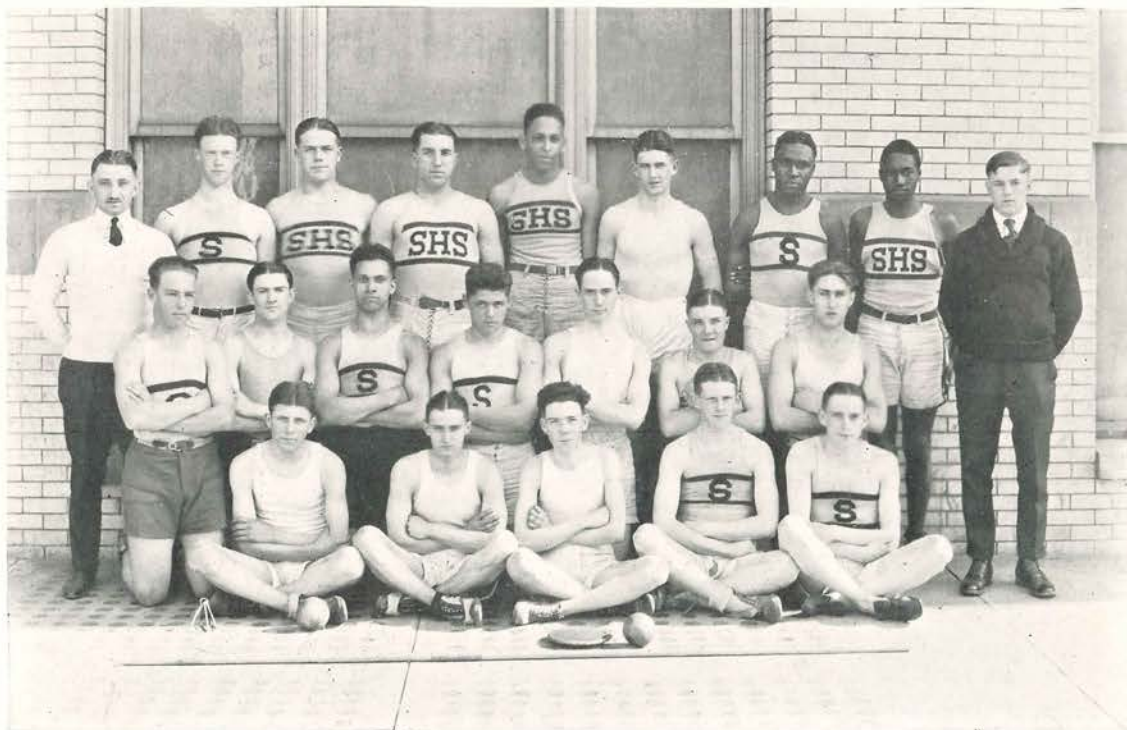
CENTER ROW: McCleery, Burcaw, Liber, Smith, Roessler, Brewer.

FRONT ROW: Bunn, Hassey, Spencer, Siskowic, Rich.

'20-S.H.S. Basket Ball Teams-'21



S. H. S. Track, '21



After Track Practice

All is not peace and quiet after track practice in the dressing room, as one may easily find out if he stays about the school building until about five-thirty. About the first thing he will hear is the harmonious voices of the many warblers who compose the track team. Aside from singing, the bunch has a couple of other ways to pass away the time.

Some of the more hard-hearted fellows enjoy themselves by snapping towels at some unsuspecting creature who is otherwise occupied than by watching for any such

occurrence. Another main diversion for some fellows is tying knots in clothes. These fellows busily occupy themselves in this manner while the others are in the showers. When the victims come out they are immediately given the ha, ha. They have to take it good naturedly or perhaps they will get something worse.

Such are the misdemeanors and pranks which please and thrill the souls of youth.

—John Siskowic, '22.



Pearce: How can I drive this nail without smashing my finger?

Davis: Hold the hammer with both hands.

S ♦ H ♦ S

"The jig's up," said the undertaker as he buried the man, who had just died with the St. Vitus dance.

S ♦ H ♦ S

"Describe water, Herman," said the teacher.

"Water," explained Carnsie, "is a white fluid that turns black when I put my hands in it."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Lives of great men all remind us,

We can be as great as they,
And departing leave behind us

All we cannot take away.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Freshman: "What a lovely ring! Is it silver?"

Senior: "No, platinum."

Freshman: "You don't say! I tho't it was real. What good imitations they do make now-a-days."

S ♦ H ♦ S

The caveman used to drag his bride to the altar by the hair of her head.

I see. A girl who wore false hair stood a good chance of dying an old maid.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Capt. Brewer: "Gross, can you play ball?"

Bill: "Sure, I used to play in the league."

Brewer: "What league?"

Bill: "Epworth League."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Elizabeth (giving letters to Ruth): "Post 'em; there's a reason."

Dy'e ya keep alkerhol in your radiator during the winter Hy?

No, by cracky; I keeps it in my pocket and stay in the car.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Dorothy: "Aren't his fingers unusually active for a piano player?"

Emy: "Why, you see he used to be a cheer-leader in a deaf and dumb school."

S ♦ H ♦ S

My bonnie bent over the gas tank,
The height of the contents to see;
He lighted a match to assist her—
Oh! bring back my bonnie to me.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Even the Freshmen know Lloyd Yoder's got big feet.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Little Boy: "Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?"

Mother: "Why certainly, dear."

Little Boy: "But mother I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

Mother: "No dear, men get in with a close shave."

S ♦ H ♦ S

What do you do, young man?

Hassey: "Me? I'm a life saver."

A life saver?

Hassey: "Sure, I propose to girls and then don't marry 'em, for if I did they'd starve to death."

S ♦ H ♦ S

A woman will spend eight hours cleaning the house when she expects company, and then spend the next eight hours, apologizing because the house is so untidy.

"My heart's with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his sea sick friend, as he took a firm grip on the rail.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Hink: "Did you know Emy lost three fingers shooting dice?"

Zeke: "No. How did he do it?"

Hink: "He didn't know they were 'loaded.'"

S ♦ H ♦ S

She (critically). "I never could see much in those crepe-de-chine dresses."

She (also a critic), "Ah, my dear but you never looked at them in the right light."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Teacher: "You dirty boy! Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

Butch: "What was it?"

Teacher: "Eggs."

Butch: "Wrong, that was yesterday."

Of course it's none of our business, but we saw some fellows out at the prelim's who owned bath-robes but we bet they don't remember the last time they had a bath.

S ♦ H ♦ S

Raymond: "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Helen: "You know I hate the taste of tobacco."

S ♦ H ♦ S

"Begorry" said an Irishman who was watching another Irishman go through some exercises, "Ye kape yer mouth as wide open as if ye were Columbus the first time he saw New York."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Red French: "Oh, Ma! come on out and kick the football with me."

S ♦ H ♦ S

What's the Bird of Paradise?

Alex: "Chicken."

S ♦ H ♦ S

Dear Editor: "I told you when I left that I was coming down here for a little rest and a change. Well the porter's got the change and the hotel got the rest. See you later."

MY FIRST MURDER

It was at the club I met him. We boys were camping out there. One day he came up to the tent and came in without knocking. It was probable all the rest of the campers would have done the same thing. I thought nothing of it at first. None of the young ladies liked him. I wondered why. I guess it was a woman's intuition. I later found him to be a scoundrel.

At first he amused me with his antics and I considered him quite harmless but later on he seemed to want to stay.

He was always wanting something to eat at our expense. A couple of times we chased him out, more in fun than anything else, but we hoped he would take it to heart.

Then he started to playing mean

tricks on us. You know how a person needs his shoestring when camping and how mad he would be if he broke one. One day I came up to the tent, finding my friend in a terrible frenzy. He held up a broken shoe string and said: "He did it." I knew who "he" was. After three or more mean things like that my amusement turned to dislike; my dislike to hate. At last I said I would kill him on sight. I carried a hunting knife on my belt.

And then I caught him in our food. I sprang forward to catch him, drawing my knife at the same time.

Not till I saw the blood on my hands did I realize. I had killed him—the only mouse at the Country Club.

—Herman Carnes, '22.

FAREWELL! SENIORS

This time of the school year is always a time of rejoicing—the time when we know that in a week or two we shall end the long tiresome school season, a time when the world itself is full of laughter, sunshine and music from a million rejoicing birds.

But even with all this joy, a tinge of sadness insists on forcing its way into our thoughts. For this is also a time of leave-taking, when many of our schoolmates look upon these walls in their capacity as students for the last time. From now on, they will not look at this school as a place where they take up each day's duties with a weary heart. They will rather look back upon it as a place where they spent the happiest days of their youth.

We, who see them go, are glad of the successful completion of their studies, but are

also sorry they are leaving us. They were our friends and helpers. They helped carry Salem's banners over the defeated teams of our enemies on the athletic field and track. Who indeed can help feeling this sadness as they look back on the familiar walls of Salem High and as they see these friends and backers leaving us for other fields of activity? He or she who lacks these feelings must indeed be a heartless one.

So Seniors, your classmates and fellow students who, by following your examples hope to carry the red and black further on to victory, though sorry to see you go, wish you every success and happiness in all your future enterprises, whether in the classroom or in other fields. Farewell.

—Morgan Forney, '23.

Parliamentary Procedure of a Class Meeting

Place—One evening in a parlor where a minority of the class was represented.

President: "Gentlemen and classmates, there still remains a surplus undisposed of." "I move we throw a banquet", replied one in the class. "I move we don't," said another.

President: "It is moved and seconded we don't—all in favor show dignity by sitting down. Motion is carried. Now we are in a position to take up—."

"Mr. President, that vote was illegal. There ain't a quorum here to say 'we can't have a banquet.'"

President: "The gentlemen objects on point of honor. Mr. Secretary, how many members are there in our class?"

Secretary: "I think there were about one hundred plus twenty minus forty which leaves eighty at the last dance."

President: "There is a quorum lacking. The objection of the gentlemen from 'the last county heard from' is sustained. According to Hoyle, however, we are now sitting as a committee of the whole, empowered to direct all issues. Proceed with the concession."

"I move we 'throw a dance!'"

"I move we don't!"

President: "Motion moved and endorsed that we don't. All in favor signify by silence. Motion is not—."

Member: "Division of the house, Mr. President—I call for a second ballot!"

"Say! how many times do you have to win our vote?"

President: "There is a division of the house."

Member: "Mr. President, a house divided against itself cannot stand—I move we adjourn in time!"

"Mr. President, how many times do we have to win our vote? I move we 'throw a dance' by secret ballot."

"I move we throw out the President!"

"I move we don't!"

President: "It has been moved and seconded that we don't. All not in favor of the president, signify by moving into the corridor."

"Mr President, how many times do we have to win our vote?"

Mr. President, (very much put out after some exciting moments): "Meeting is adjourned." —Kathleen Cavanaugh, '21.

IF IT WERE ONLY TRUE

My only sorrow is, that in this life that I have to live, dreams do not come true. There are some bad dreams, as well as the good and interesting ones. I must admit that I would not want the bad ones to come true. Taking every thing into consideration the good ones mostly outweigh the bad ones. This proves the statement that, "there is a little bit of bad in every good thing."

When I had the fever, I used to dream with great vigor. I didn't even want to be bothered with taking my medicine. This is a proof that my dreams must have been interesting. One of the dreams that I remember was the great ability I had for doing work and doing it with great speed and skill. In my dreams I used to be the owner of one of the best makes of tractors that can be had at this time, which is the Cleveland. I used to haul coal from the Reese coal bank to the American Steel and Wire Company. With this one tractor I would sometimes haul as many as five wagons at a time. I remember when I would go up through town, everybody would stand along the curbing staring at me with the five wagons loaded with coal, trailing along behind me, and the tractor making such a noise that the people would hold their ears.

The people soon came to see the value of my tractor and I began to get orders from everybody in the city, so I was forced to get about fifty more tractors. Then the problems arose, "where would I keep the tractors?" The problem was finally solved for I hired a barn over on East High street which served the purpose. I soon had men working day and night at the barn keeping

my tractors in repair and running them around to the different customers. This kept up for a short length of time, when I soon sold out to a rich man from Cleveland.

With the money I had earned I went to Michigan State university. Here, my cousin from Youngstown shared a room with me. We both wanted an auto so we went out to the Ford factory at Detroit and had special Fords made for us. They were made just alike so the only way we could tell them apart was the way we kept them in the little garage we had built.

During the school year I became the star football player of the century. I simply could not be stopped when once I got my hand on the ball. They played football very differently from the way we do down here. Here the persons with the ball can make a touch-down with out doing any fancy stunts. But up at Michigan State everything was different. When I would get the ball, the opposing team would always run to our goal line and stand there in line and wait for me. There was also a wire fence stretched across the goal line so that in order to make a touch-down it was necessary to jump through this fence. I would run very hard until I got to the fence and then walk very slowly, then without any effort on my part I would dive through the fence in spite of the efforts of the opposing team. At the end of each game I would be carried out on the shoulders of the fellows.

This is just a sample of the number and kind of dreams I had when I was sick and I only wish that some of them would come true.
—Thomas French, '21.

There's Nothing on the Level Any More

There's nothing on the level any more.

Why! The world itself is round—just think it o'er.

And sometimes I have an inkling

That the very stars a-twinkling
Are electric lights on some far distant shore.

I could bet the moon's a spot-light in
the sky;

And the clouds just moving pictures passing
by.

Why sometimes I have a notion

That they even salt the ocean;

There's nothing on the level any more.

—Mildred Sheehan, '23.

FRIEND FORD

Perhaps man has no affliction quite so terrible as a Ford. A Ford is the lowest division of that species of germs known as abbreviated "gas wagons." A Ford is guaranteed for life-time, that is a Ford's life-time. A Ford can climb higher hills than a Cadillac, but usually a Ford never reaches the hill. A Ford can run on its reputation almost as well as on gasoline, and then you have to push it to keep it from going backwards. However I have a true story to tell about a Ford.

About a year ago after the ice of winter had melted and the ground had thawed, and was soft and apparently bottomless, I led our friend "Rolls Rough" out for an airing. It had been dry-docked for some time. I filled the radiator with "aqua typhum," put in a little Freedom dilute solution of crude petroleum, pulled the primer, turned the crank, and away we—Oh no, not yet! You know a Ford starts in the winter with great difficulty. You must prime it for five minutes, crank it for ten minutes, and then if it doesn't go, give it up. I did all this and it wouldn't go, so I got some hot water to pour on the manifold to make it feel better, or in other words to warm "friend Ford's" heart, I turned the crank and after puffing, and sputtering and complaining away we go.

I said before that the ground was very soft, we managed to get out the drive by running partly on the brick walk and partly on the grass. The streets were wet and slippery. Our friend Ford was shod with non-skid tires; these tires are guaranteed not to skid except when there is something to skid on. We attended to some business in the "big city" and then departed for home

again. This Ford had no lights. One scientific question is, "what happened to a light when it goes out." One other question is, "what happens to a Ford when the lights go on." I can't answer this because I forget the last time our Ford was illuminated. It happened that the street lights were not on beyond the railroad that beautiful moon-less night. We're so far away from Salem that the electricity doesn't often find the lights. We're never robbed because burglars can't find us. We at last felt our way to the end of the drive. Of course we intended to drive in on the grass and bricks again but we couldn't see either and the "Rolls Rough" didn't have enough instinct to find its way. We got halfway up the drive when the Ford began to sink. I pulled down the gas lever, put it into low, progressed, reversed, but the Ford only sank deeper. I got out and watched it sink. I felt like a shipwreck on a barren island watching his ship sink under the waves. I got planks and boards and bricks and worked for two hours. I then gave it up. I put boards under the axles so they couldn't sink in the mud, and went to bed.

After I had been in bed for a half hour I remembered that there was water in the radiator and I knew it would freeze. I got up, dressed and went out and drained out the water. Then I retired to dream of Fords.

The next day a team of horses pulled the Ford out of the now frozen ground and it was run into the dry dock again. I think that the owners of Fords ought to practice Christian Science. I know I just about lost my seat in heaven on account of "friend Ford."
—Charles Lease, '21

IMMORTALITY

A touch of heaven; breaking of the dawn;
A glow of sunlight thru a sky of gloom;
Ethereal joy, erasing phantoms wan,
Of sorrow, fear of death and yawning
doom;

A transformation of a lower shrine
Into a throne of golden, radiant, peace;
A vision of the life that is divine;
A future dream of love, when earth shall
cease.

—Donald Montgomery, '21.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

Dawn stole lightly through the east windows of the high school building and frightened away the dusky stillness of the night. Somewhat later, the halls resounded with the coming of the janitors. A few minutes of comparative silence and the superintendent came upon the scene, followed immediately by the principal and his secretary.

What a funny noise! Oh, yes! That's the teaching force. They must do all their necessary chattering before they go to their duties.

"Wow!" Don't be frightened. Those are only a few rural students who come early to talk with the teachers. Of course, each wants a drink but, as a rule, they are so bashful, that I seldom hear of their business, aims, et cetera.

The former dead calm is undoubtedly a thing of the past but—but—but what? No, the building isn't going to ruin. It is merely a group of freshmen — and freshwomen — coming up the steps. Indeed, they seem quiet this morning. I remember, yesterday one told me there was to be a Latin examination today. That accounts for it.

Oh! There's the bell. Now I shall have more visitors. Yes, here comes a smiling

sophomore. He is grinning from ear to ear and why? He has his geometry,—the first time in two weeks. He told me so.

This stately senior wants to quench her thirst. Grasping my hand, she twists my wrist and — oh! my! she thinks she's winding a phonograph — the water comes with such force that I very cruelly wash all the flour from her face. I'm so sorry.

My dear teacher, you shall surely have a drink but ugh! — she discovers a horrid Junior passing a note. She doesn't drink but that bloomin' Junior will have to pay the fiddler, I fear, because well — I won't tell you which teacher it was.

"Gee! ain't she a crab?" issues from some Junior but surely he is mistaken for in another minute some one else said, "She gave me A on my report," and anyone knows that "crabs" don't hand around A's promiscuously.

Often two devoted youngsters chance(?) to be near me at the same time. But what they say is usually so soft that I cannot hold it together long enough to get the sense of it.

Yes, I enjoy my life very much and only wish that others could share in the fun.

—Elizabeth Miller, '23.

YODER'S LITTLE "LIZZIE"

Lloyd Yoder had a flivver of the 1920 mold—

A rippin', snortin' critter, that'd make yer blood run cold;

The wheels were bent and slivered, like that good old one-hoss shay,

And that blasted tin-pan engine had sure seen a better day;

The fenders, bent and rusty, were a most offensive sight,

And the stars shone through the canvas on the darkest, blackest night.

The steerin'-wheel was twisted in a dozen diff'runt knots,

And the paint on Lizzie's countenance cud be dimly seen in spots,

But despite her ugly features, she cud do a hula dance,

And she'd knock him for the gutter every time she got the chance.

But little Lloyd, like a hero, wud git up frum out the dirt,

And he'd pull them worn out levers, like it really wuz hard work,

And her form 'ud start to tremble as the gas soaked through her hide,

Till you'd wonder how in thunder all that junk wuz gonna ride.

Still, she'd alluz hit the highway at a twenty minute clip,

With her worn out curtains flying like the main sail uv a ship;

And amidst the roar and rumble and the rattlin' uv the bolts,

You'd see little Yoder sittin' through them awful killin' jolts,

With a smile upon his visage that 'ud put the moon to shame,

For, although it is a Lizzie, Yoder gets there just the same.

—Russell Flick, '22

A WOMAN'S IMAGINATION

I consider women the most imaginative beings alive. You would think so too if you could hear the conversation of two school girls as they go up Main street. It would be something like this.

"Well of all things! Do you see who is ahead of us? Jim and Rose." "Why I never knew they went together?" "They don't—but I bet he is asking her to go to that dance." "Of course he is. Why I saw him looking at her today in the hall." "Oh! and I saw him write her a note the fifth period." "Do you suppose he is real crazy about her?" "Of course not. You know his old girl turned him down, so he is just going with Rose for spite, but she is in love with him." "How do you know?" "Know! why don't

you suppose I can see? I'm no dummy." "There they go into Culberson's. Let us go in so we can get a better look at them. I am just dying to see how she will act." "Do you see her hat? Isn't it a mess? I bet she got it at Groves." "Of course she did. You know she knows them and she could get it on credit." "Doesn't he look bad? Just look how his cheeks are sunken in and his eyes, aren't they awful? Looks like he hadn't slept any for a week." "I feel sorry for the poor boy, don't you? He was so crazy about her. Look, doesn't he just seem bored to death with that poor prune?" "Who could blame him? I don't see how he can stand her. And she thinks he is in love with her. Oh boy! Aren't you glad we're not so silly?"—Ora Montgomery, '21.

THE ATHLETE'S BLUES

When you see an athlete a limping down
the street
You think that some one on his team must
have big feet.
We had a football team this fall that was
certainly hard to beat
But on that team if you look you'll find two
men with monstrous feet.
Although these men played very well we
can never truthfully say
That Conkle and Yoder's great big feet were
never in the way.
When practice was over we'd drag up to
school,
But there was always someone who wanted
to fool.
As you slipped from your dusty football
clothes
You find tied in a knot your new silk hose.
After working some time on this unseemly
task,
"Is there something the matter?" some
big chump asks.
He has such a guilty look in his eyes
That you immediately become quite wise.
With a thought of revenge set deep in your
mind
You think how he'll look when his clothes
he will find
Tied in hard knots and dripping wet
So to untie them he'll have to sweat.
Then too in basketball the blues are dis-
played
When the boys an awful hard scrimmage

have played,
When up to their lockers they go with the
cry
"Let me in those showers before I die."
But the first man in comes out with a shiver,
For the janitors that day have been fixing
their flivver
And they have forgotten to heat the tank—
But take a cold one and don't be a crank!
For the temperature outside is only freezing,
And the air in here is quite warm and
pleasing.
There's one more season I know something
of,
And that's track season, the one we all love.
When winter has gradually passed away,
And every sun rise brings a warmer day.
After a hard night's practice you return to
school
And there you'll find that same old fool.
Waiting to pull some dirty trick
On poor little Homer, whom they always
pick.
They pinch him, they kick him, they knock
him around,
They treat him worse than they would a
hound,
And though he takes it with a laugh and a
grin
The way he is treated is almost a sin.
But if more boys would do Homer's way
The people would never be heard to say
That we can't put out a winning team,
No matter how impossible it may seem.

—Kenneth Burcaw, '21

FRENCH IN MAY

Prelude

Some students write poetry by the score,
But I've never written any before,
So it might be appropriate just for to-day,
To write about French in a rather crude way.

From now on we'll study the Subjunctive
mood,
Principally because it's good brain food:
Not because it interests us,
Not to hear us make a fuss,
Just because it's good for us,
And makes us think.

When we're all studying some pesky rule,
And wishing, too, that there was no more

school,
That French is so troublesome and con-
fused,
We all know we're very, very badly abused,
And just simply can't get ourselves enthused
Or make ourselves think.

We remember the time when vacation was
here,
And wish that vacation had lasted all year;
Not that we meant to disobey,
Not that we want to have our way,
Just because it's May to-day,
And nobody can think.

—Marian Campbell, '21.

A SUMMER'S NIGHT

I sit, 'tis twilight, still and gray;
The sun has sunk on another day;
Has sunk in my heart, has sunk in my soul,
And I no farther toward life's goal.

A fluttering bird, a demon Fate,
Rises, and flies from the garden gate;
And all my hopes and all my light
It carried away into the night.

A grewsome, frightful, silent gloom
Lies over me like a marble tomb,
I cringe as from an outstretched hand,
That seems to reach from all the land.

The night—black, sombre, still,
Hangs over every vale and hill,
As monster Death's unfaltering hand
Presses down upon the land.

The hours of night pass on;
Lights in windows glimmer, then are gone;
Still I sit, held, bound, in fright,
By the powerful demon of the night.

Through the sullen, silent air I hear
Whispering tongues, that threat and sneer,
That censor, ridicule, and blame,
That punish, terrify and shame.

Clenched fists I see that shake with wrath,
Stretched hands that bar a happy path;
Censoring missiles, aimed as a dart,
Bury my body and crush my heart.

I hold my ears, but still I hear;
I hide my head, but still I fear;
I close my eyes, but still I see
Those demon faces sneering at me.

I have no power to cry or fight;
I sit and tremble with my fright,
As ghosts of unkind words and deeds
Rush at me, like phantom steeds.

Faces of mistreated men I see,
Laughing—and making fun of me;
Mocking I hear, and curses dread
Heaped upon my sunken head.

My eyes are closed, but not in sleep,
My courage leaves me, and I weep;
I'm conquered—by an even fight,
I've been re-made by a summer's night.

I look! and see at break of day
The sunrise drive my foes away;
I see it set my heart aright,
And drive away the dreadful night.

My hopes rise with the new-born sun,
I feel my better life begun;
My soul was dark, as was the night,
But now the sun has made it white.

—Charles Lease, '21.

A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

There's no greater sport in one's childhood
days,

In those days which soon pass us by,
Than to sit and fish, on a grassy bank,
Underneath a bright, cloudless sky.

Tho' the sun beats down with a fiery heat,
And the landscape is all aglow;
To a shady bank, beneath willows thick,
Is the place where I long to go.

On a shiny rock, near the deepest part
Of a creek that is still and deep;
Where the spreading trees, on the water's
edge,
Throw a shade where the fishes leap.

With a hick'r'y pole, and a piece of string,
And a mind that is free from care,
And a can of bait, and a tiny hook
One could easily find joy there.

Then what fun 'twould be, just to throw that
hook
Near a rock where the water's dark;
And then watch and wait, and not even
move,
With my eyes on that tiny mark.

Then to watch it bob in a cautious way,
And suddenly disappear.
Then to jerk that line, with a firm resolve,
As my heart leaps with hope—half fear.

Then the water parts, and a gleaming fish
Flashes quickly above my head.
And he vainly tries to escape the hook,
As he jumps on the grassy bed.

But the greatest fun of the fishing trip
Is the time when he's in my hand;
As I hold him tight by his slippery sides,
And he struggles to "beat the band."

Ere the sun had sunk in the gleaming west
And told me that it's time to go,
On a willow stick, on the creek's green bank,
At least six big fishes should glow.

And what pride I'd take, in displaying them
To all friends, that I'd chance to meet;
For in my past—in my boyhood days—
'Twas a prize that was hard to beat.

But those days are gone, never to return,
And 'twill do me no good to sigh.
In my tho'ts, I'll fish on that old creek's
bank—
Though those days have long passed me
by.

—Donald Montgomery, '21.

Dear "Boots":

I just won out in an argument. I mean
I won a decision. You probably don't under-
stand so I will tell you.

You know that fine Scotch Collie dog I
have. I raised it from a pup and am pretty
fond of it. Well, the other day, my sisters
they made some harness and put on my dog
and drove my dog hitched to a wagon. I
tried to make them stop but they wouldn't
so I went and hitched up their pet lamb.
I almost run that lamb to death and they
started to "holler". Well, I told them that
if they would stop drivin' my dog I would
stop drivin' their lamb. But they wouldn't
do this. They went to pop and told him
about it. They said it didn't hurt my dog
and it did hurt their lamb.

Right there is where they lost. The
lamb was puffin' and wheezin' but it kept
its mouth closed and wouldn't stick its
tongue out. And the dog wasn't tired out
but it had its tongue out like all dogs do
in the summer. And I said, "Look at that
dog. They drove it till its tongue is hangin'
out."

Then pop he laughed and said the girls
could drive my dog until its tongue hung out
and that I could drive their lamb until its
tongue hung out.

Well, the girls couldn't drive my dog be-
cause it always had its tongue out and the
lamb never did so I was settin' pretty. I
quit drivin' the lamb though because it was
too dumb to learn anything.—Tubby.

—Frank Spencer, '21.

*"There's a Divinity that Shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."*

—Shakespeare.

It was late one dark winter evening and the clouds were seeking to extinguish the few stars yet shining in the heavens. The moon, partly obscured by the gloom, yet cast a soft, silver, radiance over all the earth. An unbroken surface of glistening snow covered all the landscape and formed an earthly reflector for the soft glow from above. Stillness reigned, only broken when a slight breeze would caress the over-laden pines and send a part of their burden softly to the ground. As the moon glowed in full radiance and then darkened before the advance of gloom, it seemed to an observer that the heavens were battling between light and darkness.

In a large library, before a dying fire, a man was sitting intently perusing the contents of a volume lying on his lap. He frowned repeatedly and would often pause a moment to gaze in the fire before him. Finally he laid the volume upon a table at his side and seemed to consider thoughtfully what he had just read. He again reached for the book and again seemed to ponder over the troublesome page. His brow took on a worried expression, and then in a burst of anger, he threw the book to the table beside him and arose. The volume fell open at the place where he had been reading. One part of the book, probably the part which had seemed to trouble him, was marked with a large question mark. These few lines, which seemed to bear some unusual significance to the reader, read:

*"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."*

The man evidently intended to expel his gloom before retiring, by a walk in the night air, for he was preparing to leave the house. He was clothed warmly in a heavy fur overcoat and a dark hat. His appearance was that of a man whose only care was the maintenance of his present position.

As he left the house, the moon was still hid behind the clouds. He traced his steps toward the dark shadow of the pines on a distant hill. He walked slowly, and above

the sound of his footsteps, he might have been heard to repeat in a scornful voice, the lines of the book. His steps led him over ground covered with huge rocks, now concealed by a crust of ice and snow. Before him loomed the dark mountain-side covered with snow-laden pines. The dark shadow of the forest seemed to approach him o'er the snow. He stumbled aimlessly over the rocks, falling heavily now and then upon their icy surfaces. At such times he would curse his Creator; but to him his cursing was meaningless. He wandered aimlessly on, not caring where he went, wrapped in thought and determined to solve his problem. His muttering had ceased and now he cursed in an angered voice; cursing everyone—yet really only himself. Suddenly the wind arose, as if in answer to his anger, and he wrapped the coat more closely around him and staggered onward. Then the shadow of the pines was upon him, and he looked up above. Through the dark canopy of the pines he saw the sky tossing violently. Sharp streaks of lightning flashed through the sky, and he trembled and sought comfort. His cursing had ceased and he was conquered by fear. He shut his eyes as a blinding flash covered him. A loud sound of crashing trees followed and he raised his eyes in horror. A large pine conquered by the storm, was falling, from above,—directly upon him! He gazed in horror at the spectacle—too terrified to move. It was almost upon him and he shut his eyes—he was held spellbound by fear. And in those few seconds he had cried out in fear—he had prayed; to whom he did not know;—to anyone who might save him. He waited—and yet he lived. He was not killed. He gazed above him and saw that he had been saved. The tall pine had but showered its snow upon him—it had lodged in another standing beside him. He gazed aghast at the miracle. Was it luck? Was it that he was saved by Fate? But what was Fate? What directed the mighty drama? He looked to the heavens and remembered his prayer—his appeal. And as if in answer, the clouds were gone; the moon came out; the stars shone brightly and Light reigned in the heavens.

There was peace in the heavens, "peace on earth—and good will toward men."

He smiled and was contented,—satisfied and unafraid. He staggered back o'er the rough path—and stumbled; yet he was not angered, he did not curse—it was his Destiny.

And, as again he read those lines, the question mark was erased and in its place

was a mark of emphasis, of Glory, of Truth, and of Belief. He had fought; he had been shown peacefully; he had been conquered; and he believed.

And in his heart, Light was the ruler.

—Donald Montgomery, '21.

Is the Class of '21 Usual or Unusual?

We sometimes express the wish that we could go some place else to school, or be with other people who were different. But stop to think how silly we are to even think of such a thing, not to mention those numerous golden minutes spent in actually longing for those things which we have and are so blind we can't recognize.

Seniors—and the Seniors are not few in numbers—complain even today of belonging to the worst class that ever has graduated or expects to graduate from this high school. What more these people ask I cannot see.

Would our class roll or any class roll be complete without a Frank Spencer to start things going, and give the Seniors something to fight and argue about and make them think they were in the depths of despair when they were enjoying every minute of it?

We have a Galli-Curci in our class,—one whose future we have imagined many times. Are other classes able to swell with pride at such a distinction? To the class of '21 belongs those honors. We are glad to have her enrolled as a Senior.

We have a class president different from most ones we have ever heard tell of, yet, like other presidents—off goes the blame on him. He takes some of it—some of the rest of it turns into sarcasm and back it comes on us.

He works overtime like other presidents, and goes without his supper, but nevertheless he furnishes plenty of work for the class—whether tongues work or we work.

We have marvelous sprinters. If you forget to bring something to school, a grand

search for Carroll Coburn results and off he flies up the avenues to get the forgotten article, and he comes back before we think he has had time to get down to Main Street.

We have famous entertainers. We could pick up a show troupe, minstrel men, any kind of actors or actresses for movies or vaudeville circuits. In fact, the Senior class might well have their pictures in the Hall of Fame. Every class that graduates hasn't a James Kesselmire or a Marion Conkle or a Camille Glass or a Marian Campbell. Think—what more along those lines could you ask?

We have architects—real ones, men and women alike. Just imagine Elizabeth Conser designing the next capitol of the United States.

We have poets and statesmen. Donald Montgomery can reel poetry by the mile, and it isn't a lot of words either. It means something. By statesmen we mean those who, by great debates, sway presidential elections.

We have dieticians. Would any refreshment committee look whole without Lena Thompson, Ora Montgomery or Blanche Whitney? They can serve anything from a lunch counter to a banquet or a cafeteria or anything that has "eat" in it.

We have famous short story writers. Paul Rich will soon equal O'Henry himself, only we hope he won't have to go to jail to obtain O'Henry's fame.

We have those destined to be ministers from the good start they have. Considering everything, we have a class—a good class! Be satisfied! You will have to hunt a long time to find more variety and strength in any class.

—Dorothy Failer, '21.

"THE ODYSSEY"

In the land of the Achaeans,
On the shores of sunny Greece,
Lived Odysseus with his wife and son,
In luxury and peace.

And o'er this land of quietude,
Ruled goodly Menelaus,
And among the women of the land
His wife was far the fairest.

But the king came home from court one day
To find his house forsaken,
For while the king had been away
The queen French leave had taken.

Then the good king Menelaus,
In anxiety and despair,
Sought the wisdom of Odysseus—
Of Odysseus wise and fair.

And straight away did Odysseus
Call together all his men,
And they sat all night in council, —
Planning how to take revenge.

Then a brave and sturdy warrior
By the name of Alderoy,
Told how he had seen the good queen Helen
Elope with Paris, prince of Troy.

Then did mighty Menelaus
Take his good sword in his hand,
And straightway swore he'd declare war
On all the Trojan land.

Then all the mighty warriors bold,
Ten thousand men or more,
Put on their shiny coats of steel
And sang their songs of war.

And when the morning sun shone forth,
In shining ecstasy
The brave Odysseus with his men
Sailed forth across the sea.

For sixty days and sixty nights
They saw no signs of land,
Till one bright night they came in sight
Of far off Trojan land.

Then o'er the waters their war cry rang,
Till dawn appeared once more,
And the long, shining ranks of Trojan men
Could be seen along the shore.

And the Trojans retreated within their
walls,
With their hearts as firm as their swords,
And their souls rose high in their fierce war
cry,
When they heard their chieftain's words.

And the Trojans retreated within their walls,
And barred the entrance gate.
And Menelaus saw, that to win the war,
They would have a good long wait.

So for nine long years he figured and planned,
A way to take it by force.
Till Odysseus thought upon the plan,
Of using the wooden horse.

So they used the horse with great success,
For the Trojans bit at the bait,
And they dragged the horse within the walls,
And sealed the city's fate.

For when midnight came and the moon rode
high
In the zenith of the heaven;
The men came forth from the wooden horse,
There were thrice three hundred and
seven.

And they opened the gates of the Trojan
wall,
And let their comrades in.
And soon the peaceful night was rent
By the tumult and the din.

And of all the Trojan soldiers bold,
And men and women, both young and old,
Not one was left at the end of the day
To carry the terrible news away.

And Helen, the beautiful wife of the king,
Went home with her husband,
And solemnly swore
That she never would be parted from him
any more.

But the swift black boat of Odysseus,
Was wrecked on a lonely isle.
And Odysseus with his company.
Decided to stay awhile.

But they soon discovered that on this isle,
Lived giants, huge and famous.
And over them all ruled a beggarly thrall,
By the name of Polyphemus.

And while drinking one night in the pale
moonlight,
An argument arose between them,
As to which of the two, the more work
could do,
When it comes to being real seamen.

Now Polyphemus had only one eye,
Sunk deep in his large forehead.
And Odysseus saw, and thrust his spear,
Deep down where the blood runs red.

And Poseidon, the powerful god of the earth,
Was angry at Odysseus and all of his men.
For he had given Polyphemus his birth,
And he swore Odysseus should never see
home again.

But Odysseus prayed to the all-father, Zeus,
To have mercy on him and his men.
And Zeus, responded to him and said,
In a voice like the thunder's din:

"When you have appeased Poseidon's wrath,
And atoned for your dreadful sin,
When you have paid for the Cyclop's death,
Then, you can sail home again."

So for twenty years they roamed around,
In many a foreign land,
Eating whatever they found to eat,
And sleeping on ocean sand.

Till finally, the wrath of Poseidon ceased,
And the sailors were free once more.
Then they sailed their boat both day and
night,
Till they reached their Grecian shore.

And Odysseus went to his own fair home
To his dear wife, Penelope—,
And for the rest of his days, so the story
says,
They dwelt in wealth and luxury.
—Russell Flick

SCHOOL CALENDAR

MARCH

Tuesday, March 8—A stormy session at
Senior Class meeting. The "crape-
hanger" was very much in evidence.

Last week Marian Campbell lost her
voice, but she found it again and came
to school today. She is now making
up for lost time.

Senior speeches in Auditorium:
Marian Campbell—Public Opinion.
Elizabeth Conser—Mechanical Draw-
ing.

Wednesday, March 9—A civics test was
sprung, much to the pleasure of all
concerned.

Thursday, March 10—Senior speeches in
Auditorium:

Doris Wilson—Character Reading.
Reed Calkins—Poultry Business.

Friday, March 11—Dr Johnson of Case
School gave a pleasing talk to the
school today.

The boy's basketball team had its pic-
ture taken this morning, but they had
to "root" Hassey out of bed in order to
have him in the picture.

Lena Thompson and Marian Campbell
believe in prepartness. They began
to teach cooking at the Community
House last night.

Saturday March 12—3 in 1. Three basket-
ball games in one evening. The boy's
defeated Wellsville and the girls were

defeated at East Liverpool. Our boys'
second team was defeated by Home-
worth. (We are sure "Heavy" would
make a good baseball batter.)

Monday, March 14—A Senior got the scar-
let fever so the rest were required to
be examined today. The remainder of
the day was spent in picking splinters
out of our tongues.

Tuesday, March 15—Great attraction!
Grand rush for the office. Wonder
what it could be?

Many preparations for Senior Party.
James Kesselmire says he will act, but
not sing. (But he did.)

Boys' football team got shot today.

Wednesday, March 16—Music practice for
"Yokohama Maid." Stern voice speak-
ing, "Harry Calladine, come right
back here and get your breath!"

Thursday, March 17—Saint "Somebody's"
Day. You can tell by the orange and
green that is seen

Senior speeches:

Thomas French—Early History of
Pennsylvania Railroad.

Carroll Cobourn—City Manager Plan.

We are sure that if Thomas or Carroll
ever get to Congress they could easily
effect a filibuster.

Friday, March 18—Last Senior Party.
March 28—April 4, April vacation.

At the Grand

You see the
highest priced
motion picture
services.

We show the productions of
the best companies only.



Quality Best : Fitting Correct
Styles Snappy
BUNN Good Shoes

APRIL

Monday, April 4—Library opened for first time.

Tuesday, April 5—We are entertained, or horrified, by a double jointed sailor who was called "Scotty."

Wednesday, April 6—The Civics classes journeyed to Lisbon to see the process of naturalization. Did they become naturalized?—Not yet.

Thursday, April 7—Mr. Vicker's biology class takes a trip.

Friday, April 8—Miss Smith's biology class takes a trip.
Arbor Day program in auditorium. Gov.

Davis' proclamation read. Senior speeches:

Greta Mae Spiker—John Burroughs.
Ethel Woodruff—Preservation of Forests.

Biology class recitation relative to Arbor Day.

Tuesday, April 12—

"When Seniors bring in mice
They make up time and act real nice."

Thomas French advises those taking Civics to look in the dictionary for the Columbiana County officials.

Senior speech:

Celestial Harrington—The West.

Electric and Power WASHERS

Complete Line of
Farm Implements

The Votaw-Whinery Co.

South Lundy Street
SALEM, OHIO

Fitzpatrick-Strain Co.

100 Main Street

Ready-to-Wear
and
Tailored-to-Measure
CLOTHES

Interwoven Hose Holeproof Hose
Stetson Hats Bradley Sweaters
Munsing Underwear

APRIL

Wednesday, April 13—Seniors choose Rev. Scott for baccalureate address.

Thursday, April 14—Senior speeches:
Hazel Lottman—The Eight-Hour Day.
Harold Jones—Bangs.

Tuesday, April 19—Senior speeches:
Dolores James—Music in Schools.
John Carpenter—Benefits of an Education.

Thursday, April 21—Senior speeches:
Ruth Lowry—Wealth and Poverty.
Elizabeth Miller—The Crime Wave.

Tuesday, April 26—Senior speeches:
Harry Parker—College Training and

the Student.
Edna Minser—Women in Industry.

Wednesday, April 27—It rained today. James McCleery nearly drowned himself putting down a window in the study room.

Thursday, April 28—"Mr. Bob" presented by Juniors. This was one of the many ways we have been shown their ability. Senior speeches:
Ora Montgomery—Our Life Work.
Cletus Paumier—The Civics Course.

Friday, April 29—Preliminary Track Meet. The Juniors won.

R. T. Curtis

39 1-2 Main St.

Salem, Ohio



Be photographed this year on your birthday

M A Y

Monday, May 2—The chemistry class went to Leetonia. Something is going to happen! Elizabeth Miller and Kathryn Nelson arrived at school at five minutes after one!

Tuesday, May 3—William Kendig's feet caused Miss Child to lose her temper again today. Somebody please explain to him how to keep them under his desk. Senior speeches:
Howard Smith—Conservation of Natural resources.
Gladys Ward—Country Schools.

Wednesday, May 4—The Domestic Science class just learned this morning that pork chops may be obtained from a cow. Reports—Oh! Caesar! Most of us wish we had dreamed less and studied more the last six weeks.

Thursday, May 5—Great achievement! Lucy Hole learned to sew on a button.

Friday, May 6—More new books in library. Junior-Senior Prom. The Juniors certainly can entertain.

Harold Cody firmly believes that every country must have its uprise and down-rise.

Monday, May 9—It was announced in an English class that Shakespeare's sister married William Hart. He must be getting rather old.

The hot weather seems to make people restless. The pupils in French class were informed that they could go out and play in the alley if they wished.



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M A Y

Tuesday, May 10—Paul Dow used more big words in a Caesar translation this morning than most of us will be able to use during the entire year.

Playing the role of Falstaff today, James Kesselmire only mispronounced a few words. "Muddy-area" for Madiera, and "Eat Cheap" for Eastcheap.

Senior speeches:

Dorothy Paxon—Spare Moments.

Frank Spencer—Things Worth While.

Wednesday, May 11—Frank Spencer is just as willing to hold up a Spanish class half a period with his arguments as an English class. Frank is very impartial.

Thursday, May 12—A new construction in Latin was discovered today; namely,

"The Infinitive Without Subject Accusative."

Jo Bodo can't understand why teachers encourage pupils to read and then send them to the office when they try it in class.

Rally in auditorium for County Meet, Saturday.

Friday, May 13—An unexpected thunderstorm makes everyone hurry home after school.

Saturday, May 14—Track Meet at Lisbon. Salem got second place.

Monday, May 16—There is a difference of opinion as to what a "dowry" is. One person says it is a large farm and another says it is a sum of money given by the government for getting married.

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CHASE & SANBORN'S
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BETTER

THE SMITH COMPANY

M A Y

Tuesday, May 17—"Quaker" out today.
Tr-r-r-r-r. The first year French
classes are learning to roll their r's.
Senior speeches:
Dorothy Spiker—Reading.
Lena Thompson—Those Young People.

Wednesday, May 18—James Kesselmire
was chosen as toastmaster for Senior
banquet.
Teachers had a picnic at Bentley's
woods. We'll wager that was exciting.

Thursday, May 19—Burke! Burke! whither
hast thou flown? Miss Clark declares
she loses a "Burke" every day!
All are cordially invited to lick stamps
for mailing the "Quaker."
Senior speeches:
Genevieve Ovington—Happiness.
Alice Ward—Ambitions.

Tuesday, May 24—Elizabeth Moorman asks
for the formula for making French
words hard instead of soft. Apparently
she doesn't like "soft" words.
Harry Sheehan insists that "appetite"

is plural. We'll not argue with him—
maybe his is.

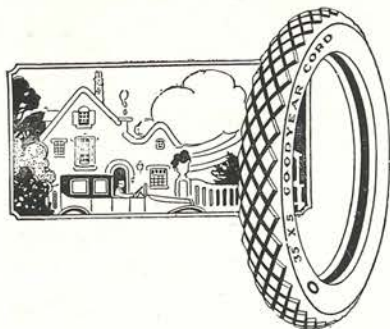
Senior speeches:
Charles Wirsching—Chemistry as a
Career.
Richard Brewer—History of Salem
High School Athletics.

Wednesday, May 25—Lloyd Yoder was
frantically searching in Ireland for
Edinburgh.
We are afflicted by an epidemic of
straw hats and red and white gingham
dresses.

Thursday, May 26—The Geometry class
failed to "translate" Raymond Lowry's
theorem this morning. Due to—(?)
Senior speeches:
Alfreda Eastman—Student Government.
Lloyd Yoder—Movies.

Friday, May 27—Music class party.
Saturday, May 28—Dual meet with Alli-
ance at Mt. Union. Rah! Rah! We won,
70-51.

—L. M. B. '21.



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=====

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THRIFT should be as much a part of your education as Math., History, French, Science, etc.

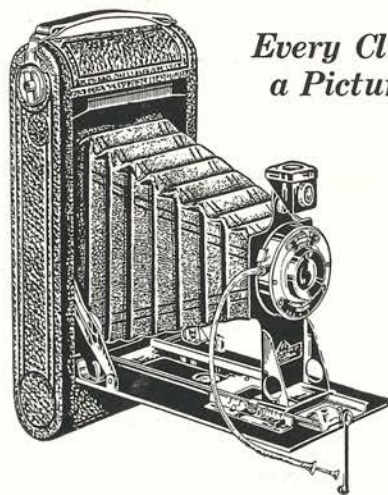
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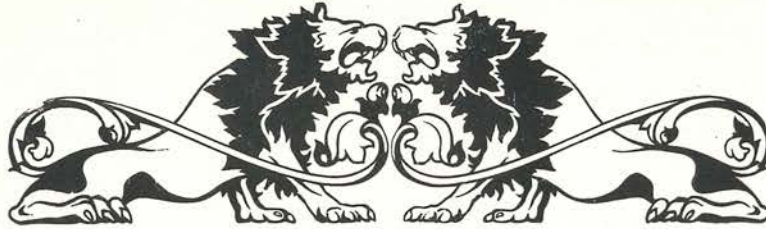


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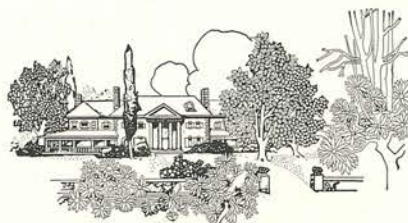
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