

THE QUAKER



Salem High School

1924

THE QUAKER

Salem High School



With sincere gratitude for his interest and the assistance he has rendered the school—To Mr. L. T. Drennan we respectfully dedicate this issue of "The Quaker."

JUNE, 1924





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THE QUAKER

Salem High School

VOL. IV.

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THE "QUAKER" STAFF

1ST ROW: (Left to right). Eugene Hill, Treasurer; Mary Helen Cornwall, Editor; John Cavanaugh, Manager; Marion Van Syoc, Ass't Manager.

2ND ROW: Nixon Fithian, George R. Fronk, Orein Naragon, Thomas R. Martin, Lester D. Crutchley, Walter Ferningle, Ralph Zimmerman, Leland Duncan.

3RD. ROW: Jeanne Olloman, Sophomore Editor; Helen Flick; Ella Thea Smith, Faculty Manager; Cecilia Shriver; Vernetta Moores, proof reader; Helen Reitzell, Art; Sara Mae Zimmerman, proof reader; Helen Judge; Willa Mae Cone, proof reader.

Assistant Editor—Helen A. Smith.

Junior Class Editor—Florence Jane Tolerton.

Freshman Class Editor—Eugene Young.

EDITORIAL

Youth aspires! That is youth's reason for his undaunted courage. Youth is altruistic! That is his reason for his democratic magnanimity. Youth hopes! That is his reason for his ultimate achievement. Not that aspirations, altruisms, and hopes, are alone the possessions of youth, but their brightness has not yet been exposed to the glare of the world to grow tarnished and dimmed through service, or through disuse.

All over our country this month thousands upon thousands of boys and girls, young men and young women, are leaving high school and colleges to launch their ships of fortune on the sea of opportunity. There is going to be rough sailing out there. Every sailor is aware that he must be prepared to meet calamity. Furthermore he knows that he must be ready to save those who are depending upon him and stand by his ship, if he can save all, then he too will live; if he loses all to save himself, then will he too be lost.

These thousands of American's best manhood and womanhood, are taught to believe that that which waits for them outside the harbors of their educational havens holds out to them rich opportunities if they will but strive to grasp them, but they have learned likewise that such opportunities are not going to take wings and fly and perch upon their shoulders, waiting to be caged and hung in a favorite nook.

We have been discouraged in the employment of such subjects as "Life" and "Youth" by some of your faculty for the reason that we are two young yet to know either, truly. Nevertheless, we are not too young to realize that the ice cream and chocolate candy sort of life we used to believe would be our future, often times becomes a more substantial proposition of meat and potatoes. However youth will have his dessert if there is a chance of managing such extravagance, and that is why our elders call him irresponsible, impractical, and a hundred other things that are not exactly veritable. Yet, if he did not desire that which is better than he already possesses what would be the value of going on, and of endeavoring to achieve. But he hopes and has faith in tomorrow, and

with those hopes are mingled dreams, dreams of what lies beyond, because for youth there is always a looking forward.

Perhaps there is no more wonderful word in all the English vocabulary than the abbreviations of four other words almost equally as fine, that of Hope. For "h," we may employ happiness, a state of being which all the world is seeking and knows not when it is found. Hundreds of essays, and orations, and other forms of composition have been written in our high school by hundreds of boys and girls with plenty of information as to how one may find happiness but seldom, if ever, has one student proved to us or even mentioned to us that he was truly happy or could be, by his own method, or that of any other. Surely none of us are unhappy if we reason logically with ourselves; then why talk of happiness so much, why do we not live it? We do live it! Let any person who has never been happy in his life challenge this statement.

The second abbreviated word is Optimism. Sometimes we doubt that youth is optimistic when he lifts a plaintive voice, now and again and denounces the world and its hypocrites, and swears that he has been unmercifully disillusioned. Yet the shadow of the moment passes by and once more he hopes for better things, for brighter visions.

It is the "perhaps" in one's hopes that makes life seem worth while. It is the uncertainty of what the morrow will bring that keeps men standing ready. Probability keeps youth watchful and alert. If it were not for life's "perhaps" for what should the world hope or fear in Eternity? After all Eternity is the ultimate end of every idealistic life, for what more may any man desire than a joyous hereafter? There is no higher hope!

The future! yes, it is for that we live! But today we build foundations that tomorrow may find another youth erecting the finer edifice.

Our achievement, our altruism, our hope, all these we leave with those "for whom the best of life is yet to come."

—M. H. C.

Faculty of Salem High School



FIRST ROW: (left to right) S. R. Richtman, (La Crosse Normal) Physical Director; L. T. Drennan, A. B. (Ohio Wesleyan), History, Public Speaking; R. H. Hilgendorf, A. B. (St. John's College), Commercial Subjects; D. L. Metzgar, B. Sc. (Wooster), General Science.

SECOND ROW: (left to right) R. P. Vickers, B. Sc. (Dennison), Chemistry and Physics; R. D. Owen, (Ohio University), Manual Arts; Phoebe Ryland, (Michigan State Normal), Domestic Arts; Alice Clark, A. B., (Vassar) English; Ella Thea Smith, B. Sc., (Chicago) Biology; Winifred Thraves, A. B., (Ohio Wesleyan) Spanish; Martha Harrold, A. B., (Mount Union) English I; Margaret Woods, A. B., (Mount Union) English II; L. S. Bloomfield, B. Sc., (Ohio State) Social Sciences; B. B. Swanson, B. Sc., (Ohio State) History; C. M. Rohrabach, B. Sc., (Wooster) Principal.

THIRD ROW: (left to right) Rachel George, A. B., (Mount Union) Latin; Hazel Douglass, A. B. (Oberlin) Mathematics; Lucille Friedrich, (Spencerian Commercial School) Commercial Subjects; Helen Harris, B. Sc., (Ohio State) French; Martha McCready, A. B., (Mount Union) Mathematics; Ethel Beardmore, A. B., (Hiram) History; Carrie Walker, A. B., (Mount Union) Latin.



COLORS:
Scarlet and Silver

Officers Of THE SENIOR CLASS



GRISEZ, NEIL N.

Pres. of class '22, '23, '24;
Dinamo '22, '23, '24; "Martha
by the Day," '23; "The Copper-
head," '24; Class play, "Nature
Takes Care of a Lot of Things,"
'23; Assembly Committee '22,
'23, '24, chairman '23; Debate
'23, '24; Library council '24;
Brooks' Contest '24.

BUNN, ELIZABETH, "Betz"

Vice-pres. of class '22, '23, '24.
Dinamo, Sec. '22, Vice pres. '23,
Pres. '24; Basket ball '24,
Library Council '24, Librarian
'23, "Martha by the Day," '23,
"Nature Takes Care of a Lot
of Things," '23, "The Copper-
head," '24, Maid of Honor '24,
Attendant of May Queen '23.

HILL, EUGENE, "Gene"

Third Honor Graduate.
Sec. & Treas. Class '22, '23, '24.
Dinamo '23, '24.
"The Copperhead," '24.
Treasurer of Quaker '24.
Brooks' Contest '23.



BATES, ELEANOR, "Petite"
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Senior Carnival '21, '22.
 "Pageant of History," '24.

BOVA, FRED, "Fobby"
 Football '24.
 Pageant '24.
 May Day '24.

BECKER, MARGARET
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 May Day '23.
 Librarian '24.

BRADLEY, RUTH
 "Froggy"
 Cheer Leader '22, '23.
 Pageant '24.

BIRCH, MILDRED
 Quaker '22.
 Brooks Contest '22.
 Firestone Contest '24.

BROOMAL, VERNON
 "Broom"
 Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
 May Day '23.
 Pageant '24.

BINGHAM, ALBERTA
 May Day, '23, '24.

BROWN, HESTER
 First Honor Graduate.
 Pageant '24.
 Brooks' Contest '24.
 Music Plays '21, '24.





BULLARD, ROBERT,

"Bob"

Pageant '24.
May Day '23, '24.

CAVANAUGH, JOHN

"Grumpy"

Quaker '21, '23, '24' Ass't.
Manager '23, Manager '24;
President of Boys' Athletic
Association '24, Library
Council '24, Dinamo '22, '23,
'24, "Martha by the Day,"
'23; "The Copperhead," '24;
Class play, "Allison's Lad,"
'23, Brooks Contest '24.

BUSH, DENZIL

May Day '23.
Pageant '24.
Football '24.

CHAMBERLAIN, JOSEPH,

"Joe"

Music Play '21, '24.
Pageant '24.
Orchestra '21, '22, '23, '24.

CATTON, KATHERINE

Entered from
Butler County
High School, Ala., '24.
Pageant '24.

CONRAD, HELEN

Junior Play '23.

CARNS, BEULAH

"Yokohama Maid," '21.
Stage Manager, "Florist
Shop," '23.
Pageant '24.

COPE, DONALD

Pageant '24.
Track '24.
May Day '24.





COPE, EDITH, "Ick"

Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
Pageant '24.



CORNWALL, MARY HELEN

Orchestra '21, '22.
Quaker '21, '23, '24.
Ass't. Editor '23, Editor '24.
Dinamo '22, '23, '24.
"Martha by the Day," '23.
"The Copperhead," '24.
"Florist Shop," '23
Brooks' Contest '23, '24.



CORSO, PAUL

Pageant '24.
Foot ball '24.
May Day '24.



DUNCAN, LELAND

Track, '23, '24.
Football, '24.
Quaker, '24, Dinamo, '24.
Class Play, "Allison's Lad,"
'23. "The Copperhead" '24.

CRUTCHLEY, LESTER

Quaker '24.
Football '22, '23, '24.
Captain '24.
Dinamo '24.
Library Council '24.
"The Copperhead," '24.
"Allison's Lad," '23.

FARMER, LEONE

Quaker '22.
Librarian.
May Day '23, '24.
Attendant to Queen '24.



CYRUS, HELEN

Gym Exhibition '21.
"Yokohoma Maid," '21.



DERR, ISABEL

"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
"Miss Bob White," '24.





FLICK, HELEN

Debate '24, Attendant of May Queen '24, Sec. & Treas. Girls' Ass. '24, Dinamo '24, "The Copperhead," '24; class play "The Florist Shop," '23, Quaker '24, Brook's Contest '24, Firestone Contest '24.

FASIG, EDITH

Entered from East Liverpool High '24.
May Day '24.

FLUCKIGER, ETHEL, "Etts"

Senior Carnival '21.

FAWCETT, MARY LOUISE

Second Honor graduate
"Yokohoma Maid" '21.
Pageant '24.

FRANTZ, IRENE

Yokohoma Maid, '21.
Senior Carnival '23.

FERNENGEL, MATILDE

Gym Exhibition '22.
Librarian '23.
Pageant '24.

FRENCH, EDNA

"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
Senior Carnival '21, '22, '23.
Class play, "Nature Takes Care of a Lot of Things," '23.
May Day '24 (Attendant to Queen.)

FINK, BERTHA

"Yokohoma Maid," '21.





FRONK, GEORGE
 Class Play,
 "Florist Shop," '23.
 Pageant '24.
 Quaker '24.
 Dinamo '24.
 Library Council '24.



GABLER, AUGUSTA
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 May Day '23.
 Pageant '24.



GETZ, MARGARET
 Property Manager of
 "Allison's Lad," '23.
 Library Council '24.



GLASS, HELEN
 Senior Carnival '22, '23.
 Librarian '24.



HARMON, HAROLD
 Senior Carnival '21, '22
 Pageant '24.
 "Miss Bob White," '24.

HARSH, HAROLD
 Pageant '23.
 Track '24.
 May Day '23, '24.

HICKEY, RALPH
 Track '22, '23, '24.
 Pageant '24.

HILL, FORREST
 May Day '23, '24.
 Track '24.
 Pageant '24.





HOOPES, ESTHER
 Librarian '23, '24.
 Pageant '24.

JEWELL, KENNETH
 Class Play, "Allison's
 Lad," '23.
 Pageant '24.
 Basketball Reserve '24.



HOWELL, KARL
 Senior Carnival '21, '22, '23.
 Football manager '24.
 Quaker '24.

JONES, KENNETH,
 "Kenny"
 Football '24.
 Track '23, '24.
 Pageant '24.
 May Day '23, '24.



HUMPHREYS, KATHRYN
 Alliance High '21.
 New Castle, Pa., '23.
 Salem High '22, '24.

JUDGE, HELEN
 2nd Scholarship Award.
 Basketball '23, '24.
 Quaker '24.
 Dinamo '24.
 Music plays '21, '24.
 Vice Pres. Girls' Ass. '24.



HUTCHESON, HAROLD, "Hutch"
 Carnival '21, '22.
 May Day '23.

KALEY, JOHN
 Pageant '23.





KIRBY, RUTH

"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
Orchestra '22, '23.
Librarian '23.
Pageant '24.

ALBERT LUXENIL
Pageant '24.

KIRK, ELIZABETH
Gym Exhibition '22.

MARTIN, THOMAS, "Tom"

Track '22.
Class play, "Allison's
Lad," '23.
Dinamo '24.
"The Copperhead," '24.
Quaker '24.
Pageant '24.
Track manager '24.

KUHL, RUSSELL
Gym Exhibitions '21, '22.

McCULLOUGH, STARLING

Entered from
Pomeroy High '22.
Carnival '23.
Junior Play,
"Nature Takes Care
of a Lot of Things," '23.
May Day '23.
Pageant '24.

KONNERT, GEORGE

Football '24.
Basketball '24.
Track '24.
Pageant '24.

MELLINGER, VERA

Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
Senior Carnival
'21, '22, '23.
May Day '23, '24,
Queen's Attendant '24.





MOORE, DOROTHY MAY
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Cheerleader '24.
 Librarian '24.
 Library Council '24.
 May Day '23, '24.
 Attendant to May Queen '24.

ORMES, WINIFRED
 Gym Exhibition '21.



MOORES, VERNETTA
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Quaker '24.
 Librarian '24.
 May Day '24.



PARSONS, DORIS
 Carnival '21.
 May Day '23.
 Music Plays '21, '24.



MULLINS, URSULA, "Kenny"
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Senior Carnival '23.
 Pageant '24.
 Librarian '23, '24.



REESE, ELIZABETH, "Diz"
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
 Librarian '24.

NARAGON, OREIN, "Pete"
 Class play, "The Florist
 Shop," '23.
 Quaker '24.
 Pageant '24.

SCOTT, ELEANOR
 Senior Carnival '22.
 Junior Play '23.





SHAFFER, CATHERINE
Gym Exhibition '22.

SPEIDEL, FRANCES
Senior Carnival '21, '22, '23.
Attendant to
May Queen '23, '24.
Pageant '24.

SHEARS, ETHEL
"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
Pageant '24.

SPIKER, RAYMOND
Football '24.
Track '24.
Pageant '24.

SHRIVER, CECILIA, "Ceal"
1st Scholarship Award.
Quaker '23, '24, Debate '24.
Dinamo '23, '24.
Sec. & Treas. '24.
Brooks Contest '24.
May Queen '24.
Librarian '24.
Library Council '24.

STALLMAN, CARL
(Withdrawn on account of
illness.)

SPEIDEL, ELIZABETH
Debate '23.
Dinamo '22, '23, '24.
Attendant to
May Queen '23, '24.

STEWART, HELEN,
"Shiekie"
"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
Orchestra '23, '24.
Brooks Contest '24.
Pageant '24.





STEWART, MARGARET, "Marg"
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Pageant '24.
 Librarian '24.

STRATTON, OLIVE
 Carnival '23.

STRATTON, DEBORA, "Debbie"
 Basketball '21, '24.
 Dinamo '24.
 Librarian '24.
 Brooks' Contest '24.
 Attendant to May Queen '24.

STRATTON, J. RUSSELL,
 "Pete"
 May Day '23, '24.
 Pageant '24.

STRATTON, HERMAN
 Carnival '21.
 Pageant '24.
 Stage Manager Junior Play '23.

TINSMAN, RUBY, "Rube"
 Entered from
 Willoughby '23.
 Basketball '23, '24.
 Captain '24.
 Dinamo '24.
 "The Copperhead," '24.
 Attendant to
 May Queen '24.

STRATTON, KATHERINE
 "Yokohoma Maid," '21.
 Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
 Carnival '22, '23.

THOMPSON, DONALD
 "Ike"
 Class Play,
 "Nature Takes Care
 of a Lot of Things," '23.
 Sec. Boys' Association '24.
 Pageant '24.





VAUGHAN, CHARLES
Gym Exhibition '22.
Pageant '24.



WALTON, PAUL
May Day '23.
Pageant '24.
Track '22, '24.



WEINGART, ETHEL
Music Plays '21, '24.
Pageant '24.
May Day '24.
Attendant to Queen.



WEINGART, LEE
Senior Carnival '21, '22.
Gym Exhibition '21, '22.
Pageant '24.
May Day '24.



WARD, EDITH
"Yokohoma Maid," '21.
Pageant '24.

WHINERY, LOWELL J.,
"Dependable"
Carnival '21.

WOODRUFF, MARGARET,
"Bus"
Class play, "Nature Takes
Care of a Lot of Things," '23
Librarian '24.
Pageant '24.
May Day '24.
Attendant to May Queen.

YENGLING, ARTHUR,
"Amos"
Track '21, '22, '23, '24.
Basketball '22, '23, '24.
Football '23, '24.





ZIMMERMAN, RALPH, "Jimmy"

Basketball '23.
Manager B. B. '24.
Track '23.
Quaker '24.
Class play, "Allison's Lad," '23.



MILLER, IRENE

Carnival '23.
Pageant '24.
May Day '24.



WARK, ELSIE

Senior Carnival '22, '23.
Pageant '24.
May Day '23, '24.



***CALKINS, MARTHA, "Mitzi"**

Basket ball '22, '23' 24.
Pres. of Girls' Association '24.
Library Council '24.
May Day '24 (Attendant to Queen)
Dinamo '23, '24.
"Martha by the Day," '23.
"The Copperhead," '24.
S. Association '23.

*Photo Delayed.

CLASS PROPHECY

Having had the sleeping sickness for ten long years I have now awakened to find all my classmates scattered. I have spent the past year looking them up and am publishing this that each may appreciate the other's talents and accomplishments.

I found Paul Walton the famous evangelist and hypnotist has been making a tour through the United States accompanied by his wife the famous acrobat, Debora Stratton. Edith Ward is in charge of a Permanent Waving Company where Denzil Bush works as model. Katherine Stratton and Vera Mellinger have taken up chiropractic and veterinary work. Ethel Weingart disappointed in love has taken the veil and is a nun at St. Paul's parochial school. Lee Weingart is now a farmer with forty cows. Lowell Whinnery is director of a famous movie company in which Augusta Gabler and Lester Crutchley are the present Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Bets Bunn is the leader of the Presbyterian choir. Ralph Hickey with his natural touch is the socialist candidate for president, and Ursula Mullins the Democratic. Eugene Hill has become a famous writer but has followed sadly in the footsteps of his predecessor, Poe, and is slowly dying off. John Kaley and Fred Bova are very clever comedians at the Grand Opera House, Salem, Ohio. Orein Naragon, Don Thompson and Leland Duncan are very capable ditch diggers. Thomas Martin the famous mining engineer, who discovered gold in Salem has announced his engagement to Mlle Marie Cornwallssky. Lady Kathryn Humphreys St. John of Portland Oregon, has charge of the old ladies' home since the death of her noble sire Sir Regwald Eliner St. John. Cecilia Shriver is official nurse here. Ray Spiker is high priest as the new synagog in Mars and Kenny Jones is one of the most devout worshippers.

Doris Parsons and Russel Kuhl are leading a simple wedded life in Winona. Margaret Becker is a bare-back rider in Ringling's circus. Mildred Birch is a gym teacher at Damascus Academy. Harold Harsh is a famous surgeon specializing in centipedes. Harold Harmon and Hanna Ralph are now happily married and have a little Harmony Seven all their own. Helen Flick has ten children, four of them twins. The Spiedel Twins having had many offers of marriage decided they could not be parted and are now gentle old maids with glasses and a parrot.

Rube Tinsman married a long-haired poet who writes "Sonnets to Her Youth and Innocence." Edith Cope has gone into the life insurance business. Irene Miller is a famous designer and designs all the clothes for our noted actress, Ethel Shears, who is now playing lead in "Lily the Landlady's Daughter," or "Time Will Tell." Eleanor Scott is teaching public speaking in Salem High. Former Margaret Woodruff is using all the millions left her by her late husband Amos Yengling, noted scientist, in settlement work. Karl Howell is now a wonderful opera singer, and fails to recognize his old pal Zimmy, chief junk dealer in Salem.

John Cavanaugh is owner of the Salem ship yards, Helen Glass is the fast woman taxi driver of the land. Eleanor Bates and Elizabeth Kirk are running a children's home in Millville. Helen Cyrus and Alberta Bingham are managing a tea room, and all the elite of Salem eat there. Mary Louise Fawcett has changed her name to Davidson and she and Franklin are very happy. George Konnert is now a D. D. Ph. D., R. S. V. P., B. V. D., P. D. Q., and A. B. C. Beulah Carnes is now Dolores Casinova, a famous Spanish dancer. Harold Hutcheson, world famous baritone is confined to his home with a bad case of adenoids at present. Isabel Derr and Elsie Wark are models for our own prodigy the sculptor, George Fronk. Helen Conrad and Ethel Fluckiger are working at the pottery where "Kenny" Jewell is chief decorator. Donald Cope is eulogizing over the life of the late janitor of Salem Hi, Neil Grisez. Joseph Chamberlain is a daring bootlegger. Vernetta Moores exhibits hole-proof hosiery at the Golden Eagle. Esther Hoopes is a dancing teacher at Culver. Bertha Fink is a missionary to Alaska, she is teaching the Eskimos the rudiments of golf. Helen Stewart is running a "hot dog" stand on Broadway. Edith Fasig is a fascinating snake-charmer.

Paul Corso poses for the advertisements for Fairy Soap. Margaret Getz is the chief contributor to "True Story." Dorothy Moore is chief ironer in the American laundry, where "Mitz" Calkins is delivery girl. Herbert Arnold discovered a volcano at Blue Mountain. Starling McCulloch is the inventor of bodyless areoplanes. Vernon Broomal has succeeded Miss Fenton as librarian of the city library. Leone Farmer teaching public speaking in a deaf and

dumb school. Herman Stratton and Margaret Stewart have gone into partnership in the automobile business. Charles Vaughn poses for Arrow Collars. Ruth Kirby is editress of the "Salem Daily Blab," Ruth Bradley is exclusive saleswoman for shoe strings and safety pins put out by the Bullard & Hill Co. Winifred

Ormes is still going to Salem High School just for fun. Katherine Schaffer, noted explorer and traveler, is on her way home from Washingtonville, Katherine Catton is jockeying for Hester Brown, famous horse "raceress."

—How Times Have Changed.

ON PARTING

The Senior Class of Salem High,
So loyal and so true
Now leaves this school with tear-stained eyes,
And leaves it all with you.

As we go out into the world
Our life's work to do
We'll all remember Salem High,
And all our classmates too.

We won't forget the Faculty
Who labored night and day
That we might sit upon the stage
On Graduation Day.

We won't forget the Freshmen,
And we all thank them too
For helping us in all our work
That we set out to do.

The Sophs won't be forgotten
By the Class of twenty-four.
And we wish them true success
And happiness galore.

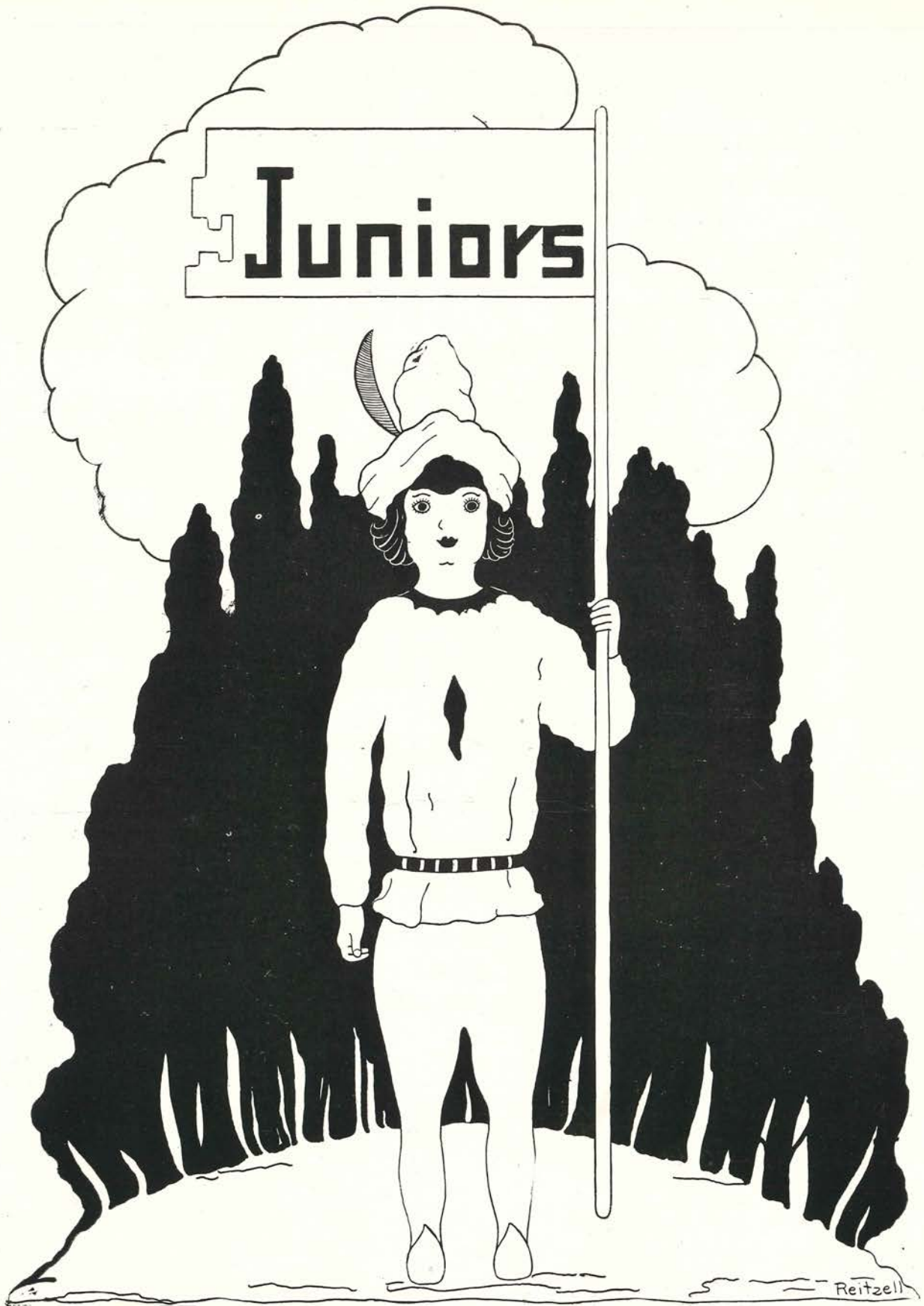
We won't forget the Juniors
Who struggled bravely on,
To hold the honored place in school,
That we have held so long.

But, how we'll miss the parties,
And the good times we have had.
And classmates, you may not know,
But this parting will be sad.

I know that I will miss you all
And the rest will feel the same.
And we surely wish to thank you,
For help building up our name.

And when we're traveling life's road.
Perhaps to return no more.
Please don't forget the Seniors,
The Class of twenty-four.

—Herman Stratton '24.



COLORS:
Blue and Grey.

JUNIOR CLASS

Charles Shaffer—Part of the time he is ruthless (Ruth less).

Mary Yarwood—May's pal.

Dorothy Webber—Her ways are ever worthy of praise.

Marguerite Schmid—She's so distinctive! We like it.

Helen Reitzell—Her question—"Who told you that?"

Kenneth Kelley—"Enthused man."

Hilbert Boughner—"He came to us from afar, but is shining like a star?"

Rapheal Reasbeck—"Gasoline Gus."

Albert Sartick—Just "Al."

Esther Rogers—Our "Prima Donna."

Donald Walton—"Daddy Long Legs" is his favorite.

Esther Williams—A reader of good books.

Sara Mae Zimmerman—"Her laughter! How refreshing.

Frances Camp—We are ever want to wonder what her thoughts are.

Dorothy Zeigler—"Happy Dot."

Fay Wight—Her name in Fay and she will have her way.

Ruth Robb—"They call her Ruthie."

Franklin Davidson—"Mebbe I'll do that."

Deo Chellis—"Deo, the Lion Hearted."

Cloyd Reynard—Have you ever seen him excited?

Myrtle Rhodes—Little but full of fun.

Edward Judge—Edward rhymes with forward. Does it seem to fit him?

Lewis Wolfred—Faithfully working to a good end.

James Grafton—"O, take those lips away."

Robert Howell—Parlez-vous oui oui charmante Djer Kiss Face powder.

Galen Greenisen—He thinks girls are silly.

Dorothea Hippely—Smile and the world smiles too.

Donald Izenour—He's firm in his belief.

Myrtle Vincent—She's quiet but lovable.

Nellie Walker—Little but mighty.

Ruth Werner—"How's Paul?"

Harry Houser—He may say he can't but you know by his eyes that he can.

Raymond Gunn—Leave it to "Gunny," he'll come out all right.

Nerr Gaunt—"Ain't I the berries?"

Dorothy Catlin—A happy disposition goes a long, long way.

Lloyd Heacock—Jimmy Valentino.

Paul Dill—Seldom seen and never heard, but he's here just the same.

Alice Heckert—On the stage she's a screaming, at art she's a genius.

Edward Heck—The radio bug.

Arthur Hanna—"School is darned foolishness, it seems to me."

Marion Van Syoe—"What's the latest in shoes, Dyke?"

Oscar Tolerton—Girls! Girls! Girls!

Camille Kines—To know her is to love her.

Letha Jackson—A pretty little maiden with a pleasant little smile, and every one who knows her finds it very worth his while.

Florence Muntz—A smile wins friends and she has them.

Ralph Roelen—If at first you don't succeed, Try again.

Wanda Cope—Actions speak louder than words, but Oh! how she can talk.

Alton Allen—"You can't keep a good man down."

Joseph Bryan—The nicest kind of a kid.

Jane Campbell—A smile will go a long, long way.

Lozeer Caplan—Hi "Lo."

Dorothy Carnes—An old fashioned girl, with an old fashioned smile.

James Cavanaugh—"O, Baby."

Vincent Judge—The Hero.

Sara Bryan—Twinkle, twinkle little star.

Esther Kampf—O! Fairest of the rural maids.

Elmer Kerr—The worry of Miss Clark's life.

Ralph Kircher—A noisy boy annoys 203, but we like him just the same.

Julia Kleon—O, those eyes.

Rea Seipper—"She does her part in every useful toil and art.

Edith Mellot—"Modest and shy as a nun is she."

Betty Miller—"Kind hearts are more than Coronets."

Theda Knauf—"I chatter, chatter, as I go."

Margaretta Limestahl—Keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Mary Miskimins—"She has a lovely face."

Raymond Cobourn—"I do my best—angels can do no more."

Irene Quinlin—"I do my duty."

George Murphy—"Silence is golden."

John O'Keefe—"Mindin' my business."

William Konnert—Not here—not there.

Russell Stallsmith—"The muscles on his brawny arms were strong as iron bands."

Haidie Talbot—"O—you!!!"

Anastasia Mircheff—I came, I saw, I conquered.

Willa Mae Cone—Someday—who knows?

Catherine Adams—"I wish there was something to do."

Herbert Arnold—"Is he really as good as he tries to be."

James Askey—"Oh Andrea."

Ralph Atkinson—"Now when I write my novel * * *."

Ruth Baldauf—Are you going to the dance?

Edyth Barnes—"Sweeter as the days go bye."

Paul Bartholomew—"If you had a Chandler * * *."

Lucile Bennett—"Just an old fashioned girl."

Wilford Bennett—Two "Fords."

Stephen Bogar—Our second, R. P. V.

William Bonsall—"Well-er-now you see-er."

Guy Brewer—"Brain Tax."

John Bristol—"I dislike Latin—exceedingly."

Beatrice Conkle—"I haven't seen Switz since."

Frederick Cope—"I'm hungry!"

Frances Cosgrove—"I never knew what love could do until * * *."

Hazel Crossley—"Bobbed hair?—Never!"

Dorothy Detwiler—"There a man in the case always!"

Fred Ebersold—"The human speller book."

Margaret Entriken—"Have you seen my Charles?"

Walter Fernengel—"Ah—say—April!"

Nixon Fithian—"Which shall we pity the sophomores or Nixon?"

Dorothy Flick—"Really I don't want to, but I will if your insist."

Margaret Floyd—"I don't think I can but I'll try."

Alice Fluckinger—"Do I need a hair cut?"

James Fogg—"Keep me company and smile!"

Thomas Frantz—"I know from experience."

Virginia Freet—"Have you seen Bruce?"

LaVaughn Simpson—"Do you really think he likes me?"

Dorothy Shinn—"Sweet and demure as the violet."

Mary Simonds—"No! I'm not going to the dance!"

Faye Slutz—"I agree with Hazel!"

Thurlo Thomas—"If dignity were all, where would he be?"

TO A FOOL

The wind roars through your overcoat;
Your spine just seems to freeze;
It chills your every joint and bone,
Makes gooseflesh on your knees.

You see my dear, it's cold enough
To wait awhile to shed it.
You think me a fool to write such stuff;
Well, you are too—you read it.

—"Fuzzy."

THE ART OF TODAY

As the painter speaks to us through line and color, so the sculptor reveals his message through beauty of form. He who has not learned to love sculpturing and to read this message misses a whole world of beauty and truth. In the history of this great art, as we trace it from its first crude beginnings, we find the expression of the noblest thoughts and aspirations of the people among whom it has flourished.

The art of sculpturing is far more ancient than written history, and we have no records of its beginnings. Perhaps the same instinct which leads children to shape sand or clay into forms which imitate natural objects led primitive man to fashion his first rude works of sculpture. But it is not until some idea, some deeper spirit, enters into it that sculpture becomes a fine art.

In Egypt, when we find remains of art even 7,000 years old, it was the belief in the immortality of the soul that chiefly inspired the sculptor. Durability was the chief quality sought and attained by the Egyptians.

The art of the Babylonians is almost as old as that of the Egyptians. They were especially fond of representing great muscular strength. The Assyrians and Chaldeans continued these traditions, and also showed great skill in the sculpturing of animals.

The Greeks learned much from these older peoples but their early works of art were crude to an amazing degree. Gradually however they developed a perfection in sculpturing which had never been seen before, and in some respects has never been equaled since.

During the Middle Ages the beautiful Christian churches were made still more beautiful by a multitude of carvings and statues. No great individual works were produced such as the Greeks and Romans gave to the world.

The Romans also helped the world in the art of sculpturing. Thus sculpturing has passed down through the ages to us, each one giving in turn. The world has many great pieces of art today, but the biggest pieces of sculpturing in the world's history will be the Stone Mountain memorial to the confederacy. This is being done by Borglum and his assistants who are very capable and competent.

This memorial to the confederacy has dwarfed Egypt's mightiest pharaohs into insignificance. Greater by far than the stupendous monuments in Asia and in Yucatan. Larger and more imposing than the glories that belonged to Greece and the grandeurs that represented Rome. Such will be the Stone Mountain memorial which is 18 miles east of Atlanta, Georgia.

Stone Mountain, 1,000 feet high is the largest single piece of granite in the world, so hard and unyielding that millions of years erosion have

scarcely made a dent in it. This gigantic mass, which has been a never ceasing source of study and speculation for men, drops on its northern face in a sheer, naked precipice.

Across the face of this on an inclined plane from northeast to southwest will be carved the memorial—at least 1,500 figures of which the greatest will be that of General Robert E. Lee nearly 200 feet high. From a distance of a mile these figures will appear life size. The confederate army, infantry, artillery, and cavalry, reviewed by leaders of the lost cause, Lee, Jefferson, Davis and other noted captains will compose the memorial.

When completed the memorial will be nearly 1,800 feet long and it will take six to ten years to chisel out the figures.

The Stone Mountain project was conceived in 1916 when the Daughters of the Confederacy asked Mr. Borglum to carve the head of Lee on the cliff. Mr. Borglum went down, looked it over, and then said it would be impossible. The head would be quite lost amid this expanse of granite, no matter how large it was, he said. "What you ought to have up there," he added, "is a whole army."

"All right," came the prompt reply, "put an army up there and we'll finance it."

The celebrated sculptor, and Lester P. Barlow, one of his chief aides, went to work and their work was well under way when the U. S. got into the war and the proposition was laid by for a time. It was resumed at the conclusion of hostilities and will move steadily forward to completion.

President Harding gave the memorial an enthusiastic indorsement as "the eighth wonder of the World."

It is estimated that the entire cost of the work will be \$3,500,000 for which the money is to be raised by popular subscription. It was originally intended to limit subscriptions to the south, but later it was decided that in view of the possibilities for drawing the north and south closer together northerners who wish may also contribute.

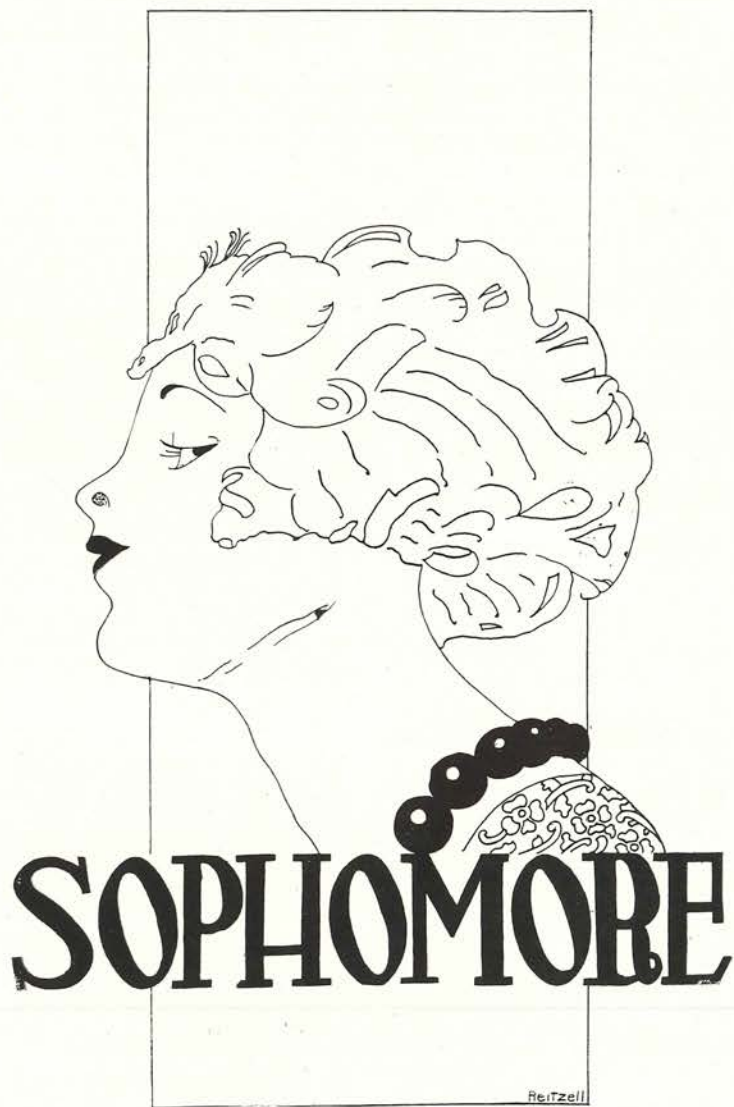
Cleveland is helping the southerners to carve a permanent memorial in granite to their warriors, but what is Salem doing?

Are we going to let ourselves drift in to a careless way of taking things for granted?

Why don't we Salemites have a little sculpturing right here in Salem? Are our children going to appreciate the sculpturing that is down south? Yes to a certain extent we will be proud of it but now much better it would be for us to have some sculpturing of our own.

Let us look around and see where a little sculpturing would improve Salem.

—Flora Hanna '26.



COLORS:
Blue and Gold

Sophomore Class

Erla Hill—Little but Oh my! how she can read Caesar.

Mary Hoffman—We wonder if she'll always be fighting the tardy bell.

Florence Holk—A good worker.

Clara Horton—"Did yo,' honest Betty?"

Alfred Houts—The Soph's football star.

Orville Huffman—Bright is his hair and so is he—"Sue."

Mary Elizabeth Jessup—A good nature beams forth in her smile.

Betty Jones—"Full of laughter, full of cheer, Betty never sheds a tear."

Junia Jones—"Oh, grandmother, how brilliant you are!"

Verdi Jones—Oh, her geometry.

Brooke Oertel—Always late, but gets there.

Ruth Older—The sun could be no brighter.

Lloyd Ormes—If he were as wise as he looks, he would out-do the proverbial owl.

Jean Olloman—Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more.

Julia Patten—An orator of great renown. You'll seldom find her equal anywhere around.

Cesarie Paumier—Not as hard to understand as her name.

Ruth Paxson—"Quiet and meek, but Oh, how sweet."

Gladys Redington—Can't you imagine her all excited.

Rose Ronski—A second Pavlova.

Charlotte Rutter—A mighty good kid—smart too.

Fred Schuller—"Sign painter" ahem!

Gus Schuster—Never gets thru hurrying.

Harold Shears—Some cutter.

Harry Sheen—Curly haired Henry.

Mary Ellen Smith—A star in Basket Ball, Mary Ellen is liked by all.

Francis Snyder—Quiet but not when you know him.

Kenneth Fultz—He has the making of a great man—good looks.

Susan Stowe—Nobody knows what she knows.

Albert Swenningson—He knows a lot but doesn't say much.

Dorothy Taylor—Pleasant to walk with pleasant to talk with and also pleasant to think about.

Henry Brolander—Quiet but bright.

Bruce Gardner—You can't keep track of this boy, he's everywhere at once.

Bessie Floyd—Nothing below A's in grades for her.

William Fernengel—He's the jester of 201.

Lynn Ferguson—He's wherever the gang is.

Winifred Fisher—Silence is Golden.

Raymond Mathers—He's from the country but he's no farmer.

Max Fisher—Girls are the least of his thoughts.

Helen Dressel—She's here, she's there, she's everywhere at once.

Gilbert Edgerton—Geometry star.

Bernice Dickenson—We believe that the cat has her tongue.

Dorothy Dougher—She is a busy little bee.

Mary Bates—We never thought that she above all girls would have her hair bobbed.

Raymond Filler—"Y-Y-Y-You tell her 'cause I-I-I-I stutter—."

Charles Coffee—We're proud of our track champion.

Charles Corso—He hasn't much to say, but he thinks a lot.

Rosemary Filler—She's quiet—but you'd be surprised.

Dorothy Coy—She's a sedate little maid.

Fernley Fawcett—Gone but not forgotten.

Helen Barnes—She has a bewitching smile.

Alice Bruner—"Men, men, where have I heard that word?"

Arthur Catlin—O, that tenor voice.

Clarence Davidson—We'd never know anything if we waited for him to tell us.

Henry Yaggi—He's little, but O, My!

Ruth Bolen—"Oh Time why don't you wait for me?"

Donald Smith—A little boy with big ideas.

Jackson McFeely—Geometry for sale!!!
 William Steiger—I'm from the country.
 Paul Forney—Always with a gang.
 Margaret Lipp—Always in a hurry.
 Louise Himmelspach—As smart as she looks.
 Margaret Boliver—Why is she taking Household Economics?
 Lois Snyder—Why doesn't she get her hair bobbed, just ask her.
 Frank Gallagher—Always talking.
 James Fisher—"Bashful."
 Grace Crumerine—"Graceful" her nickname applies well.
 Clyde Jenkins—The hidden powers of this man are hard to comprehend.
 Leslie Lodge—Stop! Look! Listen! he'll be a second "Chris."
 George Lewis—The idol of the Freshman girls.
 Wilbert Lewis—"Buck" our basketball star.
 Clarence Sidinger—A broken leg didn't daunt him.
 Jean Lease—He's forever fighting the tardy tap.
 Oliver Duke—He gets his lessons and he gets them well.
 Eleanor Votaw—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
 Camille Whinery—Very quiet and demure is she, the kind of a girl one ought to be.
 Wayne Marietta—In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thots of love.
 Ellsworth McKee—The foe of Caesar. His ambition's highest aim, to find who gave Geometry a name.
 Rex McIlvain—Tho Rex in size is rather small, lessons don't bother him at all.
 Margaret McDonald—Mother calls me Margaret, father calls me "Meg," brother calls me "Peggy," but the girls all call me "Peg."
 Wanda Mathews—A girl who once had sweet curly hair, one day she came, it was not there—she had it bobbed!!!!
 Hermina Mining—Quiet and unassuming.
 Genevieve Merino—"Jennie."
 Clyde Moore—He enjoys his laugh.
 Elmer Myer—Day by day he grows taller and quieter.
 Mike Yunk—"All great men think as I do."
 Geretta Titus—A high center in basketball.
 Opal Miller—Well she never disturbs us with any noise.

Alleene Moores—See how far this little candle throws its beam—so shines a good deed in a naughty world.
 William Miller—The world shall hear from him some day.
 Vera Zeigler—She's worth knowing.
 Clarence Trotter—Wake up! It's morning.
 Sara Wilson—Fair as a lily, sweet as a rose, she's liked wherever she goes.
 Robert White—The little rascal.
 Amelia Walde—A friend that is not to be forgotten.
 Elizabeth Ward—Happiness and contentment are factors of success.
 Glenn Arnold—I know everything you don't.
 Ruth Barton—"O, Chester."
 Clementine Blythe—She has pretty eyes.
 Fred Cosgrove—He's like a Ford—he gets there.
 Homer Eddy—Our combination Abraham and Uncle Sam.
 Ruth Grey—"Oh, dear, I'm so tired."
 Risty Krepps—Our dime hero.
 Francis Simonds—"Have you my ring?"
 Wilbur Lippert—"Willie" the woman hater.
 Lloyd Whinery—"Let's swap sweaters."
 Wanda Cope—Hey! Copie.
 Martha Willaman—"Oh dear its just a fresh new stick of Wrigleys. Don't make me throw it out."
 Raymond Judge—"Oh fudge!"
 James McCluggage—James and "Henry."
 William Seiferd—Just "Wm."
 Edith Smith—Edith's a good "bid."
 Everett McKinley—John himself couldn't have been a better John Adams than Everett.
 Mary Chessman—We don't know her so well, but what we do know of her we like.
 Hazel Cody—Hazel knows everything except herself.
 Elsie Coe—She should have been a boy, for she is as bright as the son.
 Mary Louise Glass—Happiness should be her name.
 James Gregg—A right smart kid if crazy-ness was a study.
 Andrew Hann—One of our Quaker mail men.
 Mary Hann—Quietness reigns over Mary.
 Flora Hanna—What she doesn't know no one knows.

IN THE LIBRARY

By Jeanne E. Olloman, '26

Oh, a librarians life is a life of trial, for she is busy all the while, answering questions and finding books, for the student who seldom looks, to find them for himself. (The books in order upon the shelf). He may want poetry, or he may want verse, he may want good books, or he may want worse! and many a time he forgets the name of the book or man who wrote the same, (and of course the librarian is always to blame). Just the other day a lad to me said, "Oh, the name of that book, I can't get fixed in my head." "O, Yes" said he, "I want 'Bloody Elections,' written by Faulkin or such." But after searching the files with all my might, I soon found that the name "Bloody Elections," was not right and I found instead of what he had said 'Twas not that he wanted "Bloody Elections, but Fulton and Trueblood's Standard Selections! And this is the way it is from morning till night. They're always mistaking the wrong for the right. I don't mean this to be complaint, but really its enough to worry a saint.

These are a few facts that I have found as in the library I've "cast my eye around."

P. S. I don't profess to be a poet, I have just written about the library as I know it.

27



FRESHMEN

Reitzell

Freshman Class

- Harry Iler—"Flower of the country."
- John Wolford—"Still waters run deep."
- Mildred Deville—"Slow to yield up her knowledge."
- Dudley Ahead—"I guessed it that time."
- John Negrotto—"Did you see me make that long shot? Oh boy!"
- Arlin Clark—"That's nothing. Why last time I * * *."
- Willard Edgerton—"I'll try anything once."
- Joe Bogar—"Plowing his way to success."
- Henrietta Lakin—"Gallina."
- Bob Campbell—"Wamba the second."
- Betty Deming—"Her father makes 'suction' pumps."
- Earnest Kampher—"Good for coeds."
- Loe Beall—"Leo the Great."
- Frederick Limestahl—"What is the speed limit?"
- Richard Cope—"Let me think."
- Eugene Young—"Chickena-ae-f."
- Billy McCain—"Windshields."
- Ralph Gabler—"Is my tie on straight?"
- John McNichol—"Cupid."
- Samuel Naugle—"Back to the soil."
- Herbert Bush—"A peck of trouble."
- Clara Patton—"Shall I say supercilious or arrogant?"
- Ruth Reese—"I want a man."
- Earl Cain—" 'Tis not!"
- Anna McLaughlin—"A student, first, last and always."
- Wendell Catlin—"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."
- Gladys Zimmerman—"I'm waiting for somebody."
- Kathleen Mullins—"Solemnity hath its charms."
- Mary Konnert—"If gossip were life, I should never die."
- William Reith—"What's in a name?"
- Dillwyn Stanley—"He has a lease on the hickory."
- Leonard Perkins—"My salad days, for I am green in judgment."
- George Fronius—"Fuzzy."
- Clarence Froethy—"Such men are dangerous."
- Frederick Kirkbride—"Ain't I good?"
- Fred Beardmore—"A man first, last and always."
- Russell McArtor—"Carnations!"
- Russell Miller—"Virtue is its own reward."
- William Chalfant—"Let the rest of the world roll by."
- Gus Jacobson—"I fergit part of it."
- Joseph O'Keefe—"Spoiling for a fight."
- Isabelle Simpson—"Please don't bother me; I said I didn't know."
- Albert Debnar—"Every inch a man."
- Hanna Hagan—"Capable, that's she all over."
- William Bodendorfer—"Independent, that's me all over."
- Russell Hanna—"An all around good sport."
- Frank Covert—"The bigger they come, the harder they fall."
- Brooke Phillips—"For cat's sake!"
- Marjorie Fultz—"With a smile that never comes off."
- Margaret Fultz—"She believes 'If winter comes spring can't be far behind!'"
- Richard Wilson—"Richard the Lion Hearted."
- Margaret Keose—"Neat as a pin."
- Wm. Leisbschner—"Over the Top."
- Edgar Guilford—"Born in Winona, reared in Winona and hopes to die in Winona."
- Shara Shropp—"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

- Evelyn Miller—"Wait a minute."
- Mary Schmid—"To err is human."
- Esther Stewart—"No need to use cosmetics."
- Doris Cobb—"Pure as a lily."
- Harriet Blackburn—"Well I'm not sure but * * *."
- Dorothy Duncan—"Her temper is unlike her hair."
- James Farmer—"His name is deceiving."
- Robert Roup—"Robert's no chicken."
- Mary Elizabeth Gardner—"She's a shark at Latin and a whale at Algebra."
- Leota Eakin—"Well, I'll tell you, it's just like this * * *."
- Eleanor Lodge—"Never trouble yourself with trouble until trouble troubles you."
- Myron Sturgeon—"Gosh that's expensive."
- Lois Porter—"May I take the absence slip?"
- Hilda Pauline—"A fat chance."
- Ruth Rhodes—"Always chewing gum."
- Gladys Kirtlan—"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."
- Victor Theiss—"It's a different girl every time."
- Lewis Platt—"Made up of wisdom and of fun."
- Carl Tecca—"Snappy eyes."
- Edward Janeck—"Inclines toward a life of repose."
- Freda Headley—"Virtue is its own reward."
- Richard Cope—"Went out for the mile."
- Lottie Slaby—"Uses her artistic talent on her nose."
- Homer Taylor—"He hath the makings of a man."
- Donald O'Malley—"Indifferentiation."
- Ruth Kuhl—"Still waters run deep(?)"
- Jack Cobourn—"It may be true, but I don't believe it."
- Elizabeth Buchfelner—"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, and wake little Beth up in the morn."
- Dorothy Izenour—"I am here, but where are my thoughts?"
- Ruth Conser—"She has a mind, and speaks it too."
- Clyde Barber—"Why let studies interfere with my education?"
- Donald Mathews—"Arguifying."
- Ida Ritchie—"She blushes—all is safe."
- Pauline Fernengle—"Quiet, reserved and studious is she."
- Nellie Groves—"Away with him, away with him, that speaks Latin."
- Roberta Reese—"Short but sweet."
- Raymond Leipper—"How can I wiggle out of knowing my history?"
- Paul Fogg—"Let'er rain, I should worry."
- Franklin Smith—"Upon what meat doth this our Franklin feed that he is grown so fat."
- Walter Harsh—"I'll betcha my brother can lick your brother."
- Keith Schnorrenberg—"Little but loud."
- Myron Baker—"Aw, don't do that, Miss Orr wouldn't like it."
- William Smith—"A mother's joy, a father's delight."
- Lucille Baker—"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"
- Christina Sutter—"Thinking will make me mad."
- Mabel Cobb—"Let not your thoughts be deep, for fear you drown in them."
- Wilda Mounts—"To the top rung of the ladder."
- Janet Riddle—"A 'riddle' is right!"
- Herbert Kent—"The girl's victim."
- Mary Thomas—"Black were her eyes as the berries that grow on the thorn by the way-side."
- Irma Bonscina—"The good Samaritan."
- Mary Jane Strawn—"My name's not Mary!"
- Norman Kennedy—"We're drifting back to Dreamland."
- Caroline Webber—"Grinding the fiber out of books."
- Dwight Bishop—"Always telling how busy he is and in doing so spends all his time."
- Elizabeth Saunders—"No one her equal but herself."

Hermine Webber—"Gentle of speech and beneficent of mind."

Gussie Fisher—"In Latin room: 'Is this where they teach Algebra?'"

Joe Marsilio—"It's right if he says so, we won't argue."

Mary Lippert—"Seen but not heard."

Max Caplan—"If silence is golden, poor Max will live in poverty."

Irene Slutz—"The Book of Knowledge."

Gus Tolerton—"Is bound to get a word in all conversations even if it is only in edgeways."

Evelyn Shepard—"Always has an answer."

Daniel Kosma—"Dan's cow gives 'skim' milk."

Lamoine Derr—"Nature hath written upon his brow, 'Gentleman.'"

Wayne Brown—"Little one."

Steve Tarzan—"He knoweth all."

Noble Wells—"He's a noble of olden days."

Marjorie Fultz—"Imagine Marjorie without a smile on her face."

Mary Bodo—"Do you know where Bloom keeps his hat."

Chet Kridler—"I studied it, but I don't know."

Nanee Pearce—"Ah don't undah-stahand that."

Viola Stanciu—"Doesn't need any diamonds."

Virginia Marshal—"Slow but not so sure."

Edith Weber—"Something's going to happen. Edith Webber recited today."

Elma Auld—"Every day in every way I'm getting thinner and thinner."

Elsie Bogar—"The little girl with the little voice."

Ruby Calladine—"Have you got your General Science?"

Harry Martin—"He has Rickenbacker on the brain."

Francis Carey—"As comic as he looks."

Keith Dale—"If his brain was used as much as his mouth, he would be a bright boy."

Paul Ingledue—"He is small but full of fun."

Martha Krauss—"Music flows from her fingers."

Gordon Rich, "our Harold Lloyd."

Dick Lockwood—"Lovebird."

Sarah Hanna—"I didn't get to read that far."

Arleen Coffee—"Pretty is as pretty does."

Mable Parsons—"You don't hear all she knows."

Wm Rieth—"Persists in bringing magazines to science class."

Paul Howell—"It is 'tuffy' or toughy?"

Mike Yunk—"Why don't the girls ride in his limousine?"

Gladys Zimmerman—"She knows that silence is golden."

Gladys Russell—"I've heard her complain, 'You've waked me too soon, I must slumber again.'"

Margaret Luxeuil—"I walk half the time to find my own thoughts."

Lucretia Mohr—"Now, what's on her mind?"

Verona Mellot—"All things I thought I knew, but now confess, the more I know I know,—I know the less."

Dorothy Foltz—"The hearts of men adore thee."

Lester Older—"Laugh and the world laughs with you; snore, and you sleep alone."

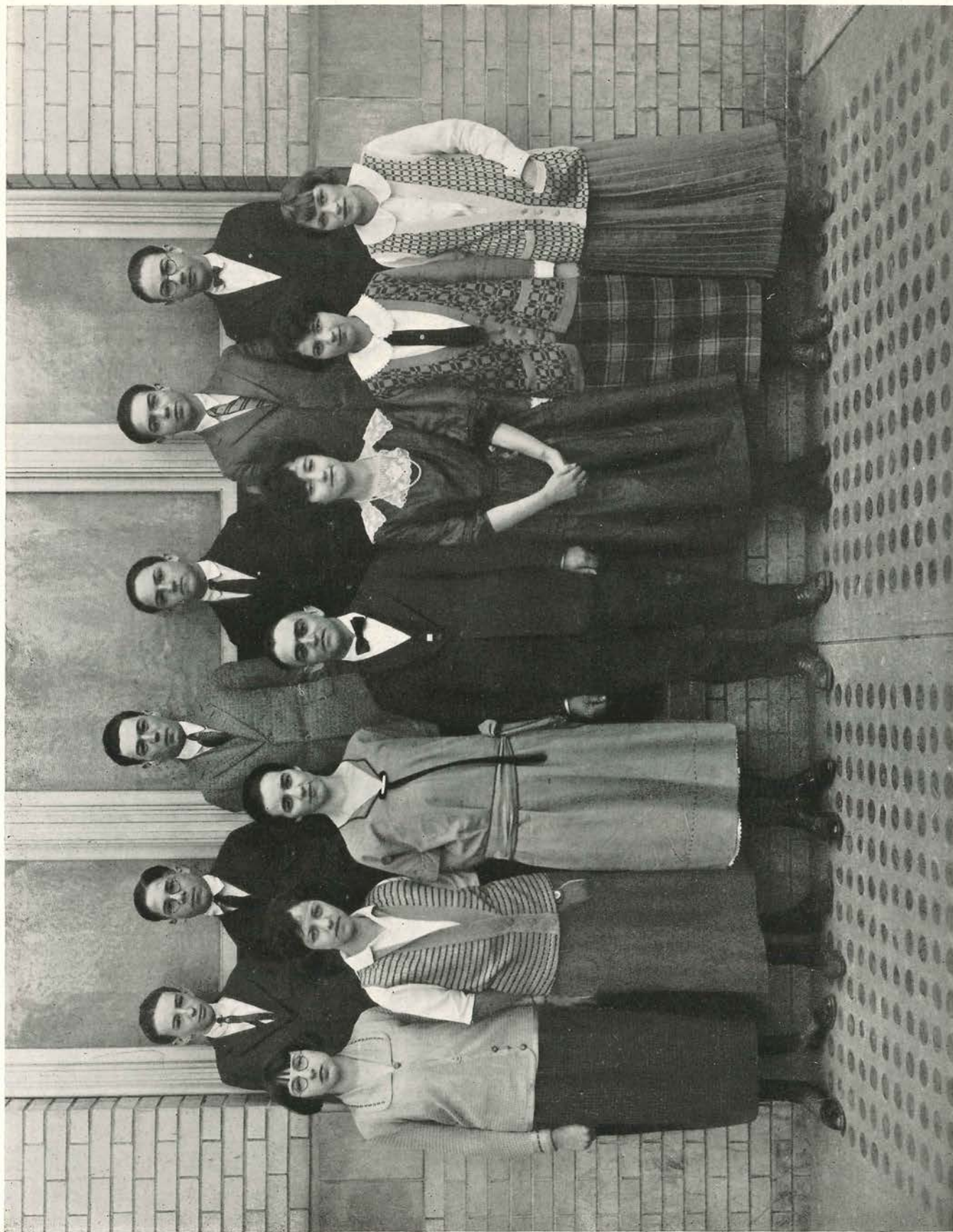


FOOTBALL '23

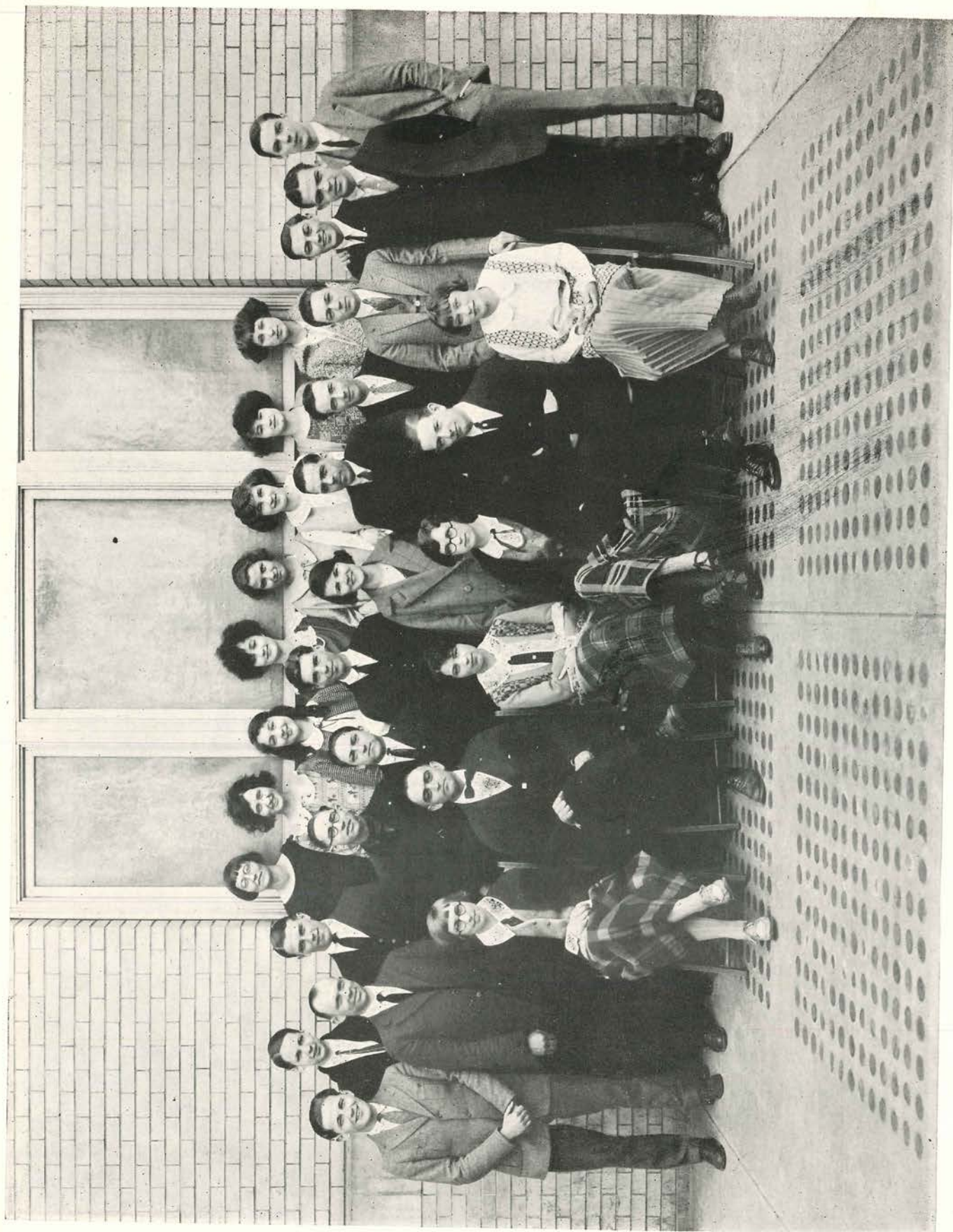


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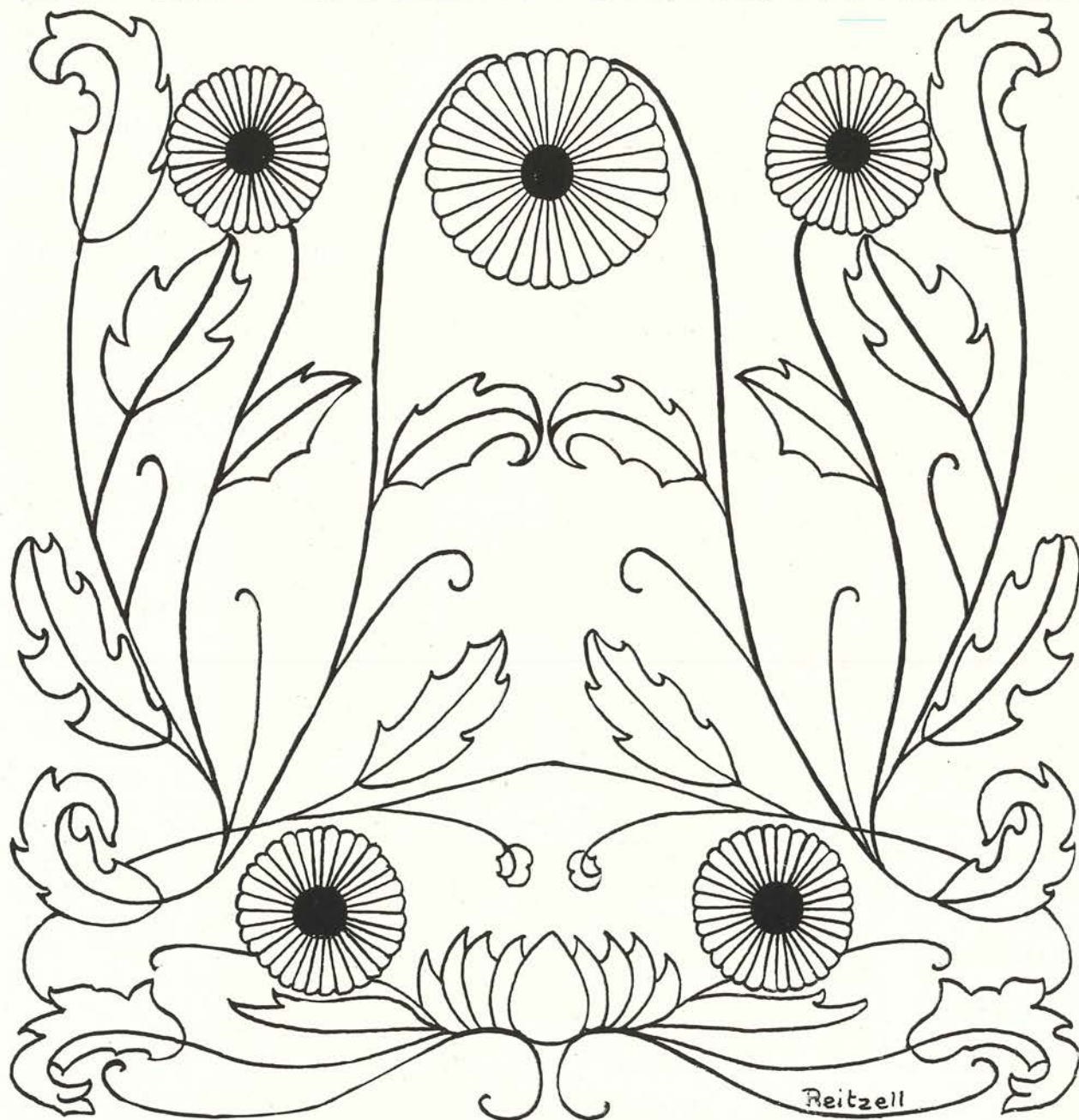


DEBATE '24



DINAMO '24

LITERARY



THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Edward Heck '25.

Gentlemen of the Academy: Since you have been so good as to assemble here, and have shown a measure of interest in my explorations, I will continue to describe my earthly travels. In this, the fifth of the series, I desire to say something of the modes and queer customs of the "Younger Generation."

After I had, with the greatest difficulty learned the queer and awkward language used there, I read very much concerning this "Younger Generation." This is as near as I can translate the meaning. The books and magazines discussed this a great deal, and as I had only a limited time there, I decided to investigate this interesting phase of earth life thoroughly. The great question among the earth people seems to be, whether or not, this "Younger Generation" is going to the bad.

I think that perhaps I had better explain what I mean by the "Younger Generation" before I proceed. The "Younger Generation" seems to consist of those earth people, who have lived an indefinite time on the earth, but less than twenty years as near as I can calculate the time.

I have previously explained the system of time calculation and propagation of species on the earth. After the earth person becomes over twenty he takes up the question, and tries to find out what is the matter with the "Younger Generation." The whole affair reminds me of a Martian Giffen Whang chasing his tail, so to speak.

I knew that what you gentlemen desired more than anything else was veracity, and so decided to investigate thoroughly. The papers and radio talks all presented such widely varying aspects of the situation, and contained so few facts, that I knew I must make a personal investigation.

The pitifully educated men who represented the earth's greatest professors seemed very poorly informed, and usually gave the unqualified statement that the "Younger Generation" was totally bad.

I will not bore you with details. Suffice to say that through great "pull" and strategy I was placed in an American family containing a specimen of the "Younger Generation." This specimen was a male about sixteen years of age, and presented some very interesting problems.

He seemed friendly enough, but a very queer person different from anything I have ever met. The first thing that impressed me was his apparent disregard for my great education and experience. From the first he greeted and called me "snookums," and in the face of all persuasion would not alter his version. I have never been able to find a definition, but do not believe the name is a compliment. He seemed to have other terms of affection for the members of his family: "Old man," "old lady," "spit fire," and "wreck" were used when out of the hearing of the persons mentioned.

My only periods of freedom were when he was attending High School, which I have explained before. The first night I was there we attended a "basket ball game." A great crowd of people assembled around a railing and on benches, and set up a terrific noise. After a while a group of scantily clad males entered the arena and tossed a ball back and forth and occasionally into the rings fastened at either end. The crowd kept time with a series of yells, probably some religious demonstration or primitive study. Bud's explanations

were confused and meaningless to me. I will describe the game when I have had time for research.

Bud, for that was his name, seemed very kind and did his best to show me the sights, only skipping me every few nights. One night after much persuasion he consented to take me to a dance, I was very much interested, and will attempt to describe the actions of what seemed the principal factor of the discussion about the "Younger Generation." The preparation for the ceremony is quite novel, usually a "date" is secured. This consists of an agreement with a female of the species to attend in company. He explained that the date was secured in proportion to the "boldness" of the young men. If slightly "boiled" or under done" he approaches this task with great timidity and many fears. If "medium done" or "four minute" it goes something like this: "How about the Roller's dance tomorrow night?" If "well done" or hard boiled," "Jump into your glad rags, kid, we're going to a hop."

I will now explain the personal preparations. First the neck, face, and hands are cleaned with an emulsion called soap. After being carefully dried the next step is shaving. I could find no excuse for this, but it must be part of the ceremony. The face is again lathered, and scraped with a sharp instrument. Bud cut his face and muttered some words, that I couldn't understand. I am unable to tell whether this was a part of the ceremony or not. After rubbing the teeth hastily with a small brush the crowning part of the ceremony arrives. Two jars are taken, both containing some kind of grease. He leaned over the sink and soaked his hair. By standing back a few feet I was able to avoid the spray. He then rubbed in a mixture from the two jars. The last and most difficult part was the combing. By pulling an ebonite instrument through the hair it was made to become smooth and shiny. I believe this shiny appearance is very much desired. He then dressed with extreme care in the most approved masculine style.

At last the time arrived. The "old man's" car is either begged or "swiped," Bud used the former method, and we started after the second party to the date. She was a most gorgeous creation, but I did not have time for close observation, as Bud placed me in his pocket.

We arrived at the hall! My eye was immediately taken by the females. Such wonderful tints on their faces! Yes, from a pale pink to almost a red. Most were wearing bright gowns, and had their hair curled. It is my deepest regret that I was unable to witness the rite used in the female preparation. It would indeed be interesting.

The dance started. I secured an unobstructed view from a lamp in one corner. A band of men came out and produced queer noises known as "jazz" to the accompaniment of which the younger generation proceeded to dance around, a male with a female, and vice versa though in a special order. The affair is repeated over and over, and becomes tiresome to the onlooker.

The dance was over and I secured my place in Bud's pocket. The ride home seemed very long and I fell asleep.

I am very sorry that I cannot inform you gentlemen whether or not the "Younger Generation" is going to the bad.

LIGHT

John Cavanaugh, '24.

A flickering tongue of bluish-yellow flame, writhing out of the blackened jet near the door, cast a dim, but merciful light on the objects in the room. It was well that the light did not shine brightly on the untidy bed, with its forbidding sheets and dirty pillows, or the box on which rested the cracked pitcher and bowl, or on the floor, with its torn and ragged carpet.

It fell on the man sitting at the table in the same feeble, uncertain way. Here we could wish it brighter, for the face it reveals is a strange face, a different face. To be sure, it has the same worn appearance as the furnishings of the room, the same untidy appearance, but it is not a bad face. Rather, a weak face, on which worry, suffering and dissipation have stamped their marks, but on which evil has not yet traced its hideous lines.

The flame brightens a little, and we see fear, and anxiety in the eyes. The whole attitude of the man suggests a kind of hesitant groping, like that of a child in a dark room, stretching out its hands to the door, and finding only a blank wall.

As he sits there, his mind wanders to the events of the past few months. How clearly and painfully they stand out! How blithely he had departed that morning, full of joy and life and hope, for the wonderful job that he had found. And then—when they had found the money missing, and accused him, he had been unable to prove his innocence. He had never told Mary, his wife,—no, he would find another job, and she would never know. Then, when he had saved a little money—he would send for her, and they would take that little bungalow—the one he liked so well—and they could pay for it on payments. But the job never turned up and now—now he was going to do this! It was his “first job,” as Bill McTigue had put it, and he was nervous and afraid.

“Wish Bill ‘ud come,” he muttered, talking aloud for much the same reason that a small boy whistles in the dark. Bill had said that this one job would net him “a thousand,” and with that—his eyes

brightened—he could make a payment on that little house with the climbing roses clinging to its front, seeming to embrace it, and welcoming them, Mary and him to make it theirs. Then his head droops, and again fear claims him, and sickens him. But he’d do it, just this one job, and then—

Here his musings are interrupted by a knock at the door. He raises his head, nervously reaches for the gun in his pocket, then relaxes. “It’s only Bill,” he says, as if to reassure himself. He rises and opens the door. By the dim light, we recognize the coarse, hard features of the boarding mistress.

“Here’s a letter fur yuh” she says, and holds out the small envelope to him. He looks at the handwriting and hastily shuts the door. By its post mark, it had been mailed a week before, and he opens it feverishly. By the light of the gas jet, he reads the few words it contains: “Dear Jim—Please come. Mary.” For a moment he gazes stupidly, then he understands.

When Bill McTigue came at eleven o’clock, he found the room deserted. When he asked the landlady where Jim Benton was, he was astonished and enraged at her answer—“Dunna. Paid his bill and went. Said somethin’ ‘bout his wife, and how long he’d been away.”

Three years later, newsboys selling their papers, caught the ear of passing pedestrians by the cry, “Big bank robbery—two bandits killed.”

And one man, seated comfortably on the porch of a pretty little house with climbing roses crawling up its front, idly glancing over the article, came upon a sentence that caused him to spring up from his chair, a look of great horror on his face. Gradually it faded, and peace and a greater gratitude stole over his countenance. Mary and little Jim, now aged three, found him standing there when they laughingly tripped from the doorway.

Let us look at that paper, at the article which had so startled Jim. It reads, “Bill McTigue, gangster and gunman, shot and killed.”

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL GREATNESS

Alleene Moores, '26.

Upon first thought most of us are apt to think of thrift as applying to money matters. It not only properly applies to this but to everything in life—the wise use of one’s time, one’s ability and one’s energy. Thrift is not only a foundation of fortune and a civilization builder but it brings out the true character of the practitioner. This was clearly shown by Lord Roseberry who said that all thrifty empires were well founded and prosperous. “Take the Roman Empire, which in some respects, as a centered empire, was the greatest in history,” he said; “it lay like an iron clamp upon the face of the world; it was founded on thrift, and when it ceased to be thrifty it degenerated and came to an end. Take the case of Prussia. It began with a little narrow strip of sand in the North of Europe—‘all string,’ as some one said, from its shape and the fact that its inhabitants were almost all armed men—and it was nurtured by the thrift of Frederick the Great’s father, who prepared a vast treasure and a vast army by an economy which we should call sordid, but which was the weapon by which the greatness

of Prussia was founded, and from which the present German Empire has risen. Take the case of France. In my humble belief France is in reality the most frugal of all nations. I am not sure that the French always put their money into the savings banks, and, therefore they do not figure so well in the proportion of depositors to the nation as some others may do; but after the disastrous year of 1870, when France was crushed for a time by a foreign enemy and by a money imposition which it seemed almost impossible that any nation could pay, what happened? The stockings of the French peasantry, in which they had kept their savings for years, were emptied into the chest of the State, and that huge indemnity and that war expense was paid off in a time incredibly short. The other two nations that I have spoken of were made by their thrift, but France was saved by her thrift.”

Thrift is not a thing which requires superior intellect, nor superior courage, nor any superhuman virtue. It requires only common-sense and the

power of resisting selfish enjoyment. It needs no fervid resolution but just a little self-denial.

A thriftless man is much more inclined to be slovenly and untruthful than he who has a programme carefully planned for his life, secures his money honestly only by thrifty habits, holds part in reserve and who is enabled to rise above his surroundings and not be dragged down by their clutch. Each little addition makes him say "No" that much easier to each temptation that might come drifting his way. Thrift is ten a character builder.

Every level-headed business man employs and respects the man who has the reputation for saving, for it indicates that he has the power of self-denial, good judgment, has a good mind and heart which makes him a worthy citizen and a safe neighbor. Life looks good to him who is preparing for his emergencies, has a grip on life and ready if misfortune falls his lot. He's the one who is going to grasp those splendid opportunities which require only a little ready cash but which decide between failure and success and he's the one who is going to feel an upward tendency to life and feel that society is not demoralizing.

A young man who intended to save and was making a good salary was questioned as to what he had done with his salary in the past year. This set him thinking. He figured his expenditures and discovered that his necessary expenses equaled one-fourth of his salary. He resolved to start a saving account and immediately deposited what little he had. He did not make the fatal mistake suffered by so many. In an incredibly short time he had saved enough to have the pleasure of making big

plans for the future; moreover, he had cut off injurious habits and spent this money for books and self-improvement. His self-respect was increased and his success only made him hate himself the more for his indulgences.

Many an unhappy and wretched life is being spent today in this country of ours because of the lack of ordinary business principles and a thrifty education. This fact was revealed by one woman who presented a check for payment at one of the banks. The paying teller kindly passed it back with the request that she endorse it. She took the check and this is what she wrote, "I have done business with this bank for many years and I believe it to be all right.—Mrs. James B. Brown.

Others are unhappy because they sail under false colors by presenting themselves in the riches of dress with their minds and hearts dressed in calico, their houses of Queen Anne architecture in front and Mary Ann in back. Why are they not genuine through and through, why do they resort to methods "bordering on criminality, many of these often cursed by debt, just to keep up some miserable deceit?" This, this is the Ruin of Rivalry.

Be free with your education, be willing to sacrifice a good time to improve yourself for you "reapeth as sparingly as you soweth." It means success, yet "Saving is the first great principle of Success." "It creates independence, it gives young men a standing, it fills them with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment."

THROUGH AN ARCHED WINDOW

Mary Helen Cornwall, '24.

It might have been a castle high up on the bluff that overlooked the mighty seething torrent that raged and tore so madly at the rocks below, or at least Adrien liked to dream of it as such. But it was only a great stone mansion built after the fashion of some European palace by Adrien's grandfather, then an erotic and temperamental youth whose life had been crowded with adventure and romance and whose only boast was his Spanish ancestry and his peculiar delight in his own pirate nature. True to his adventure-seeking spirit victorious conquests had always been his; he had never known defeat nor the meaning of sorrow until that stormy, dreadful night when death had hovered there in the shadows and they had waited—waited for the cold grey dawn. In that hour just before the dawning the light of his life had gone out; in that hour before the dawning, that hour when men go mad with the shadows and the awful stillness, Phillip Villaverde had flung open the great arched window which looked out toward the west upon the sea and had gone blindly forth muttering strange curses and stranger oaths—out into the fog and the unutterable sodden greyness of the early morning—never to return. With the death of his beloved young wife, Phillip's spirit had gone out into eternity to unite again with hers. If he suffered physical death, no one ever knew. The sea does not give up all its secrets. Only God takes toll of the mighty depths where the eyes of man cannot probe and condemn.

With the setting of two more suns they had laid Phillip's wife to rest beneath the Killarney roses which flourished at the point of the promontory.

Strange! Killarney roses in such a Spanish setting, but they were a tribute to Ellen's own individuality; Philip had insisted and planted them there himself only a year before while his little bride from the Shamrock Isle had smiled into his eyes with the same sparkle and twinkle in her own that had gone to his heart not so many months before. In that one short year had Ellen reigned at Villa-Verde as sole mistress the beloved queen of Philip's heart and the idol of his pagan worship. A connoisseur of all things beautiful Philip had found and loved little Ellen.

Dusk was slowly darkening the western drawing-room, casting a cloak of ashen grey over the rich blue coloring of its furnishings. Through the arched window the waning glory of the molten orb on his way to meet the night was snatching up flashes of scarlet and old gold from a Spanish shawl flung across a grotesque object silhouetted there against the radiance, a grand piano. Before the instrument sat a youth, his head bent low on his arms folded above the key-board. The fragrance of roses came in the wake of the narrow golden path as it passed through the opened window. The dreamy silence, mellow and rose-tinted, would have been a boon to the artist or the poet, but to Adrien Lauret it was a torment. To him the early summer was a fantasy born of memories of the days before the eternal darkness had suppressed his wild delight in the beauties of Ville-Verde.

The figure at the piano arose suddenly and flung wide the great double window. Raising his hands in a passion of longing and despair he cried

out in his loneliness, "Oh God, how long wilt thou forsake me? How long must I endure this torture? Have I been accursed that I must endure this hell of blackness! If thou dost not hear—then thou art not God."

The last was almost an inaudible whisper-half groan, half sob, as the youth sank to his knees. His spirit broken, calm once more, the youth arose white-faced and tense. He was a handsome youth, Adrien Lauret. "Just like his grandfather, the lad is," Maggie, the old Irish nurse would say—when Adrien's mother was not near to remonstrate. Adrien had long since been bewitched by Maggie's tales of his dashing grandfather.

Wondering now what his grandfather would have done had he been bound as he was bound Adrien remembered the way out that Phillip Villa-verde had taken. "If it gets too hard to bear, perhaps I'll follow him." Adrien laughed hollowly. "If I've got the grit, and have the sense to forget Beethoven on my way, I can end it all,—someday."

Thus, day after day, would Adrien come to his favorite retreat and play for hours, fondly touching the keys as though he were caressing his only love. He had made for himself a haven here by the window, where his soul might find expression.

Cautioned always, that he should never go alone beyond the sun-dial, out there in the rose-garden of Villa-Verde, Adrien caught only vague snatches of the song of the sea as it swirled and dashed below the promontory. Once he had gone there with his mother out to the point where the Killarney roses bloom, but his mother had wept so bitterly for days afterward that Adrien had never ventured to mention their going a second time.

Today, as he listened to the distant dashing of the ever ceaseless waters, Adrien could no longer quench the fire of adventure that burned within his romance-loving heart.

A moment, and he could lose himself in the winding paths of the wondrous garden,—and perhaps, he would come upon the Killarney roses. Through the arched window and across the broad veranda he found his way to the sun-dial. Slowly at first, he picked his course. Each step brought the music of the sea a little closer. Suddenly with a joyous boyish laugh Adrien broke into a wild run and with an old sea song on his lips he raced on with all the abandon of the boldest of pirates.

On and on he ran, forgetful of all save the glorious song of the sea that lay beyond calling him, daring him to come nearer.

"Stop," cried a low voice at his side, and a firm but gentle hand held him fast. In vain he struggled to free himself for the hand held firmly. The low voice was speaking again, "The sea has called to you, Adrien Lauret. It calls us all. You're Spanish,—Spanish and French. You've wild blood in you, Adrien Lauret. But that is your misfortune not your fault. Now, go back. Do not come here again."

"Who are you, that you should stop me?"

"I?" she laughed softly. "Ten years ago you would not have asked such a question. Do you forget the day you chased a little thief half way to the cove because she stole some roses from that

bush at your side? Oh, Adrien Lauret, I didn't know then that they were Killarney roses, I only knew that they were the prettiest posies I had ever seen, and,—and I wanted some."

Slowly, the color deepened in his face; he smiled. After a pause, he spoke, making a pretense at severity. "And now, Peggy Reigh, now since you know they are Killarney roses you're here gathering some more, I suppose."

"Why Adrien, they're almost full-blown. They wouldn't keep a moment."

"Are they—are they Peggy? I'm sorry. I'd like you to have had some." Adrien turned away so that she might not see his face.

"But they were—hers, Adrien."

"Because they were like here, Peggy,—that's what Maggie says. And I've always half believed they're like you, too—mavoureen."

"Don't,—don't Adrien." There was a sob in her voice as she turned away.

"Why shouldn't I tell you? It's true—I swear it is." Adrien was oblivious to all save the boyish dreams he had had of the little Irish girl who had sat by his side in the great west drawing room painting dauby water-color pictures of the roses in the tall old Chinese vase that always stood by the piano, while he picked out the themes of famous operas with one dirty-sticky finger. Adrien smiled to himself. "But of course, a blind old bat like me—you couldn't care about—anything, now."

There was a long pause. Finally Peggy touched his arm lightly and guided him back toward the house, without a word. It was after that that she confessed how she had slipped into the garden, day after day, and listened to his lonely heart pour itself forth in the sad sweet melodies for which he had no other expression.

"I came back here this summer to paint this garden. Tomorrow I shall take it back to the city,—but it is not my work, Adrien, you painted it."

Seeing the incredulous look upon his face, Peggy continued. "The garden lived for me, Adrien. It was like a song, vibrant and glowing. God has endowed you with an eternal gift, Adrien. Down in the city I believed He had forgotten me. But I know now that He has been lost to me through the life I've led down there. I had lost hope, Adrien till I saw you and heard you play again. And now I must go. Good-bye."

But you will return—you'll come back to me Peggy?" cried Adrien impulsively. "Oh, my love, then I'll see the garden too, with you near me, with your eyes, mavourneen. You won't leave me in the darkness—alone—again?"

"Oh, Adrien,—you—you want me?"

"God knows how I want you, Peggy," Adrien whispered.

"Then, I'll come—soon, Adrien—one of those Killarney roses was just a bud. I'm giving it to you." Placing it in his hand with a gentle laugh, Peggy stood on tip-toe, brushing his forehead an instant in sacred pledge of her love and promise of her return.

FOUNDATION OF SUCCESS

Julia Patten '26.

As we study History we notice that the nations that were most powerful of olden time, were those where the individual people were most physically fit.

When Greece was at the height of her fame and ruler of the world her people were devoted to athletic sports. These were highly developed in the Olympic Games. A part of their religion was to develop the most perfect and beautiful body, and as we read Greek books we find they accomplished this wonderfully. A boy whose father had taken him to an art museum viewed with wonder the statues of Apollo and Hercules, the Grecian Heroes. He wished to know if such men ever had lived and how had they developed such beautiful bodies and he was told that they surely had lived and made such athletic and beautiful bodies by physical exercise.

Then again as we study history we notice that the nations that were the most powerful of olden days were those where the individual was most mentally fit.

When England was at her prime in those days,

she possessed men who had the very highest intellectual power that countries of that age had. She produced authors, statesmen, and orators who had that rare gift of writing.

America, which many think today is in her prime has produced—is producing men of rare calibre—men, who guide this ship of state through the rolling angry waves of dissention, warfare and internal disorders.

Now we have the two, physical and mental fitness, and these two things are what is known as the foundation of success.

Physical fitness prepares the body for mental fitness. One is the exercise of the muscles and the other the exercise of that guiding power, the brain.

The next is then, "Prepare your mind and body for life, meet life, and face its squarely. Success is yours." A clean body and a clean mind is but a stepping stone across the rushing torrent.

POTATOES

Kenneth Jones '24

"Potatoes! Potatoes!! Potatoes!!! Fried for breakfast, mashed for dinner, and baked for supper,—every darn day in the week, I'm tired of potatoes!" shouted Teddy Miller at the supper table in the kitchen of the Miller's home.

It was only 6:30 and Mrs. Miller, a thin, fragile looking woman, had not yet lit the gas, so the kitchen was shrouded with half light and half darkness; the coal stove in the corner threw out a yellow light now and then which glanced flickeringly around the room. At the head of the table sat Mr. Miller, tall, thin, and angular.

As no response was brought out by Ted's cry, he said again, "If we're going to keep on having potatoes for every meal I'm a-going to leave!" But as he had made this statement many times before, little or no attention was paid to it. Mrs. Miller looked at her husband and said, "Now, Teddy, if your Pa could only find work it would be different, but now-a-days no one seems to need an old man."

"Well, then why don't you let me quit school?"

"I'll tell you why, son. Just look at me, I hain't had no education, and see what I am. I never had a chance to get one so I'm going to give you an education so that when you get to be my age you won't have to wonder where the next nickel's coming from. You'll be able to have enough by that time."

"Well, if school wasn't so darned near ended, I'd quit right now and get a job," said Ted as he finished his plate of potatoes and brought his books out and began to study.

Mrs. Miller cleared the dishes away and washed them. Mr. Miller filled his pipe and settled down in an old rocking chair to enjoy it, as smoking was a luxury. In an hour Mr. Miller yawned and told the rest of the family goodnight. Mrs. Miller was next, she said, "Now, Teddy, you lock the door and come to bed soon, 'cause we can't be a-burning too much gas now you know."

"All right Ma, goodnight."

Teddy put his books on the table and just began

to take an inventory of himself. He found that he had so many bad points that he fell asleep trying to count them.

He had a strange dream:—A potato was dropped in the ground; it became covered over with earth; it rained, and little sprouts began to shoot up through the earth. These formed the tops and then little round potatoes began to form in the ground, and this plant after growing all summer offered to the world the best it had, three medium sized potatoes. Then he dreamed of a boy who was not giving the best he had to the world, and who did not appreciate the things the world gave to him.

Teddy woke up, he felt shaken. He locked the door and turned out the gas and went upstairs to bed. The meaning of that dream had come to him; he was not giving to the world the best he had, therefore he was unable to appreciate the best that the potato was giving to the world.

Two weeks later we find Teddy giving his services to the world by having a job before and after school in a downtown grocery. Through his influence with his employer he was able to get his father a job, and now as the whole family is giving the best they have, the best is coming back to them all through the example set by one potato in giving to the world the best it had.

CONQUEST

Often times life seems to us,
Not worth the task of living,
The smallest and the largest prize
Not worth the price of winning.
And as we live from day to day,
Each daily task grows longer
We live that same routine of life
Till the "blues" become the stronger.
The sunshine slips away and hides,
But still we keep on climbing
To reach that wondrous land of Love
Where we find the sun is shining.

—Eleanor Bates '24

WHICH—THE ADVENTURE OR THE PENALTY?

One sunny Friday morning
Two girls said with a sigh,
"Let's leave this dump and a way
I know we can get by."

At twelve o'clock the whistle blew,
And out the girly ran,
They thought not but within three days
That they would get the "can."

They had a good time you can bet;
That week-end was a thriller,—
But when in school—the penalty!
My friends, it was a killer.

A sturdy man said, "Well my girls
This is no laughing matter;
There are two things that you can do,
The foremost is the latter."

"Just 'cause you're angry do not think
That there is some prevention,
We have all sizes, kinds, and forms,
Up there in our Detention."

So seven hours did they get
For being, Oh! so naughty,
And one-half hour extra too,
For trying to be naughty.

So take care pupils—on your guard—
And heed one hundred—seven,
For take advice from those who know
It's opposite from heaven.

—Elsie Wark '24.

A FANTASY

In the spring, the call of the wanderlust
Grows stronger day by day
'Til it seems that follow it I must
And go away, away—
To follow the road like a gypsy true
'Til I've seen all there is to see,
And wandered the whole, great, wide world thru
O! What a life it would be!

O! What a life! O, the thrill of it!
All over the world to roam!
Yet, I fear I would soon have my fill of it—
Without family, or friends or home.
To live without all that makes life dear—
How I shudder to think what that means!
So when the call comes in the spring of the year
I follow it—only in dreams.

—Jane Campbell '25.

THE SENIORS' LAMENT

O, dear old school, we'll miss thee,
We seniors going out,
For many days we'll just be lost
And wander all about.

And in the autumn,
When the leaves begin to fall,
And the old bell rings
We'll miss you worst of all.

Now we think we're glad
Out of school to be,
But wait 'till others start again
And see how sad we'll be.

Many a pretty handkerchief
Will go to a watery eye,
Many a merry girl or boy
Will give a sad, sad sigh.

But now we think we're glad,
Because it's soon over and done,
But in the long, long days ahead
We'll think of these days and the fun.

And now, dear under-classmen,
Enjoy yourselves while you may,
You think that you'll be glad to be done,
But you'll think otherwise some day.

—Helen Glass '24.

DAWN

Purple, and scarlet, and gold,
The sunrise flares in the sky
Against the grey of receding night
While the stars slowly wane and die.
Upon the blue of the dawning,
It glows as a heart on fire
Mirrored again in the souls of men
When they dream and serve and aspire
And slowly it climbs up higher,
And, like the lives of men
It sinks below the skyline
Only to rise again.

—Mildred Birch '24

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

"Alumni March" (Wellesley).....High School Orchestra
Invocation.....Reverend Chas. H. Hauger
Vocal Solo—"The Old Road" (Scott).....Harold Harmon
Oration—"The American Farmer's Problem".....Mary Louise Fawcett
Oration—"The Problem of Immigration".....John Cavanaugh
Vocal Solo, "The Little Damozel" (Novello).....Arlene Coffee
Oration—"Internationalism".....Eugene Hill
Oration—"The World Court and Internationalism".....Neil Grisez
"Valse Ballet" (Wellesley).....Orchestra
Vocal Solo, "June's in My Heart" (Vaughan).....Esther Rogers
Oration—"The Worthy Use of Leisure".....Elizabeth Bunn
Oration—"The American Home".....Mary Helen Cornwall
Vocal Solo, "Out on the Deep" (Lohr).....Ralph Hannay
Oration—"Law Observance".....Helen Flick
Oration—"South America".....Hester Brown
"Aida March" (Verdi).....Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas.....President F. J. Emeny
Benediction.....Reverend C. A. Roth
"The Jolly Bandits," "Jamecnic".....Orchestra

ALUMNI PROGRAM

Invocation - - - Rev. Percy H. Gordon
Welcome to Class of 1924 - Robert Anderson '06
Response of Class of 1924 - - Neil Grisez '24
Piano Solo—The Eagle, Improvization, Mac Dowell
Elizabeth Miller '23
Presentation of Scholarship - - H. H. Sharp '78
Duet—"Night in Venice" - - - Lucantonie
Mrs. and Mr. L. T. Drennan
Toast - - - Karl Whinnery '09
Health Work in the School - Dr. T. T. Church '78
Piano Solo—Barcarolle in a Minor - Reubenstein
Mary Helen Cornwall '24
School Age Laws - - - Judge Lodge Riddle
Playlet - - Chairman, Josephine Gottchalk '22
Assistant, Robert Taylor '22

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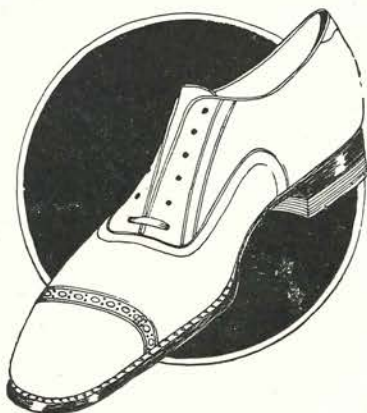
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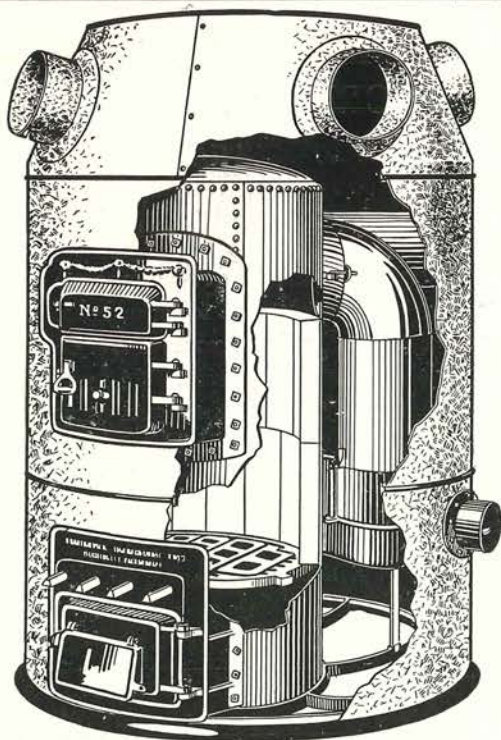
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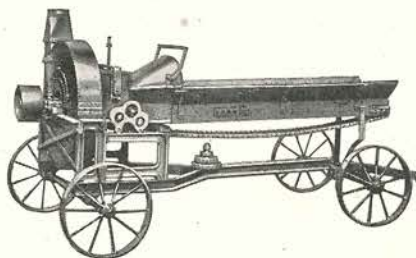
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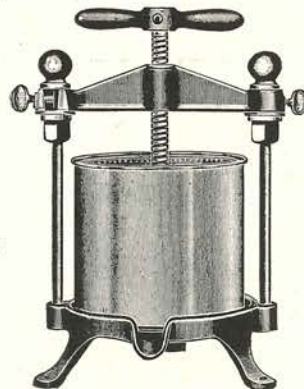


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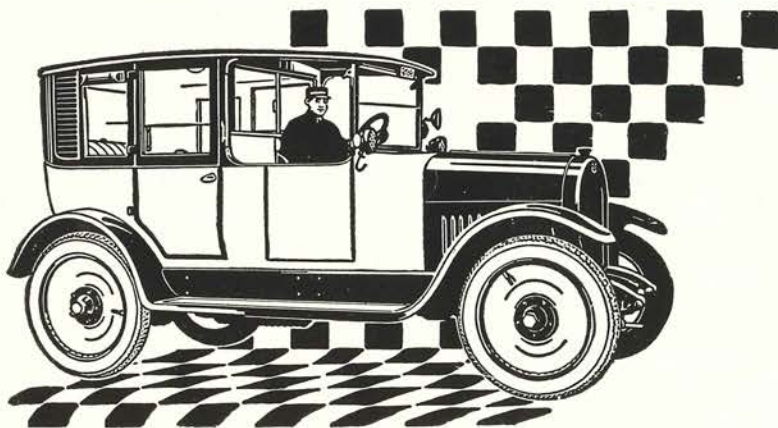
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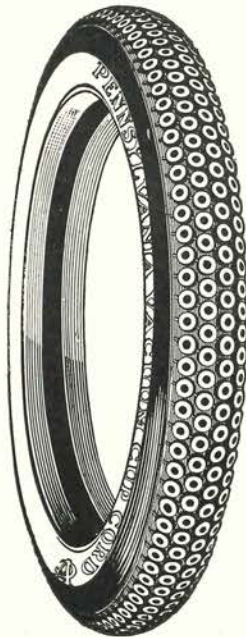
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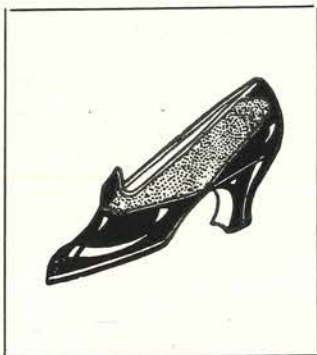
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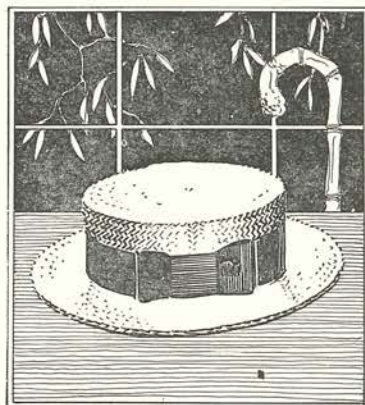
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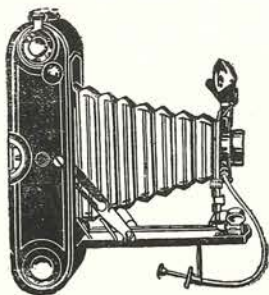
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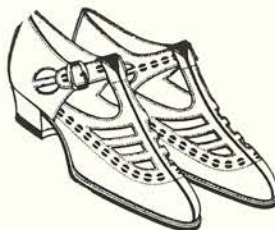
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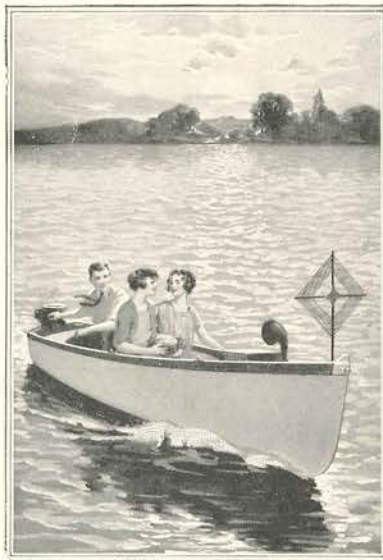


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