

THE QUAKER



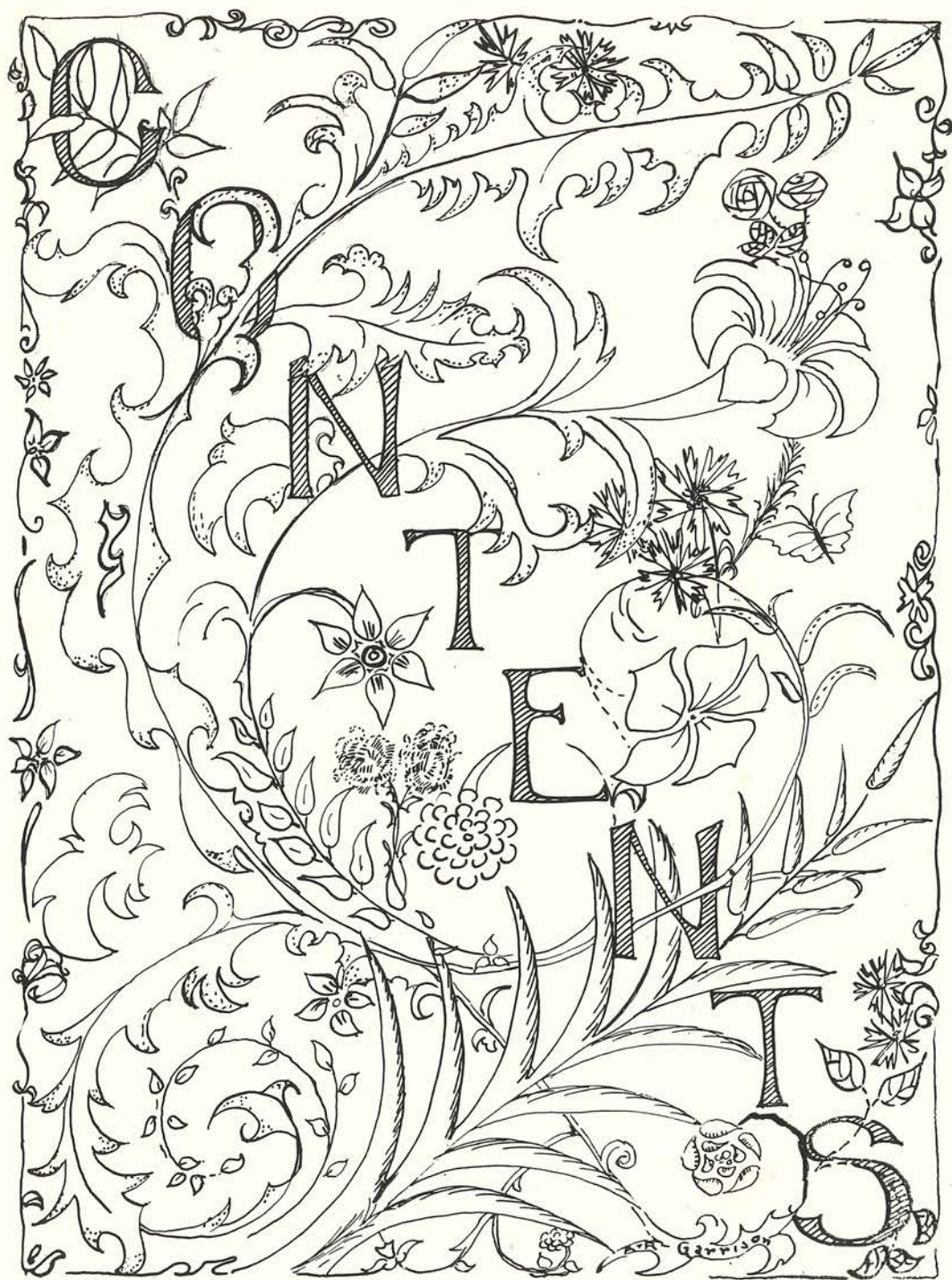
Salem High School
1926

THE QUAKER

Salem High School



June, 1926



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Dedication

To Mr. R. P. Vickers our counselor and teacher, who has made his friendship a reality to the students, and who through his kindly attitude and his ready assistance in all lines of High School activities, has endeared himself to the student body, we the Class of 1926 respectfully dedicate this issue of "The Quaker."

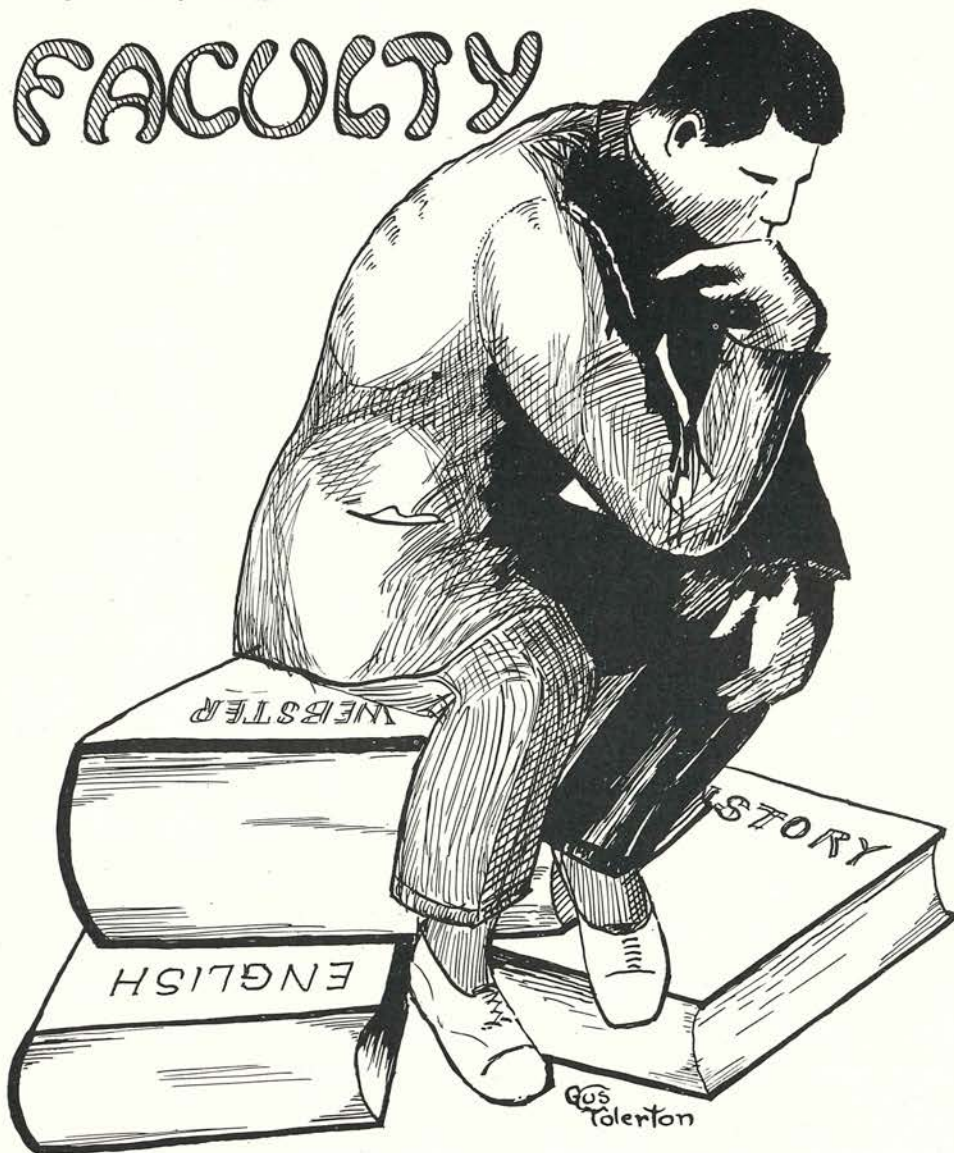
Foreword

Having as our aim the continuation of the fine school spirit which prevails in our high school, and at the same time, keeping in mind that this year is the twentieth anniversary of "The Quaker," we the Quaker Staff submit this annual. We have attempted to compile a record of the past year, to express in print, those things which have made the year both pleasant and eventful.

We hope that the classes of the future may continue this work through "The Quaker" and thus bring to the minds of former students and teachers the activities of our High School which ranks with the best in the State.

It is then with a feeling of pleasure and pride that we submit this issue of "The Quaker" in the name of the Senior Class of 1926.

THE FACULTY



Faculty of Salem High School

J. S. Alan -----Superintendent A. M. A. B. Thiel	Pauline Snyder-----Home Economics B. S. Ohio State University
W. F. Simpson-----Principal A. B. Mount Union A. M. Columbia University	Hilda Rose Stahl-----Latin A. B. Mount Union
Ethel Beardmore -----History A. B. Hiram	Harvey L. Ferguson-----General Science B. S. Jamestown College, North Dakota
Alice Clark -----English A. B. Vassar—Yale	Benjamin Grant -----Biology A. B. Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.
L. T. Drennan-----History, Civics, Oratory A. B. Ohio Wesleyan	Gertrude Strickler -----Latin A. B. Smith College, Northampton, Mass.
Hazel Douglass -----Mathematics A. B. Oberlin	Marguerite Williams----Commercial Subjects A. B. Wittenberg, Springfield, Ohio
Maud Hart -----English B. S. Columbia University	Margaret Woods -----English A. B. Mount Union
Mabel Kalbfell -----French A. B. Oberlin	R. H. Hilgendorf-----Commercial Subjects A. B. St. John's College
Roma King -----Spanish A. B. Whittier, Cal.	R. D. Owen-----Manual Arts Ohio University
Walton Faires -----Biology, History PH. B. Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill.	Wilbur Springer-----Boys' Athletic Coach Mount Union
Martha McCready -----Mathematics A. B. Mount Union	R. P. Vickers-----Sciences B. S. Dennison
Grace Orr -----Music Pittsburgh Conservatory of Music Chicago	Robert Wherry-----Sociology, History B. S. Ohio State University
Loretha Potter -----Girls' Athletic Coach A. B. Oberlin	Nellie Kelly-----Sec'y to Superintendent
	Cecilia Shriver -----Librarian



J. S. Alan, Superintendent

The Salem Public Schools are known all over the State of Ohio for their good morals, good athletics, and superior education. It has been said that a city is as good as its schools but why not say, the school is as good as its superintendent. Much praise is due Mr. Alan for the way in which he directs the schools of this city. All the graduates of Salem High will long remember him as their friend while in Salem High School, and as one of those who helped to make them successful in later life.



W. F. Simpson, Principal

At the end of our school years, we look back over our path, and see our various mistakes. Our teachers have been the ones who have helped us to see these faults and to correct them. Mr. Simpson, as a friend and helper of each and every individual will long be remembered by the pupils of this school. The Seniors especially will remember him, because they have been advised many times and have in various ways been helped by him. On parting the Seniors wish him the utmost success in all of his undertakings.



Ethel Beardmore



Alice Clark



L. T. Drennan



Hazel Douglass



Maude Hart

THE QUAKER



Mable Kalbfell



Roma King



Walton Faires



Martha McCready



Grace Orr



Loretha Potter



Pauline Snyder



Hilda Stahl



H. L. Ferguson



Benjamin Grant

THE QUAKER



Margaret Williams



Gertrude Strickler



Margaret Woods



R. W. Hilgendorf



R. D. Owen



Wilbur Springer



R. P. Vickers



R. J. Wherry



Miss Kelly



Cecilia Shriver



Farewell to the Seniors

As Freshmen dear, you entered here,
When you were very, very young.
You were quite green, as could be seen,
And stayed that way the live-long year.
And then as Sophs you took your place
And entered in the race,
For three more years of good hard work,
For were you ever known to shirk.

Chorus

Farewell Seniors, goodbye Seniors,
We are sorry you are going.
We shall miss your happy faces,
From the halls of Salem High.

II

As Juniors bright you shed your light,
And never once gave up the fight.
A name you made, foundation laid,
For the goal was just about in sight.
And now as Seniors here you stand
A strong united band.
Your race you've run, your laurels won,
And we're proud to take you by the hand.

—THE FRESHMEN

Seniors

Officers



CARL MATTHEWS—"Matches"

President Class 4, 2.
 Captain Debate 4.
 Class Play—"Seventeen" 3.
 Most Studious Senior Boy.
 Commencement Speaker.
 Second Honor Graduate.
 Three years for completion.

MARY ELLEN SMITH "Smitty"

Basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4.
 Sec.-Treas. of Class 3.
 Vice-President of Class 4.
 Class Play "Icebound" 4.
 Attendant to May Queen 4.
 Commencement Speaker.
 Second most popular Senior girl.
 All Star Hockey Team 3, 4.
 Volley Ball 4.
 Librarian 3.
 Pageant 2.
 Rooter's Club 3, 4.
 Music Plays.
 Dinamo Society 3.
 Science Club 4.
 Quaker Staff 4.

RUTH OLDER—"Ruthie"

Sec.-Treas. of Class 4.
 Vice-President of Class 3.
 Basketball 3, 4.
 Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
 Crown Bearer to May Queen 4.
 All Star Hockey Team 3, 4.
 Volley Ball 4.
 Quaker Staff 4.
 Librarian 3.
 Most Cheerful Senior Girl.
 Commencement Speaker.



GLENN ARNOLD—"Punk"

Pageant 2.
"The Little Tycoon."
"Miss Bob White."

FRANCIS BURKE—"Burkey"

CLEMENTINE BLYTHE

"Climalene"

May Day 1.

ANNA BUCK—"Miss Ann"

Entered from Fairfield High
Basketball 4.
Volley Ball 4.

HENRY BROBANDER "Henry"

CHARLES COFFEE

"Byron"

Football 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 2, 3, 4. Captain 4.
Track 1, 2, 3, 4.
May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARGARET BOLIVAR—"Bolivar"

May Day 1, 2.
Librarian 3.
Basketball Manager 4.
Hockey 3, 4.

SYLVIA BURSON—"Burson"

Entered from Hanover High '26





FRED COSGROVE—"Rosy"
Football 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4.
Volley Ball 4.

ROBERT DAVIS—"Davis"
Pageant 2.
Dramatics 3, 4.
"Little Tycoon"
"Miss Bob White"
Football 3.
Science Club 4.
Cheer Leader 4.
Rooters' Club 4.
Quaker Staff 4.

MARY CHESSMAN—"Jane"
Quaker 4.
Dramatics 4.
May Day 2, 3, 4.

GRACE CRUMRINE
Entered from Delaware High '26
Orchestra
Science Club
Rooters' Club
Music Plays
May Day 1, 2.
Attendant to May Queen

CLARENCE DAVIDSON
"Davy"

OLIVER DUKE—"Duke"

DOROTHY COY—"Dot"
"Miss Bob White"
"Little Tycoon"
Gym Exhibition 1, 2.
May Day

BERNICE DICKINSON
"Bernice"





HOMER EDDY
 "Jawn" "Bones"
 Pageant 2.
 May Day 2.
 Football '25.
 Dramatics 4.
 Hi-Y 4.
 Quaker 4.
 "Jolly Five" 4.

Wm. FERNENGAL—"Curly"
 May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.

DOROTHY DOUGHER—"Dot"
 Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
 May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.
 Hockey 3.

ROSEMARY FILLER—"Rosie"
 Rooters' Club
 May Day 1, 2, 3.
 Music Plays 2, 3.
 Hockey 3.
 Attendant to May Queen 4.

LYNN FERGUSON—"Fergie"
 Basketball 4.

MAX FISHER
 "Rabbi" "Friday"
 Football 2, 3, 4.
 Track 4.
 Basketball 3, 4.
 Science Club
 Quaker Staff 4.
 Junior Play Business
 Senior Play
 Jr. Sr. Prom Chairman
 May Day 1, 2, 3.

HELEN DRESSEL—"Bid"
 Librarian 3.

BESSIE FLOYD—"Betty"
 Second Honor Graduate
 Dramatics 2, 3.
 Hockey 3.





FRANK GALLAGHER—"Gal"

CLYDE JENKINS—"Jinx"

Basketball 2, 3, 4.
Football 1, 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
President of Association 4.
Hi-Y 3, 4. Vice-President 4.
Science Club.

MARY LOUISE GLASS—"Billie"

THELMA GROVE—"Tag"

May Day 1, 2, 3.

MARION HUMPHREYS

"Marion"

Entered from Hanover High '26.
Science Club.

RAYMOND JUDGE—"Ray"

Football '23, '24.
Basketball '24, '25.
Hi-Y 4.
"The Jolly Five"

RUTH GREY—"Ruth"

All Star Hockey Team.

MARY HANN—"Mitz"

Librarian 2.
May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.
Hockey 3, 4.





ELMER KERR—"Kerr"
Quaker 4.
"The Jolly Five"

RISTY KREPPS—"Wick"
Basketball 1.
Football 2.
Cheerful Boy 4.

FLORA HATCH—"Belle"
Entered from Johnstown High '26.

LOUISE HIMMELSPACH
"Louise"
May Day 1, 2.

JAMES KIRBY—"Jim"
Gym Exhibition
May Day
Music Recital 4.
"The Jolly Five"

JEAN LEASE—"Red"
Science Club.
Track 4.
Football 3.
May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.

ERLA HILL—"Bunker"
"Miss Bob White"
May Day 1, 2, 3.

MARY HOFFMAN
"Smiles and Frowns"





JACKSON McFEELY—"Felix"
"The Silent Six"

REX McILVAIN—"Mac"
Quaker Staff 4.
Hi-Y 3, 4. Secretary 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Basketball Manager 4.
Herald to May Queen 4.
Most Handsome Senior Boy.

FLORENCE HOLK—"Flo"
All Star Hockey Team 4.
May Day 1, 2, 4.
Style Show 4.

BETTY JONES—"Tony"
Quaker Staff 4.
Vice-President Association 4.
Basketball 2, 3.
May Queen's Attendant 4.
Football Girl 3.
Hockey 3, 4.
Volley Ball 4.
Music Plays
Most Popular Senior Girl.
Brook's Contest 4.
Second Most Cheerful Senior Girl.

JAMES McCLUGGAGE—"Jim"

ELLSWORTH McKEE—"Elly"
Orchestra
Vice-President Class 2.

CLARA HORTON—"Clare"
All Star Hockey Team 3, 4.
Music Plays 1, 2, 3.
Rooters' Club 3.
May Day 1, 2, 3.

JUNNIA JONES—"Junie"
Debate 3.
Quaker 4.
Orchestra 4.
Brook's Contest 2, 3.
Dramatics 2, 3.
Librarian 3.
Recitals 2, 3.





WAYNE MARIETTA

May Day 1, 2, 4.
Track 2, 3.
Football 2.
Science Club 4.
Gym Exhibition 1.

CLYDE MOORE—"Ike"

VERDI JONES

Librarian 3.
"Miss Bob White"

OPAL MILLER—"Apple"

WILLIAM MILLER—"Bill"

Hi-Y 3, 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Class Play "Icebound" 4.
Football 1, 2, 3, 4.
Quaker 4.
May Day 1, 2, 3.

GEORGE MURPHY—"Pat"

WANDA MATHEWS—"Donna"

First Honor Graduate
Quaker 4.
Commencement Speaker
Most Studious Senior Girl.

ALEEN MOORES—"Bill"

Brook's Contest 2.
May Day 3.
Attendant to May Queen 4.
Quaker 3, 4.





ELMER MYERS

Gym Exhibition 1.
Brook's Contest 3. 4.

REX REICH—"Skinny"

May Day 1, 2, 3.
Football 4.
Track 4.

JEANE OLLOMAN

Brook's Contest 1.
Dinamo 1, 2, 3. Vice-President 3.
Librarian 2.
Attendant to May Queen 4.
Pageant 2.
Quaker Staff 2, 3, 4.
Editor in Chief 4.
Rooters' Club 3, 4.
Science Club 4.
Commencement Speaker.

GLADYS REDINGTON—"Biddy"

Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Class Play "Icebound" 4.
All Star Hockey Team 3, 4.
May Day 1, 2, 4.

LLOYD ORMES—"Doc"

Sciences
"The Boy with a Million Dollar
Mind."
Science Club 4.

GUS SCHUSTER

"Detention Hall"
Sticks and Stones will
Break my bones
But I can't get drunk
On Ice Cream Cones.

CESARIE PAUMIER—"Cez"

Sec.-Treas. Association 4.
Sec.-Treas. Quaker 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Class Play "Icebound" 4.
Attendant to May Queen 4.

GLADDEN RUGGLES

Entered from Berlin Center High '26.
Basketball 4.
All Star Hockey Team 4.
Volley Ball 4.





EDWARD SCOTT—"Ted"

Class Basketball 4.
May Day 1, 2, 3.
Varsity Basketball 2.

CLARENCE SIDINGER—"Si"

Football 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 3, 4.
Track Manager 4.
Science Club 4.
Hi-Y 3, 4.

CHARLOTTE RUTTER—"Charley"

May Day 1, 2, 3.
Cheer Leader 4.
Hockey 3.
Style Show 4.
Rooters' Club 4.

ELEANOR VOTAW—"Pete"

May Day 1, 2.
Music Play 2.
Class Play "Seventeen"
Class Play "Icebound"
Quaker Staff 4.

HAROLD SHEARS—"Shears"

For all four years
They've called me "Shears."
Football 3, 4.
Track 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 4.
Class President 3.
Science Club President 4.
Secretary Hi-Y.

CHARLES SIMONDS—"Chick"

Football 2, 3, 4.
Track 3, 4.

LOIS SNYDER—"Shorty"

Basketball 3, 4.
Quaker Staff 4.
Attendant to May Queen 4.
Cheer Leader 4.
Style Show 4.
All Star Hockey Team 3.
Volley Ball 4.
Music Plays 2, 3.
Librarian 3.

AMELIA WALDE—"Milly"

Quaker Staff 4.
May Day
Hockey 3.
Music Plays 1, 2, 3.





DONALD SMITH

Quaker Staff 1, 3, 4.
Dinamo 1, 2, 3.
Science Club President 4.
Hi-Y 3, 4.
Herald to May Queen 4.
Class Play "Seventeen"
Pageant 2.
Commencement Speaker.
Debate.

RUSSELL STALLSMITH

"Stally"

Football 3, 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Class Play "Icebound" 4.

ELIZABETH WARD—"Beth"

Class Play "Icebound"

ESTHER WHINERY—"Tessie"

Volley Ball 4.

RICHARD SPEIDEL—"Dick"

Entered from Hanover High '26.
Debate 4.
Commencement Speaker.

ROBERT WHITE—"Bob"

Rooters' Club
Tumbling 3, 4.

CAMILLE WHINERY—"Cam"

May Day 1, 4.

SARA WILSON—"Sal"

Art Club
May Queen 4.
Music Plays 2, 3.
Rooters' Club
All Star Hockey Team 3, 4.
Most Beautiful Senior Girl.





HENRY YAGGI—"Yag"

Football 3, 4.
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Class Play "Icebound" 4.
May Day 1, 2, 3, 4.
Tumbling 3, 4.

GRACE WINDRAM—"Grace"

Entered from Beaver Falls High '25.
Rooters' Club
Class Play "Seventeen" 3.
Brook's Contest 4.
"Little Tycoon"

Senior Class History

How swiftly passes each succeeding year! It seems, in the light of memory, but yesterday that we, the Class of 1926, centered our affections around Salem High.

Our class to outsiders was perhaps a very ordinary one, but to us it was unusual. Certainly we were tinted with the same color common to all Freshman classes, but since we were blissfully unaware of that fact, our ardor was not dulled in the least.

Nor was our class dull. As early as our first year, the intellectual ones showed forth in surprisingly brilliant colors. The debate team was honored by one of our accomplished members—Donald Smith, and Jeane Olloman and Flora Hanna proved their ability in the Brook's contest.

The next year was a happy one, for we were quite important, looking down upon the Freshmen and forgetting that we once were as they.

More students shouldered class responsibility in literature and athletics. Coffee, Miller, Simonds, Cosgrove, Dixon, and Fisher ably cared for the football our third year.

The Junior play "Seventeen" was said to be as all plays are until the succeeding one, the best ever produced. It was of an amusing type, and well entertained the responsive audience.

The biggest event of the third year is the Junior-Senior prom. The Juniors of course, consider it an honor to entertain the dignified Seniors, and our class did its best to accomplish that result.

We entered our fourth year, the last part of our voyage, happy in renewing old friendships and making new ones. But through it all there was a touch of sadness which could not

be dispelled. For after this final short year, we will part each to go his different way, which cannot for any of us be the same, care-free way we have traveled in our school life.

Well do we remember how, as Freshmen, we envied the Seniors. Now, how much more do we wish we were entering Salem High for the first time and had four years ahead of us.

Senior duties are very complicated and comrades are often left by the roadside in the head-long rush for victory.

"Icebound" the Senior play, was of a serious nature, and more complex, very ably produced never-the-less.

Our stars in athletics were numerous, for the Senior class proved to be the support of the school in that branch of activity.

Three times have we watched the dignified Seniors graduate, first with envy, then with awe, then respect—always with regret. Now our own efforts are to be rewarded, but the rose of achievement, although sweet, is not without its thorn. And it is with many conflicting emotions that we go from Salem High School, never again to return as students.

Let us hope that our Commencement may be a commencement in the real sense, a real beginning, and that none of us will be satisfied with our attainments here, but will keep on until we have reached our true goal—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O
my Soul,

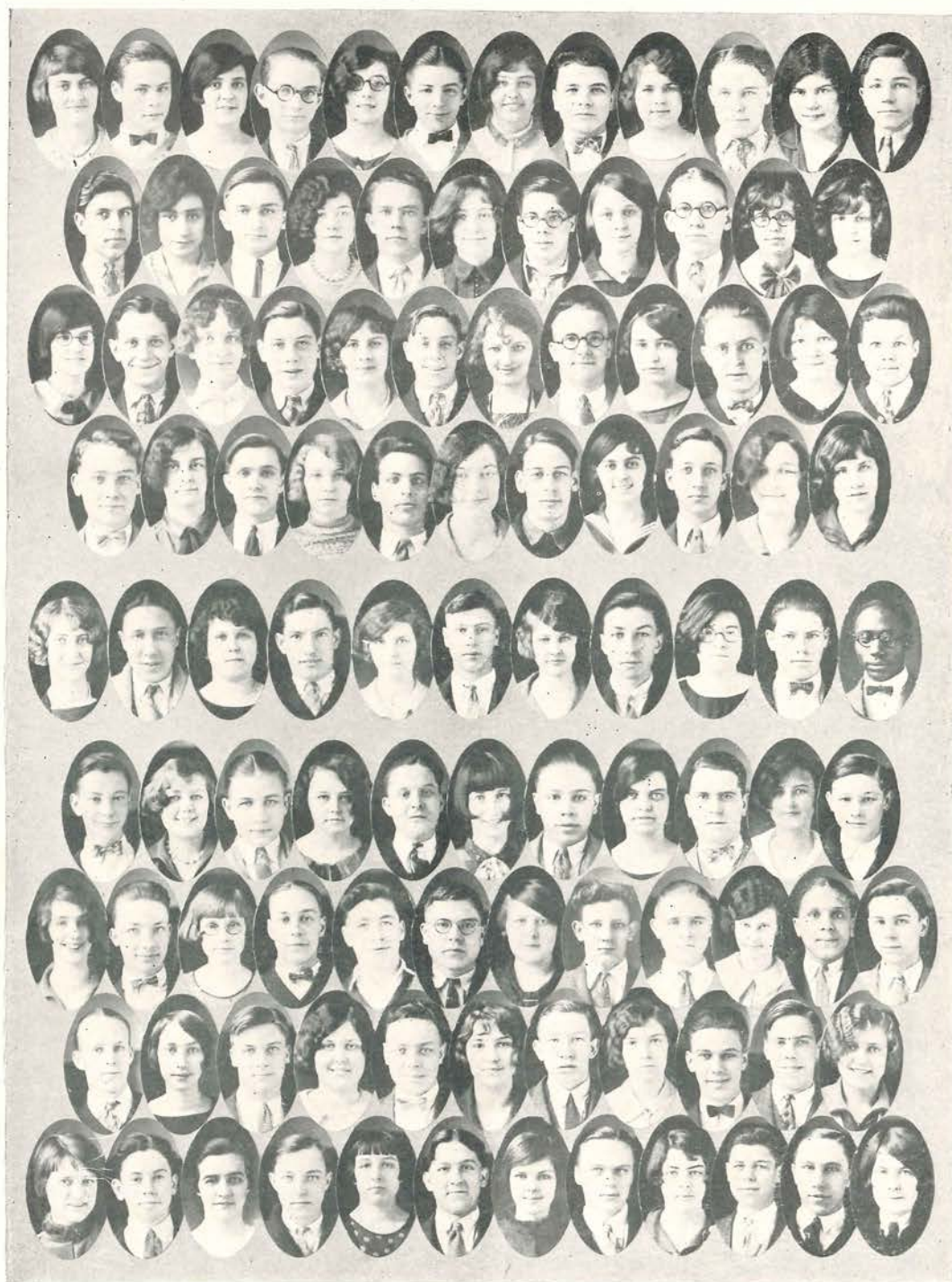
As the Swift seasons roll.

Leave thy low vaulted past

Till each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast."

—GRACE WINDRAM '26.

Juniors



Junior Roll

Dudley Ahead
 Myron Baker
 Leo Beall
 Fred Beardmore
 Dwight Bishop
 Wayne Brown
 Carl Cain
 William Carns
 Robert Campbell
 Francis Carey
 Max Caplan
 Jack Cobourn
 Richard Cope
 Charles Corso
 Lamoine Derr
 Raymond Filler
 Clarence Frethy
 Kenneth Fultz
 Elma Auld
 Lucile Baker
 Mary Bodo
 Ruth Bolen
 Eula Bonsall
 Irma Boncsina
 Doris Cobb
 Mabel Cobb
 Ruth Conser
 Betty Deming
 Loeta Eakin
 Pauline Fernengel
 Dorothy Foltz
 Margaret Fultz
 Marjorie Fultz
 Mary E. Gardner
 Robert Garrison
 James Gregg
 Andrew Hann
 Walter Harsh
 Paul Howell
 Harry Iler
 Paul Ingledue
 Gus Jacobson
 Ed Janech
 Ernest Kampher
 Chester Kridler
 Wilbert Lewis
 William Liebschner
 Fred Limestahl
 Wilbur Lippert
 Russell McArtor
 William McClain
 John McNicol

Joe Marsilio
 Donald Mathews
 Brooke Oertel
 Lester Older
 Nellie Groves
 Freda Headley
 Margaret Klose
 Mary Konnert
 Martha Krauss
 Ruth Kuhl
 Margaret Luxeuil
 Anna McLaughlin
 Evelyn Miller
 Catherine Moffet
 Wilda Mounts
 Kathleen Mullins
 Kathryn Nellis
 Arlene Coffee
 Brooke Phillips
 Lewis Platt
 George Rogers
 Robert Roup
 Thomas Schaffer
 Joe Schmid
 Fred Schuller
 Henry Sheen
 William Smith
 Myron Sturgeon
 Homer Taylor
 Gus Tolerton
 Donald Ward
 Eugene Young
 Clara Patten
 Julia Patten
 Roberta Reese
 Janet Riddle
 Mary Schmid
 Sara Schropp
 Evelyn Shepherd
 Isabelle Simpson
 Irene Slutz
 Dorothea Smith
 Viola Stanciu
 Esther Stewart
 Jane Strawn
 Christina Sutter
 Mary Thomas
 Caroline Webber
 Edythe Webber
 Vera Zeigler
 Gladys Zimmerman

Junior Class History

The class of '27 has taken a part in all activities since it entered our high school. The first year we were represented on the debate squad by Joe Marsilio, Clara Patten, Lewis Platt. Since then we had Richard Cope, Julia Patten, Irene Slutz, Viola Stanciu, Martha Krauss, Marjorie Fultz, Max Caplan in addition to these.

Last year our class officers were: President, Eugene Young; Secretary, Irene Slutz; Vice President, Lewis Platt; and the only change this year is Secretary Mary Jane Strawn.

The Quaker staff has claimed its quota of Juniors. First was Freda Headley in '23 and '24; Joe Marsilio and Clara Patten, Max Caplan and Paul Howell '25 and '26.

Arlene Coffee has been prominent in dramatics. Also the following class members: Lamoine Derr, Max Caplan, Clarence Frethy, William Liebschner, Lester Older, Robert Campbell, Paul Howell, Freda Headley and Clara Patten.

Athletics have claimed the attention of many. Mary Konnert, Mary Schmidt, Dorothy Fultz, Nellie Groves and Sarah Hanna have been on the basketball team. Nellie Groves has been chosen captain for next year.

Robert Campbell, Lester Older, Walter Harsh, James Gregg and Andrew Hann made the boys' team.

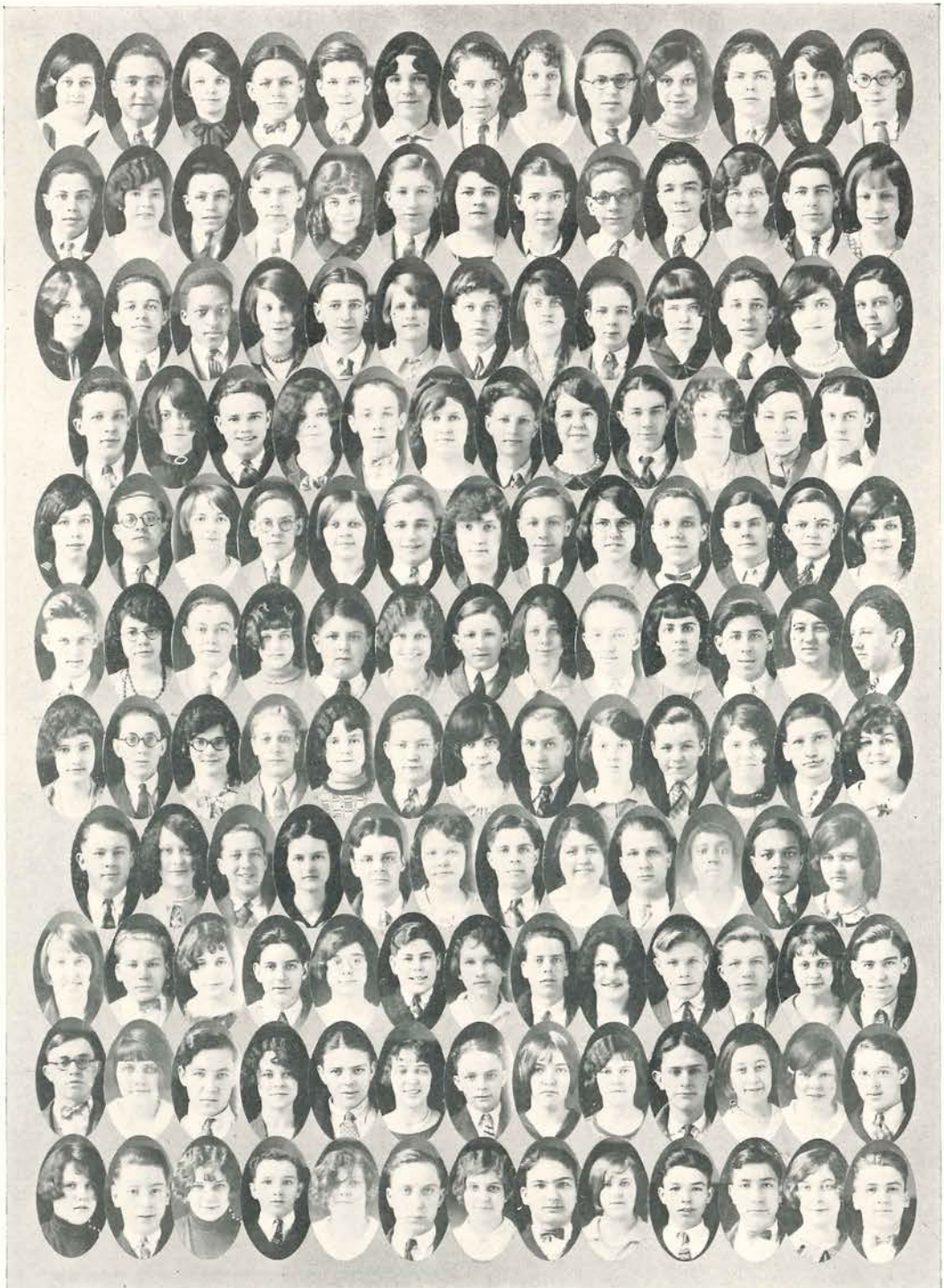
William Liebschner, Leonard Perkins and James Gregg entered track.

The following have either been on the varsity or Reserve Football team: Robert Campbell, Kenneth Fults, Willard Edgerton, Lester Older, Thomas Schaffer, Joe Schmidt, Donald Mathews, Walter Harsh, Lester Older has been chosen captain for next year.

Besides these usual activities our class has been well represented in the High-Y, Brook's contest, Science Club, Dinamo, and other organizations.

All in all we have done much, but are eager to do more.

Sophomores



Sophomore Roll

James Cooper
 Geneva Dillon
 John Cosma
 Vivian Dilworth
 Walter Coy
 Mildred Deville
 John Cosgrove
 Dorothy Duncan
 Alma Fleischer
 Keith Dole
 Edith Flickinger
 Albert Debnar
 Susie Fronius
 Walter Deming
 Gladys Fults
 William Drotleff
 Moynelle Giffin
 Edward Dunn
 Mina Greenisen
 Willard Edgerton
 Hannah Hagan
 Gus Edling
 Sarah Hanna
 Raymond Fawcett
 Bertha Mae Hassey
 Albert Fernengel
 Jeannette Hoch
 Lawrence Fisher
 Letha Hoopes
 James Fitzpatrick
 Lowelva Hoopes
 Ralph Fraser
 Eva Humphreys
 Ralph Gabler
 Pauline Ingram
 Donald Getz
 Gertrude Juhn
 Edward Harris
 Theda Justice
 Edgar Haworth
 Lila Kelly
 Harry Henderson
 Helen Kloos
 Charles Herbert
 Harold Hurst
 Francis Janeck
 Helen Koontz
 Evan Jenkins

Howard Jones
 Glenn Jones
 Leanna Leider
 Gerald Judge
 James Kaley
 Albert Kent
 Fred Kirkbride
 Lena Severyn
 Ralph Knepper
 Louise Smith
 Richard Konnerth
 James Layden
 Eldon Long
 Keith Schnorrenberg
 Alice Stallsmith
 Arthur Schuster
 Arnold Seeds
 Paul Smith
 Margaret Stewart
 Joseph Sojka
 Jeannette Stollard
 Robert Talbot
 Steven Tarzan
 Ralph Tolerton
 Beatrice Stoner
 Harry Ulicny
 Virginia Sturgeon
 John Van Blaricom
 Martha Whinery
 Thomas Whiteside
 Charles Wilhelm
 Cecilia Williams
 William Wright
 Bertha Zeller
 Justave Zeck
 Paul Lipp
 John Lippert
 Mildred McAvoy
 Edward Menning
 Anna Ruth Miller
 Herman Meiter
 Ruth Moff
 Wayne Morron
 Alice Moser
 Earl Orashan
 Margaret Mae Mullins
 Melvin Ormes
 Nellie Naragon

Thelma O'Connell
 Sterling Peterson
 Mary O'Keefe
 Deane Phillips
 Dolores Orr
 Robert Phillips
 Thelma Parsons
 Lawrence Ratscher
 Susie Pastier
 Henry Roelen
 Victoria Pitticar
 Keith Roessler
 Rebecca Price
 George Ruggy
 Lois Rayfield
 Elizah Alexander
 Anna Adams
 Lowell Allen
 Ethel Andre
 Jerry Anderson
 Blanch Anglemyer
 Alvin Barton
 Margaret Atkinson
 Robert Bates
 Winifred Bailey
 Charles Bennett
 Margaret Bartholmew
 William Bodendorfer
 Bertha Beardmore
 William Bowers
 Hazel Beck
 Ralph Bradley
 Dorothy Bodendorfer
 Lowell Brown
 Ethel Bodo
 Elmo Bush
 Clifford Callahan
 Gertrude Brantsch
 Margaret Bryan
 Robert Carr
 Martha Bush
 Wendell Catlin
 Geraldine Clay
 William Chalfant
 Dorothy Cobb
 Arlin Clark
 Bruce Cope
 Elizabeth Collier
 Thelma Justice

Sophomore Class History

The Class of '28, as Sophomores, are happy to announce the completion of a very successful year in Salem High School.

The following officers were chosen:

Pres.—Walter Deming

Vice Pres.—Margaret Atkinson

Sec'y-Treas.—Robert Phillips

Ass't Football Mgr.—Evan Jenkins

Ass't Basketball Mgr.—Robert Talbot

We have had three permanent honor roll students, Rebecca Price, Wayne Morron, and Louise Smith.

One of our classmates, Wayne Morron, was placed on the Debate team.

The following boys were somewhat spectacular in football: Elijah Alexander, Charles Herbert, Glenn Jones, Keith Roessler, and Dick Harwood.

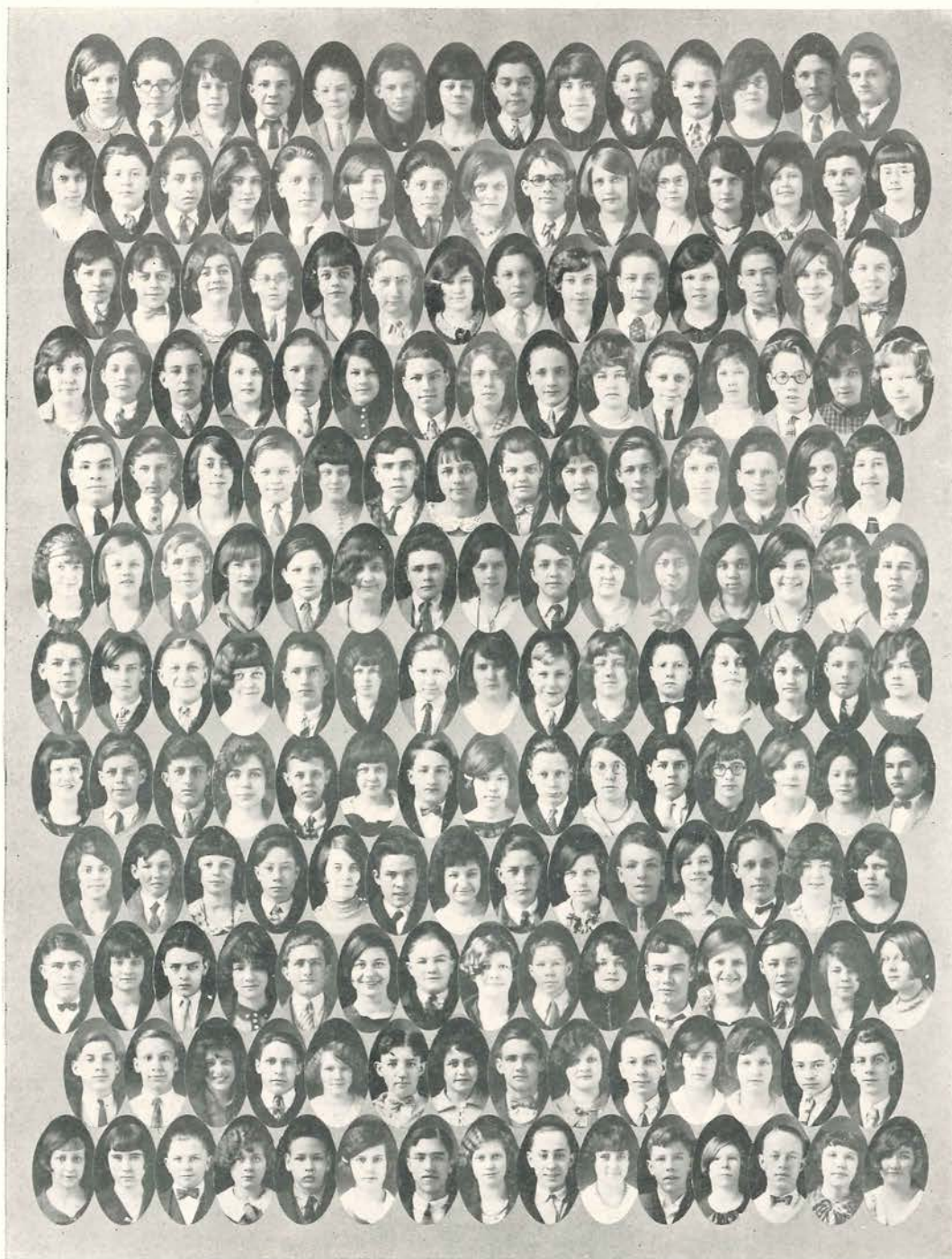
Concerning track, a few boys promise to be very successful namely, Lowell Allen, Charles Herbert, Elijah Alexander, and William Drotleff.

In Basket Ball, Bertha Mae Hassey and Lowell Allen, both on the varsity team last year, attained positions on the first team.

During the school year two successful class parties were held.

After the passage of another milestone in our high school life, we feel much better prepared for the remaining two years and trust they will prove even more worth our best efforts.

Freshmen



Freshman Roll

John Alexander	Ruth Eakin	Ellen Kauderer	John Park
Ennio Alfani	Leslie Eckhardt	Donald Keller	Phoebe Ellen Parsons
William Alman	Frederick Filler	Ronald Hutchison	James Patten
Almira Baker	Raymond Finneran	Audrey Hoffman	Robert Pauline
Clara Barber	Loraine Fisher	Hazel Kelly	Russell Pearson
Clyde Barber	Bayard Flick	Meda Kelly	Ralph Perkins
Inez Barkley	John Floyd	Bertha Kent	Marguerite Phillips
Melba Barnes	Hazel Freeman	Dorothy Kessel mire	Leonard Porter
Martha Beardmore	Mabel Freeman	Margaret Kirkbride	Elizabeth Riddle
Dean Beck	William French	Regina Kloos	Elvira Ressler
John Beery	Dorothy Fuller	Raymond Knepper	Martha Reeves
Ruth Bently	Jeanette Fuller	Carl Komsa	Albert Sanderson
Donald Blythe	Marie Gabler	George Konnert	Louis Schilling
George Blythe	Virginia Gabler	Louise Kuehnemund	Frank Scott
Myron Bolto	Winnefred Garrison	Kenneth Kuhl	Virginia Severyn
Alfred Brantingham	Chester Gibbons	Katherine Layden	Edmund Schilling
Naomi Bricker	Catherine Gibson	Dorothy Lieder	James Scullion
Glenn Broomal	Frederick Glass	Charles Linton	Helen Shelton
Maud Buck	Virginia Glass	Carl Lippiet	Minnie Shunn
Velma Burcaw	Fred Guilford	Herman Litty	Edward Sidingar
Hazel Burger	Richard Griner	Albert Lodge	Nora Simonds
Virginia Callahan	Lucille Hack	Melvin Long	Anna Slocum
Margaret Carns	Delores Haldeman	Wade Loop	Robert Slutz
Ruth Chappel	Lawrence Hanna	Ada Lottman	Mary Smeltz
Paul Christopher	Harold Hannay	Mike Lutsch	Dean Smith
Lee Christen	Mildred Hannay	Ethel Maul	Ray Smith
Lois Clay	Marie Harbaugh	Robert McCauley	Edgar Sommers
Neva Clark	Nathan Harris	Kathleen McDonald	Aurella Stanciu
Lois Coffee	Mary Harrington	Elizabeth McKee	Alva Stratton
Francis Cooper	Keith Harsh	Virginia McKee	Edward Sutter
Marion Cope	Roberta Hawley	Dean McMillan	Rolland Thomas
Robert Cope	Kenneth Headland	Fred McNeal	Clara Thomas
Robert Coy	Charles Herron	Joe McNicol	Adele Treat
Katherine Crawford	Katherine Hess	Helen McLigue	Robert Van Blarican
Wilbur Coburn	Deane Heston	Louise Metz	Galen Weaver
Alice Cyrus	Ida Mae Hilliard	Milly Mileusnic	Vera Weaver
Lucile Davidson	Fred Himmelspace	Clyde Miller	Betty Whitacre
Florence Davis	Katherine Hirtz	Mary Miller	Helen Whitcomb
Wilbur Day	Fred Hippley	Arthur Minth	Helen Williams
Martin Debnar	Pauline Hoopes	Clayton Montgomery	Paul Wilms
Eva Detell	Margurite Horne	Wade Mounts	Vera Wilson
Clarence Dickey	Robert Hortsman	Betty Moss	Harry Windram
Martha Dilley	Jane Hunt	Anna Aspeck	James Weingard
Geneva Dillon	Joseph Hurray	Lee Oertell	Gladys Woerther
John Drotleff	Nettie Iler	Mary Older	Marion Zepperneck
Adelaide Dyball	Elizabeth Jacobson	Mary O'Neil	Louise Zellar
Grace Dyball	James Jackson	William O'Neil	Alberta Yengling
Forest Dye	Lorene Jones	Emelia Orashaw	Herbert Yengling
Emerson Eagleton	Marion Jones	Vivian Ormes	

Freshman Class History

When we, the Freshmen entered these halls of learning in September 1925, we numbered two-hundred strong with aims set high.

Nothing can be accomplished without labor and something always comes of earnest effort. To prove this "we hitched our wagon to a star" and worked hard. I shall mention, with all the due modesty some of our success for the year which has just come to a close.

In the fall sports we boast of having Edward Sidinger and George Konner on the varsity football team. We are also proud to have had James Scullion, Herman Litty, Chester Gibbons and Fred Guilford on the second team. We are expecting much from these men, when the fall season of 1926 opens, and, if the reports one hears be true, our expectations shall be rewarded.

Not forgetting the hockey team, let me name the girls of the Freshmen class who had the honor of receiving their letters. They are as follows: Ruth Eakin, Marian Cope, Lorene Jones, Mary Older, Elizabeth Riddle, Margaret Carns, Melba Barnes and Bertha Kent.

When basket ball season opened, while we had no representatives on the girls' varsity squad, still we were able to boast of six members on the second team and of them we are naturally proud. These girls are Betty Moss, Bertha Kent, Elizabeth Riddle, Melba Barnes, Margaret Carns and Maud Buck. Our boys also starred in basketball, one of our best athletes, Edward Sidinger, being on the varsity team with James Scullion and Herman Litty as close seconds, both having made the second team. These players, we have been told, will make the varsity next year. By the way, we know that your education has not been so sadly neglected that you haven't heard that the Freshmen girls are champions of the High School in basketball. If you have not been so informed let me emphasize the fact not forgetting to name the worthy members of our worthy team. They are Mary Older (captain), Lorene Jones, Jane Hunt, Dorothy Lieder, Adelaide Dyball, Mary Miller, Dorothy Kesselmire, Marguerite Phillips, Millie Millensnic and Grace Dyball.

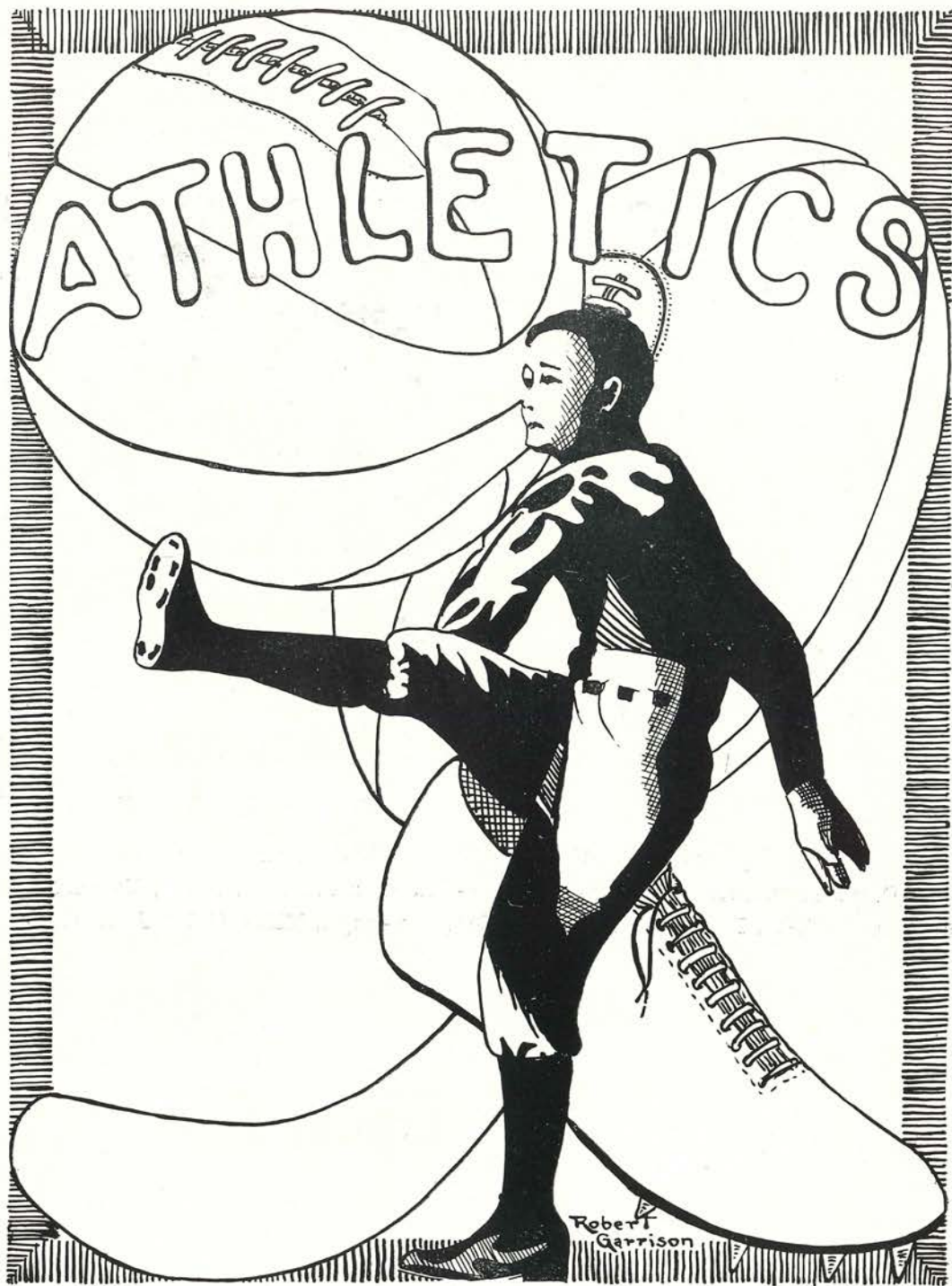
We Freshmen do not aim to star in sports only. Intellectually we lay some claim to being leaders also. We are very proud to have James Patten on the varsity debating team. It may also be interesting to know that the Freshmen had thirty-one students on the honor roll for the first semester. This record has not been beaten by any class so far, so you see we are more than holding our own. The honor students are as follows: William Allman, Inez Barkley, Martha Beardmore, Ruth Bentley, Virginia Callahan, Frances Cooper, Florence Davis, Adelaide Dyball, John Floyd, Keith Harsh, (all A's), Kenneth Headland, Katherine Hess, Nettie Iler, Jane Hunt, Lorene Jones, (all A's), Aurella Stanciu, Betty Whitacre, Raymond Knepper, Dorothy Lieder, Kathleen McDonald, Elizabeth McKee, Virginia McKee, Joe McNicol, William O'Neil, Lois Potorf, Martha Reeves, Elvira Ressler, James Scullion, Helen Shelton, Florence Shriver, and James Wingard.

On April the thirtieth, we had a wonderful party in the spacious gymnasium of Salem High School. But, alas and alack, the spacious gym was not nearly spacious enough for the vast number of Freshmen who assembled there. In spite of this difficulty, however, we all managed to enjoy ourselves and, as one Freshman expressed it, we received our money's worth at six per cent interest, enough said.

In the Massillon-Akron South-Salem triangular meet, Edward Sidinger took fourth place in the javelin throw. In the Salem-Youngstown dual meet Edward Sidinger took second place in the javelin throw while Herman Litty took fourth place in the four-forty. At the county meet at Lisbon Edward Sidinger took fifth place in the javelin contest. While these may seem like small beginnings, we have hopes of greater success in the meets to come.

It shall be our aim in the years to come to defeat our present records and thus help to make Salem High a progressive school.

—ADELAIDE DYBALL



Football



Top Row, Seeds, Herberts, Gibbons, E. Sidinger, Shears

Center Row, Gregg, C. Sidinger, Coffee - full back, Mathews, Harsh, Konnert

Bottom Row, Sheen, Fisher - center, Yaggi, Cosgrove - capt., Miller, Older, Alexander - end



Captain Cosgrove

Red and Black Have Good Season

The 1925 Salem High School football team enjoyed one of the best seasons that a Red and Black team has had for some time. Their record for the past season was six games won, two games tied, and two lost. Coach Springer had a hard job at the beginning of the year owing to the scarcity of letter men. Captain Cosgrove, Coffee, Fisher, Sheen and Miller were the only letter men left from the year before. Around these he built a team which held its own with the best in North-eastern Ohio. The first game of the season was a huge success, Salem taking into camp Cleveland West's formidable machine by a 7 to 6 score due to Coffee's sensational run. Some of the new men, especially Older, Alexander, Mathews and Yaggi on the line and C. Sidinger, Gregg, and Harsh came through in fine style in this game. The next two games with Struthers and Niles were ties. Red and

Black showed a lack of a formidable offense. Their next time was the Alliance game which they lost by a 13 to 0 score. They came back strong to defeat E. Palestine but lost their chances for a county championship by the unlooked for defeat at E. Liverpool. They really hit their stride on the last part of the season by taking over Wellsville, Akron West, Leetonia and Lisbon all in a decisive fashion. The defeat of Akron West was an outstanding feature of the season. The team loses this year by graduation some outstanding players. Captain Cosgrove, Charlie Coffee, Max Fisher, all county men, besides Miller, Yaggi, Sheen, Gregg, Shears, C. Sidinger, and Clyde Jenkins whose work at the end of the season was a feature. Captain elect Older, Campbell, Eddie Sidinger, Pete Harsh, Don Mathews, Alexander, form the nucleus for the team of 1926.

Boy's Basketball



Top row—Coach Springer, E. Sidinger, guard; Harsh, guard; Jenkins, forward; Kirkbride, center; Hann, forward; Allen, forward; Older, forward; Coffee, Captain-guard; Campbell, center; C. Sidinger, guard; McIlvain, manager.



Captain Coffee

That Salem High's basketball team should win the County Championship was probably the greatest surprise of the year. Not doped to do much on account of lack of veterans, Coach Springer in a short time developed a team which was considered to be one of the best in Northern Ohio. Their record of only three defeats in eighteen games was indeed good.

They were a worthy successor to the team of 1925. They continued the winning streak of that time until it extended to twenty-nine games. Then they met their first defeat at the hands of Akron Central. The other two games were lost to E. Liverpool and Wooster. All

these games were close and were only lost in the last few minutes of play.

The prospects for next year look especially good. Captain Charlie Coffee, the greatest basketball player that was ever developed in talent, Clyde Jenkins, Clarence Siding, and Andy Hahn are gone this year. They will no doubt be missed but with the return of Captain elect Campbell, Lowell Allen, Lester Older, Pete Harsh, Edward Siding, and Ted Kirkbride a team will be built through the able tutelage of Coach Springer which will rank with the two preceding teams as the greatest in the history of Salem High.

Girl's Basketball



Top row, left to right, Hanna, Schmid, Buck, Older, Snyder, Coach Potter.
Bottom row, left to right, Manager Howell, Groves, Konnert, Captain Smith, Hassey, Ruggles.



Captain Mary Ellen Smith

The Red and Black basketball team had another successful season though they did not win the county championship. They did place third in the county race. Their season's record was seven victories out of fourteen games, a remarkable feat when the calibre of teams played was taken into consideration. Two of their defeats were to Struthers. Struthers in the national tournament won second place so it can be readily seen that the grade of competition was very high. Most of the other losses were by a small margin, two of their defeats being by one point.

The team was handicapped this year by lack of veterans as was the case with the boys. There were many suitable guards but forward

positions are always the hard ones to fill on a girls' team as it is a position which takes a great deal of experience and practice.

Miss Potter devoted most of her time this year to developing forwards for the future. Prospects for next year look especially good. Mary E. Smith, who played a leading role this year with Ruth Older are gone from the forward wall while Gladden Ruggles and Anna Buck two excellent guards are gone. For next year's team there remain: Mary Konnert, Nellie Groves, and Bertha Mae Hassey. Besides these there are countless reserves who probably will play leading rolls in the success of next year's team.

Track



Top Row—Fisher, Schmid, Mathews, Lease, Harsh, Simonds, Drotleff, Orshan, Roessler.
Bottom Row—Herbert, Perkins, Coffee, Gregg, Sidinger, Allen, Shears, Komsa.

Track

Salem had a very successful season in track during the school year just completed. Coach Springer called the candidates for the track team early, because a large schedule had been prepared.

Two weeks of preparation preceded Salem's appearance at the Ohio relays in Columbus. Here Salem made a wonderful account of itself and won recognition throughout the entire state. Both relay teams won second place medals and Charlie Coffee shattered the high jump mark by a leap of five feet and ten inches. Allen, Salem's wonder pole-vaulter, was contented with fourth place in his event.

In the first scheduled interscholastic meet, Salem contended with Massillon and Akron South at Massillon. The track was heavy and the atmosphere too cold for any fast marks. But, nevertheless, the meet was very interesting. Salem trailed Akron South by one point before the relay, then the Red and Black team won, conquering Akron by four points.

Following the triangular meet at Massillon, Salem engaged in a dual meet with Youngstown South at Reilly Field. Salem won this meet handily and set three new records. Ed Sidinger hurled the javelin one hundred forty feet and six inches for a new school

mark; Allen vaulted eleven feet and two inches, setting a new field record; and the relay team broke the record for the four-fifths mile relay.

The next encounter was at Lisbon in the County Meet. Again Salem's crack team walked away with the meet with fifty-three and one-half points, as many records were thrown to the winds. Jim Gregg, captain of Salem's track squad, won the two hundred and twenty yard low hurdles, setting a new record at twenty-seven seconds. Perkins' ability in the eight hundred and eighty yard dash permitted him to tie the old record of two minutes and five seconds. The feature of the day was Lowell Allen's performance in the pole vault. The little Sophomore attained an altitude of eleven feet nine and five-eighths inches for a new county record. Salem finished the day by capturing the mile relay in the record time of three minutes forty-two and two-fifths seconds. This gave Salem two consecutive wins in the County Meet, and another next year will give Salem permanent possession of the highly esteemed cup.

The Mount Union Meet followed this, but no results could be obtained concerning it for this publication. So, up to that time, Salem had a perfect record in track.

Hockey

This year was the second for our new sport, hockey, introduced last year by Miss Potter. A great many girls were interested in the sport and the season was quite successful considering the fact that the weather was very poor. Several games had to be postponed on

account of the wet weather but nevertheless one entire round was made.

Four teams represented each of the four classes. After the games were played the Seniors were the champions. This being the standing of the four teams.

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Seniors -----	3-----	1-----	.750
Juniors -----	2-----	2-----	.500
Sophomores -----	1-----	3-----	.250
Freshmen -----	2-----	2-----	.500

The captains of the class teams were Freshmen, Melba Barnes; Sophomores, Ethel Bodo; Juniors, Mary Bodo; and Seniors, Ruth Older.

After the class games were played it was decided to choose two All Star Teams, the

RED TEAM

Right Wing—Melba Barnes
Right Inside—Mary E. Smith
C. Forward—Mary Older
Left Inside—Mary Thomas
Right Half—Ruth Eakin
Center Half—Sara Hanna
Left Half—Bertha Kent
Right Full—Dorothy Foltz
Left Full—Gladden Ruggles
Goal Keeper—Margaret Bolivar
Subs—Sara Wilson, Lorene Jones

Such a good spirit was shown by the girls in playing hockey this year that it was decided that numerals should be given those that played on the All Star Hockey Teams

Red Team and the Black Team, which would play for the school championship. The best players were chosen from the class teams and interesting. The Black Team won the game interesting. The Black Team won the game from the Red Team. These were the line ups.

BLACK TEAM

Evelyn Shephard
Marion Cope
Ruth Older
Ethel Bodo
Florence Holk
Mary O'Keefe
Gladys Redington
Clara Horton
Betty Deming
Nellie Groves
Subs—Mary Bodo, Elizabeth Riddle

and as a result twenty-six girls received their class numerals for their playing. We hope this spirit still continues for this sport.

Volley Ball

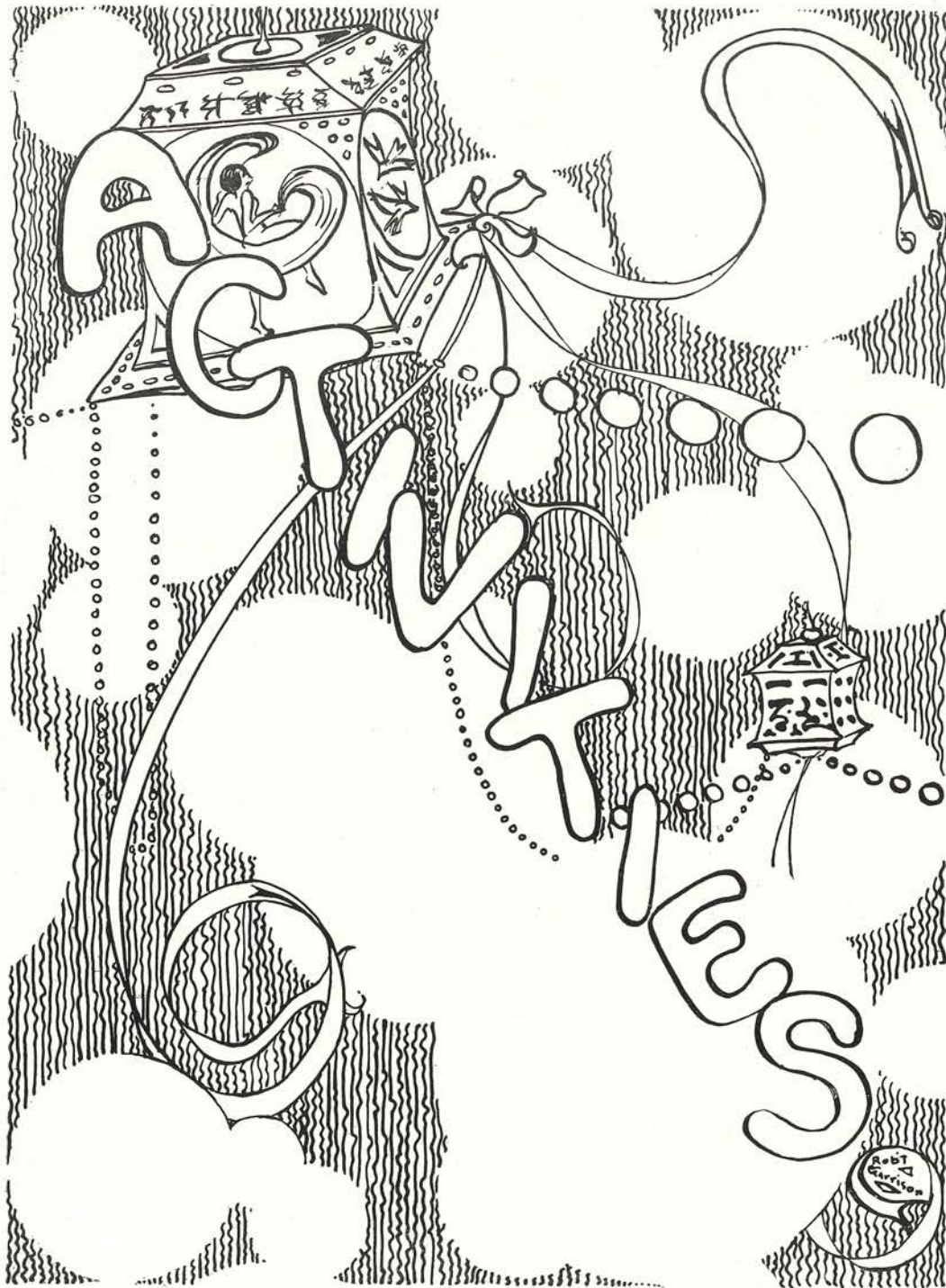
Another sport has been added this year to our extra curricular activities. That is volley ball. It had been played in gym classes previous years but not until this year had class teams, both girls and boys, been organized.

Games, alternating boys and girls, were played at noon during the month of April and a great deal more spirit and teamwork was put into these games than in many other class

sports.

In the girls' team, captains were elected as follows: Freshman, Mary Older; Sophomore, Helen Klose; Junior, Sarah Hanna; Senior, Gladden Ruggles.

Each team played each other class team twice. Although volley ball is not such an interesting sport as football or basketball, it is hoped that it will continue to be an inter-class sport in the years to follow.



Debate Squad



Left to Right Top Row—James Patten, Max Caplan, Viola Stanciu, John Lippert, Clara Patten, Richard Cope.

Front Row—Richard Speidel, Marjorie Fultz, Julia Patten, L. T. Drennan, Martha Krauss, Irene Slutz, Wayne Morron.



Captain Marsillio



Captain Matthews

Debate

Among the many interesting activities existent in our school life, is debate.

Debate has had a rather short history in Salem High School. The greatest attention has been conferred upon it since the addition of Mr. Drennan to the faculty staff. By considerable effort enough interest has been aroused to secure a squad each year from which the teams are chosen, each team being selected for its debating ability, and insurance of co-operation among the members.

It is said, "variety is the spice of life." Two years ago, every debate was lost with unanimous decisions in most cases. This year all debates were won.

The season was opened with a debate between Salem and Carrollton, held at Salem. The team was composed of Richard Speidel, Senior; Wayne Morron, Sophomore; Carl Matthews, Senior; Captain, as speakers, and James Patten, Freshman, alternate.

The second debate was also between Salem and Carrollton at Carrollton. The team was Max Caplan, Junior; Clara Patten, Jun-

ior; Joe Marsillio, Captain, Junior; as speakers, and Viola Stanciu, Junior, alternate.

The third and fourth debates were held the same night. The first between Salem and Niles, was at Salem, the second between Salem and Rayen Youngstown was at Youngstown.

The first team was composed of Clara Patten and Joe Marsillio, both Juniors, speakers, and Lewis Platte Junior alternate. The second team was composed of Carl Mathews, Senior; and Julia Patten, Junior, speakers, and Wayne Morron, Sophomore, alternate.

The question in all debates was: Resolved that the United States should organize the army and navy air forces separate branches of one department of national defense.

At the end of this successful season, a banquet was held in the Domestic Science room, where after dinner speeches were in order. There is a splendid squad remaining for another year, Carl Mathews and Richard Speidel of this years teams being the only ones leaving.

Hi-Y Club



Top Row, left to right—McIlvain, Older, Judge, Campbell, Eddy, Jenkins, Miller, Shears and Leibschnier.

Bottom Row, left to right—C. Sidinger, Cosgrove, Caplan, Springer, Platt, Harsh, Smith and Howell.

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y club which was organized in Salem High School in January 1925 has progressed and rapidly increased in membership. The present membership is twenty-five, with each member having taken the spirit of the Hi-Y to heart.

Because of the club being in its infancy, the last school term was begun with the following members: Garrison, Jenkins, McIlvain, Shears, Sidinger, Miller, Cosgrove and Smith. The first meeting was led by the officers, Garrison, Jenkins, McIlvain and Shears with Mr. Alan and Mr. Simpson being present. At this time Mr. Simpson was introduced into the club. The following week Mr. Simpson was the speaker and gave points on the "Relationship of Hi-Y and outside activities."

Since these first two meetings new members have been initiated into the club until now it is a record organization.

The first function of the club in its first full year, was a "beanery" to which all the Freshmen and Sophomores were invited. On account of a lack of money it was decided to publish and sell football souvenirs.

Although this was not as successful as it was expected to be, some money was made.

Probably the next most important event of the organization, was the Father and Son banquet sponsored by the Rotary club. The

Hi-Y members were guests of the Rotary and a very enjoyable evening was spent with much entertainment being furnished.

During the year many noted speakers have given talks and words of advice before the members. Some of these are: Rev. Gordon, who talked on "Jesus' message to the student scholar," Mr. Gibbs, who led the topical discussion and Rev. Collier both of whom were much appreciated.

During the thrift week much discussion was centered on the value and essentials of thrift.

Several times during the year, meetings were held at some member's home at which time the club was a guest of that member. Mr. Springer has proven to be a capable leader of the Hi-Y and has been the legal advisor during the year. He has led the different meetings and with the help of all the committees the undertakings have been successful.

During the last of April the election of officers was held. These men will execute the laws of the Hi-Y during 1926 and 1927. They are: Lester Older, president; Walter Harsh, vice-president; Paul Howell, secretary; Max Caplan, treasurer.

The graduating members of the Hi-Y club of Salem High School wish the organization luck in its future plans.

Science Club



Left to Right—Top row, Lloyd Ormes, Wayne Marietta, Donald Smith, Max Fisher, Harold Shears, Robert Davis, Walter Coy, Dudley Ahead.
Front Row—Jean Lease, Isabelle Simpson, Irene Slutz, Jeane Olloman, Anna Buck, Arleen Coffee.

Science Club

Within the past few years science has become such a very important element of life, and chemistry, one of its most important phases, has become so revolutionized by startling discoveries that its importance must be emphasized and conveyed to those not directly acquainted with it by other means than books or study. In our school, noticing the apparent lack of interest in subjects important in scientific knowledge, a club was organized to promote interest in science and subjects relating to science.

This "Science Club" as it was named, was organized by Mr. Vickers, instructor of chemistry and physics, who although maintaining the office of supervisor over the club, left the course of meeting to the members and its officers who have never failed to make the bi-weekly meetings ones of interest by means of experiments, short sketches of great scientists, and illustrated lectures. Mr. Vickers at various meetings gave a series of lectures on radio to those interested in the subject.

As a department a Radio Club was organized, which included in its membership many of the Science Club members, and some more interested in the single subject radio

than the general branches of science.

The Science Club's activities were not however, confined to its own interests. A show was brought to the school by the club, and with the proceeds, work was begun on a radio to be set up at the building. A famous lecturer of science was brought who interested the entire school assembly in an illustrated lecture on electrical experiments.

That the club, at the conclusion of its last meeting had twenty-four active members on its "roll" clearly shows the interest it started in school. Those who failed to understand a subject related in the smallest way had the opportunity to ask about it and through the discussion of these problems they became more acquainted with the universe. Things before not understood, were now understood, which was the sole aim of the science club.

The present members hope that the research just started will be carried on much further next year and that the club may become more flourishing than in this its first year of existence.

Quaker Staff



Left to Right—Top row, Cesarie Paumier, William Miller, Betty Jones, Wanda Mathews, Homer Eddy, Amelia Walde, Clara Patten, Donald Smith, Max Fisher, Rex McIlvain.

Second Row—Elizabeth McKee, Louise Smith, Lois Snyder, Mary Ellen Smith, Jeane Olloman, Mary Chessman, Eleanor Votaw, Ruth Older.

Front Row—Robert Davis, Max Caplan, Paul Howell, Elmer Kerr, Joe Marsilio, Clarence Frethy.

The Quaker Staff



Jeane Olloman
Editor-in-Chief

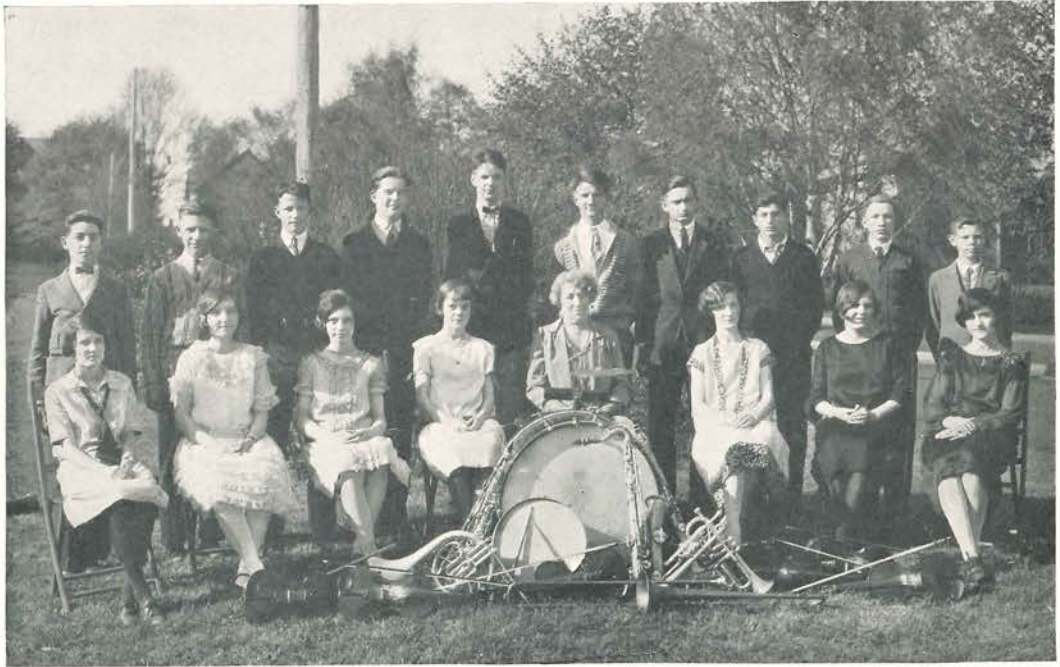
Donald Smith
Business Manager

Editorial Staff

Joe Marsilio—Assistant Editor
Robert Davis—Alumni Editor
Homer Eddy—Ima Advisor
Max Fisher—Sports Editor
Betty Jones—Society Reporter
Elmer Kerr—Joke Editor
Elizabeth McKee—Freshman Editor
Wanda Mathews—Typist
Aleen Moores—Literary Editor
Ruth Older—Senior Reporter
Clara Patten—Proof Reader
Louise Smith—Sophomore Editor
Eleanor Votaw—Assembly Reporter
Amelia Walde—Typist
Mary Ellen Smith—Athletic Reporter
Lois Snyder—Exchange Editor

Managing Staff

Rex McIlvain
Harold Shears
William Miller
Paul Howell
Clarence Frethy
Max Caplan
Mary Chessman—Exchange Manager
Cesarie Paumier—Bookkeeper



Top Row, left to right:— Serafin Buta, Nick Nedelka, Kenneth Kuhl, Bill Smith, Ellsworth McKee, Chester Gibbons, Edward Janeck, Edmund Schilling, Fred Beardmore, Nathan Harris.

Bottom Row, left to right:— Dorothy Fuller, Virginia Callahan, Gertrude Juhn, Ada Lottman, Grace P. Orr, Junnia Jones, Irma Boncina, Victoria Piticar.

High School Orchestra

Edward Janeck—Violin
Edmond Schilling—Violin
Victoria Piticiar—Violin
Kenneth Kuhl—Violin
Margaret Fuller—Violin
Irma Boncsina—Violin
Chester Gibbons—Drums
William Smith—Slide Trombone
Nathan Harris—Slide Trombone
Junnia Jones—Piano

Fred Beardmore—Mellophone
Virginia Callahan—Clarinet
Serafin Buta—Cornet
Nick Nedelka—Cornet
Gertrude John—Soprano Saxaphone
Leslie Eckart—E. Flat Alto Saxaphone
Ellsworth McKee—C. Melody Saxaphone
Ada Lottman—B. Flat Tenor Saxaphone
Miss Orr—Director

Several years ago realizing the need of a High School Orchestra the music classes purchased a number of instruments, and found enough pupils sufficiently interested to take up the study of these. The instruments bought were the Bass and Snare Drums, Bells, C-Melody Saxaphone, Cornet, and Slide Trombone. This was the beginning of the orchestra.

Since then quite a number of students have made use of the wonderful opportunity for the practice and study it affords. Most of these pupils have their own instruments and feel that the work is certainly worth while.

There is no period during the regular school sessions devoted to this art, and all practicing has to be done outside of school

hours. In the larger towns and cities, periods during school time are being given over to this special pursuit. We hope that eventually such an arrangement may be brought about in Salem High, and we also hope that in the near future there will be enough instruments collected to form a High School Band.

So far the pupils have only had one hour a week assigned for instructions, but next year they expect to spend at least two or three hours a week in practice. They are also trusting to make next year even more successful than this and to play for all school functions including class parties.

—I B.

Dramatics

Icebound

Probably one of the most successful plays that has been produced in Salem High School was presented to the public the early part of this year.

The Jordons were cold blooded people caring for little except money. Upon the death of their mother, which from all appearances would be very soon, they hoped to gain possession of her money.

Jane Crosbey has always been a faithful servant girl to the family and when Mrs. Jordan did finally die it was to Jane she willed her entire estate. In the will, however, Jane

must reform Ben, the youngest of the Jordons, who is quite a carefree lad. The tale of romance really begins when through Jane's loving ways and kindness Ben abandons his former habits and becomes a real man.

Henry Yaggi, as Ben Jordan, ably conducted himself throughout the play. Mary Chessman, the other lead, rightfully deserves the name "heroine."

The entire cast deserved praiseworthy mention for the talent which they sent across the footlight to their audience.

They were:

Russell Stallsmith—Henry Jordan
Eleanor Votaw—Emma Jordan
Mary Ellen Smith—Nellie Jordan
Elizabeth Ward—Sadie Fellows

Donald Ward—(son) Orin Fellows
Gladys Redington—Ella Jordan
Homer Eddy—Doctor Curtis
William Miller—Judge Bradford

The Detour

One of the leading events of the year was the play put on by the Junior Class, May 6th and 7th, known as the Detour. The play re-

ceived much commendation and was a great success. It was directed by L. T. Drennan, whose ability along such lines is unquestioned.

The cast was as follows:

Stephen Hardy—Lester Older
Helen (his wife)—Clara Patten
Kate (their daughter)—Arleen Coffee
Tom Lane—William Liebschner
Dana Lamonte—Clarence Frethy

Dora Lamonte—Freda Headley
Ben Glenny—Robert Campbell
Weinstein—Max Caplan
Jake—Paul Howell

A brief synopsis is as follows:

Steve Hardy is a rough practical truck farmer. His wife Helen, whose one ambition has been to be an artist, has made her self believe that her daughter Kate has artistic talent. She plans that Kate should go to New York and study art but Steve objects. Tom Lane, Kate's sweetheart also objects. Helen and Kate decide to go anyway but Dana Lamonte, an artist, tells Kate that she has no

talent. The trip is canceled and the money which Helen and Kate saved, Kate turns over to her father, who, purchases from Tom Lane a long desired plot of land.

The play was very true to life and was enjoyed by all who saw it. It adds another to the list of good productions put on by the high school.

Literary

Humor

By Charles Wilhelm

First Prize Essay

Humor is a subject that has been rather woefully neglected by present day writers and readers. This negligence is entirely uncalled for, however, because humor presents one of the most interesting and instructive studies to be found anywhere.

The first question which comes into the minds of almost everyone reading or studying humor is, what is humor? Or better yet that elusive quality, a sense of humor? In asking this question one finds himself confronted with a difficulty. One reason for this trouble encountered in defining humor is the many uses and meanings that word has served. Shakespeare used the word "humorous" as an adjective meaning changeable, fickle. Humor was and is still used as a verb. Chaucer used it in a medical sense. Again, it is used as a biological term. An ancient weather prophet's prediction ran: "The sky hangs full of humor and I think we shall have rain." Which might promote some thoughts on the paradoxical subject of "dry" humor.

"When in doubt consult the dictionary" is a good axiom, but in this case it does not seem to supply our demands. Dictionaries give us definitions, it is true, but they are so abstruse or so varied that they are of little use. Theories are used to define it. The derision theory holds that all humor in a comical scene is provided at the expense of someone's discomfiture. This theory is further illustrated by the example of a man who, while reading a newspaper, suddenly exclaimed, "Why here's a list of people who won't eat onions any more!" And when his hearer anxiously asked to see the list he handed over the death column.

The disappointment theory deals with the frustrating of a carefully built up expectation. "Casey at the Bat," is a good example of this theory.

But even though these theories are convenient for discussion, many people claim that all theories are inadequate. Perhaps humor ought not to be defined. It may be one of those intangible substances like love and

beauty that are indefinable. Perhaps those who attempt to define it only coarsen it. Some day some one may give us a satisfactory definition or explanation; until that time let us not worry over theories, definitions or suppositions. Since "one touch of humor makes the whole world grin" what difference does it make what humor is?

The test for a sense of humor is the ability to see a joke. Somebody once said that there are eleven original jokes in the world. Modern times, however, may be given credit for some inventiveness. An Englishman once codified all the English comic papers and found that the following list comprised all the subjects discussed: Mother-in-laws; hen-pecked husbands; twins; old maids; Jews; Frenchmen and Germans; Italians and Negroes; fatness; thinness; baldness; sea sickness; stuttering; bloomers; bad cheese; red noses. An American paper would probably give a slightly different list. We have, of course, our purely local jokes. Boston will always be a joke to Chicago, the east to the west, and vice versa. The foreigner will always be with us to mix his Y's and J's and play havoc with the Anglo Saxon Th.

The American is not only a humorous person, he is a practical person. So it is only natural that American humor should be put to practical uses. It was once said that the difference between a man with tact and a man without was that the man with tact, in trying to put a bit in a horse's mouth would first tell him a funny story, while the tactless man would get an ax. This use of the funny story is the American way of putting it to practical uses. It is by means of the "good story" that the politician makes his way to office the business man clears the way for a big deal.

A sense of humor is one of the essentials to success. It is held up as one of the requirements for entrance to any profession. Samuel McChord Crothers says that were he on the examining board for the granting of certificates to prospective teachers he would

place a copy of Lamb's essay on "Schoolmasters" in the hands of each and if the applicant failed to appreciate the humor contained in that essay, the certificate would be withheld. For before all else, a teacher must possess a sense of humor!

The "voice with a smile" wins because behind the voice is a sense of humor. The most successful men and women are those who know how to get along with their fellow beings. In fact, the biggest problem in the world today is the human problem, the problem of making people like you, and nothing oils the wheels of human relationship so nicely as humor. Abraham Lincoln understood this when he saved many a critical situation by the introduction of one of his famous anecdotes. Humor has its place in the serious business world, and in the social sphere it is the passport to popularity.

The most common method of expressing our appreciation of some funny story or situation is by laughter. William McDougall shows us that laughter has a scientific value. By breaking up our train of mental activity and preventing our dwelling upon distressing situations, laughter does one as much good as any tonic. The relaxation of a good laugh clears the brain, puts one in a proper state of mind, and so enables one to solve one's everyday troubles. A good axiom would read, "When petty trouble troubles you, laugh."

Since humor is of such importance, it behooves us all to use our sense of humor. Nature has endowed most of us with that precious, priceless gift; it is up to every individual to reap the full benefits from it. Even though we may be unable to define it, we have a sense of humor; therefore, let us use it to the best possible advantage.

The Opportunities of a Country Girl

by Rebecca Price

Second Prize Essay

A wide expanse of the meadow of opportunity, ripe for the harvest, is before the country lassie, though she may not realize its true value.

Variety, the spice of life, is one of the prominent features of the busy, wholesome life which may be followed in the country. The wise mother begins to teach her daughter the fundamentals of household economics before she is old enough to go to school, and this education is continued throughout her life at home. Girls often enjoy the work in the open air better than that indoors, but this does not need to be the case, if the mother has the ability to so train the growing child that she may realize the importance of the different types of occupation.

Who is not charmed by the young lambs frisking on the green, little chicks chirping over a fresh worm, or the hope and joy shown by the calf and colt in their youthful pranks hither and thither about the barnyard? What farm girl has not marveled at the beauty of the waving fields of ripening grain, the delicious smell of bursting blossoms followed by the growth of luscious fruit, mingled with its recollection of pleasures in the past picking seasons, or the delight of fragrant new mown

hay and its accompanying harvest time?

Though the little red school house is being replaced by the consolidated school, I believe, when the former are under the control of capable instructors, the pupils become educated in the practice of concentration which is valuable in later years.

Perhaps the most interesting opportunity for the girl who lives on a farm is the chance for nature study, which is a splendid way to learn biology through direct contact with the Creator's handiwork. In the spring, long walks through the woods in search of birds and wild flowers bring pleasure to the young as well as the old. The autumn, though to me it is the saddest time of all the year, tries to be gay by cloaking each tree in a gown of varied bits of color.

I have seen storm clouds piling up majestic and awesome; glorious sunrises when the birds sang songs of joy; clear brooks gurgling and chattering over rocky beds; warm misty afternoons when the rain kissed my face like a benediction as I went about homely tasks; crisp mornings when snowflakes were floating, and at many of these times I have known a happiness that assured me of the great part God had in their making.

A Legend of the Red Rose

By Elizabeth McKee

First Prize Short Story

Twilight had settled in the beautiful Neepo Valley, but far above was a sight of glorious beauty as the sinking sun shot its golden rays o'er the misty peaks of Big Mountain. Here below all was quiet, but for the tinkling sound of the brook or the twitter of some happy bird. Here and there rising as beacons, campfires sent up their curling columns of smoke. It was a scene of heavenly peace.

The hour of evening worship had come. The Indians of the Brula tribe were faithful and on bended knee were all gathered for the evening sacrifice. The old and young alike knelt before the great Spirit of the Sky.

The leathern skins and grizzled features of the fathers contrasted greatly with the clear cut faces of the young warriors.

On the edge of the group farthest from the altar knelt two adventuresome youths. Wanda, the daughter of the Brula chief, and Fleet Foot, a young warrior. From childhood these two had been constantly together, and were the most faithful of companions. Wanda was the beautiful princess of the Brula tribe and received the homage of old and young alike. Slim and tall, she bore herself with the grace of a young queen.

Towering high above the other warriors was Fleet Foot. Supple and lithe he could outrun all other lads of the tribe. He was lauded and praised by the tribe for his courage and bravery.

As the group dispersed, Fleet Foot walked by Wanda's side, proclaiming his love. "Oh, Wanda, most beautiful queen, my love for you is firmer than yonder Big Mountain." "Yes, Fleet Foot and my love for you shall be given with faithfulness." Overwhelmed by the ecstasy of it, Fleet Foot paused a moment,

"Tomorrow," he continued, "I'll ask the Great Chief for you as my bride, and then"—a rider dashing madly by alarmed them—it was the scout. "I have just spied one of the Cochities" he cried. "Hasten, oh Fleet Foot, we are in danger—we must attack!" Hurrying to the village, Fleet Foot joined the impatient warriors and bidding his promised bride farewell, he hastened away.

The Brulas were perplexed, for after a long and weary search, no traces of the enemy were to be found. At last the supposed scout was seen slowly advancing toward them, making the sign of peace. Reaching them he addressed the chief. "Most worthy chieftain, I come not on an errand of war but one of peace. I, Braveheart have heard of the most beautiful Princess Wanda, and I have come to win her love." At this Fleet Foot frowned, for he liked not the mission of the stranger.

The next day, a golden one of sunshine, found Braveheart telling the lovely Wanda of his love. To her, as a token, he had brought a beautiful white rose. Now at this time thorns did not grow upon its stem and its color was pure white. Pleased by the amazing beauty of the rose and Braveheart's wonderful tales of love, Wanda's heart was quickly won. All memories of Fleet Foot, his bravery, his courage and his love faded away.

That night the Cochities were really spied. With the fighting spirit of the Brulas aroused, adventure lurked everywhere. Around a huge fire the old war dance was held. Scalps won in earlier wars were proudly displayed. Stories of former battles and astounding courage of native braves, including Fleet Foot, were related.

The great chief stood silently by, visions of the battle flashed before him. Viewing his brave men long, his eye tarried on Fleet Foot,

for he was the chief's aid. Even the twinkling stars set above in the clear sky of deep blue seemed to join in the frolic, as the tomtoms beat so rythmically.

But Fleet Foot alone was sad. His long loved Wanda was lost to another. After Braveheart departed, he questioned her concerning her love. "But Fleet Foot, you never have brought me such a beautiful flower as the rose, only the common flowers of the forest have been your gift. Your love cannot be as strong as Braveheart's." With these last sad words from the lips of one he loved dearer than life, Fleet Foot left her. He had failed—what mattered the dangers of the morrow, now!

Grim and stern he joined the men the next day. No Wanda to cheer him on his way to victory. The other warriors placed heavy leather shields over their hearts, but Fleet Foot flung his aside. He cared not for the dangers now, life was worthless to him.

The Brulas went only a short distance till they encountered the enemy, and a fierce enemy it was, but not unconquerable.

The Cochities advanced however, for they were superior in numbers. The Brulas were wonderful in hand to hand fighting, but their enemy placed three skilled scouts to

block the way. To pass it was necessary that a warrior steal up on them. The chief called council and asked for volunteers, but even as he spoke, an arrow ended short his speech.

Hesitating not, Fleet Foot galloped away and then gradually crept up on the scouts. Taken by surprise two fell, and as he killed the third an arrow shot from the thicket and lodged in his breast.

Falling to the ground, his first thought was of great sorrow, for it was of dear Wanda. But his sorrow was followed by anger as he remembered the stranger with his rose which had so cruelly won the beautiful maiden.

Rising as far as his failing strength would allow, he faced the Gods and in his agony cried out "Oh, Great Gods, grant me this my dying prayer! Curse the rose that—"As a fierce stab of pain shook his body, he sank back, forgiving his Wanda who had so ruthlessly been taken from him. The greatest warrior of the Brulas had died.

The Gods out of their infinite pity granted Fleet Foot his dying request, and from that day to this many roses are stained the crimson of Fleet Foot's blood and on the stem are thorns as a reminder of Braveheart's irresistible love.

Not Alone

by Grace Windram

Second Prize Short Story

The evening sun was sinking slowly into the purple mists. As he drew near the close of his trip across the heavens, the steeds of his golden chariot slackened their pace to let their king and master turn a last radiant smile on the darkening earth. The keeper of the night drifted majestically into view, giving aid and comfort to the sweltering suffering people below her wrapping them in cool, soothing quietness and peace. Down from her lofty height, the moon looked upon a flourishing country—wooded hills, and silver ribbons, through and over which stretched countless miles of gleaming white highways. They were the work of man, but as intricate and fascinating to the moon, as the sparkling rivers, which she had known for numberless ages.

The Pickininny Trail was one of the most modern, improved highways in existence, and whirling around one of the life to death curves at an exciting rate of speed, dashed a death-defying roadster. It was the latest thing in cars, and its long, low, graceful body fairly sailed down the moon-lit road.

So quiet was the purring of the powerful engine, that the hilarious, even hysterical laughter of its occupants resounded queerly in the solemnity of the twilight stillness. Echo called forth from her favorite haunts answered their cries, though her own heart could find no voice.

Unconscious of the beauty surrounding them, heedless of all friendly warnings, deaf to the calls of peace and restfulness, the four very modern, very vivacious, and very reckless beings sped on and on into the growing night.

In the near distance a house of many colored lights and lanterns arose like a flaming torch. It was a spacious dwelling, and the rolling terraces about it reflected beauty and warmth, color and gaiety.

Everywhere were people, always young, always laughing, the same hard careless laugh—no dark faces, but no bright souls.

Girls danced here and there light heart-

edly, though they knew well what the morrow would bring. Young men laughed at the girls, smoked, danced, and drank their share of the "ages old." Held their heads high, looked the world in the face, laughed their bitter laugh, and believed themselves to be quite wise, and very, very modern.

Then someone proposed a dip in the private pool. The cry was taken up, hurled about, and daringly accepted. A mad rush followed. Everyone went wild, the noise was deafening. Dare upon dare was made boldly, recklessly, but always with an irresistible allurements to the joy-intoxicated party.

Phoebus had already mounted his fiery chariot, and the lofty steeds, were stamping impatiently to be gone, when the little roadster drew up slowly before the old colonial home. There were but two occupants now, and there was no more laughter, no gay exclamations. A sleepy, tired personage stumbled from the car. He would have been handsome, but for the heavily marked lines of excess dissipation, which marred his face, and dulled the light in his eyes.

He half staggered around to the other side of the car, and virtually carried the little bundle of modern womanhood to the huge door. Here he balanced her against one of the great pillars, while he rang the bell.

A butler appeared after some little time, quite noticeably angry to be aroused at such an hour, and quite disgusted with moderns in general.

He led the girl across the wide hall to the stairway however, where he half turned, and nodded dismissal to the boy in the doorway. As the girl heard the click of the closing door, she resisted the butler, turned, waved feebly to empty space, then stumbled on.

It was long after the noon-day hour when Joan, cool and lovely in her sheer afternoon frock, tripped lightly down the broad stairs. There was no trace of the wasteful diversion of the night before. A sound, undisturbed sleep, and a cold shower had worked wonders.

The bright smile faded however, when on entering the dining room for her late lunch, she found both her father and mother waiting for her. Her father stood by the long French window, his white head slightly bowed, a mixed expression of disturbance and sorrow written on his handsome features. Her mother, a woman with a mind of her own, came towards the girl immediately, her features working with anger and distrust.

It was impossible to reason with her mother, as Joan had learned from experience, so she stood patiently, until the woman's excited condition, and excess talking called for breath, then walked directly into her father's loving arms.

"It's always that way," continued the woman in a high, loud voice. "Every time I try to put some sense into that girl's head, and to teach her to obey my orders, you take her part against your own wife. Look what you've made of her,—a deceitful, wilful girl. When she's a woman, she'll have only you to blame for this." Joan's mother stalked haughtily out of the room, giving the laughable expression of having washed her hands of the entire affair.

But neither Joan nor her father laughed, the latter only pressed his daughter closer.

Some weeks later, Joan left the ship at Port Amo. As she stood on the wharf, all alone, she could see the old, gray, cold, stone buildings not far distant. On reaching them, she hesitated, realizing that they were to be her home for two years. Two years without cease—with no sight of her dear father. Somehow her mother did not take form within her mind, but her father's spirit walked by her side, holding her little hand in his great one, guiding her over the rough places in her course. It had always been so, her father was her pal. It had been her father's wish that had led her to this time-forgotten place, but her father's wish was her wish.

Two long years later, Joan said farewell forever to the old college. She had been happy

there, queerly enough, and she felt a pang of regret when she bid it the last goodbye.

But Joan did not leave all remembrances of the old school behind her. She robbed it of the very thing about it that she loved best. He walked by her side to the docks, boarded the out-going ship with her, and with her sailed for her home and her father. She knew that her father would love him, love him as a son, and that was all that mattered. If only good old dad liked him, there was nothing in the world to curb her happiness.

The old colonial home shone ghostly in the moonlight. The wavering beeches surrounding it, flung out their whispering arms in welcome. They were the white sentinels of the old home, and had welcomed many generations, but never had they looked down upon a happier pair of lovers.

It was late, the house was shrouded in darkness, but Joan knew every step of the way to the great door. Two years had altered the place very little. The same old butler answered her ring, and sputtered excitedly as she cautioned him to be quiet. His reserve however, nearly exploded when his eyes met the smiling brown ones of the strange young man.

Bruce stood framed in the doorway. The light from within accented the blackness of his background.

Joan turned towards the stairway at a slight sound from that direction. There stood her father a little older, a little more careworn, perhaps—but her father! She ran to him and buried her curly head on his broad chest. Sobs shook her, she was happy, oh, so happy.

"And there'll be no more wild parties, daddy dear," she whispered. "You made me realize there are many more wonderful things in life." Then she went to Bruce, took his hand, and led him to her father.

"And, daddy, you have helped me to find Bruce," she breathed softly. But it was not her father's shoulder on which she hid her happy face this time.

They Came, They Saw, They Conquered

By Julia Patten

First Prize Oration

Life is but a span, A nation's life a thousand spans. Across the pages of that nation's history a thousand heroic souls have slowly tread a toilsome path. Faces and forms of every genius have swiftly and easily or slowly and wearily pushed forward toward an unknown, unseen goal.

It was by this weary workworn throng, irresistably being pushed forward that the soul of a nation was carried. The soul of America borne onward. Born so, only by struggling and fighting and fearing. Struggling to overcome the hardships; fighting to conquer an adversary; fearing God.

Life is but a span; a nation's life a thousand spans. Every human life, though short, makes a nation's life so long. For every human soul is equal to a tiny part of the soul of the nation.

In that great soul is a seething unrest. A longing to attain those greater prospects that forever glitter before the eyes of an aspiring people. But those gleaming opportunities cannot be obtained in a lifetime. Only each short life helps the big life of the nation, for the life of the nation, a thousand spans, has farther goals than ever a human life could dream of.

And the human souls that crept slowly forward with the great load of trouble, hardship, sorrow and deprivation, started the soul of new-born America on the path of fame.

Who were those moving spirits that upon the site of our great cities and beautiful farms fought their bloody battles? Who were they that lived and died for us, that we might have a country, a home?

Written in the book of the great, are the names of the pioneers, the backwoodsmen of Ohio and Kentucky.

Crime and vice did not come near them, they were not adrift among those lonely solitudes. Health did not shrink from them for her home is in the rarely-trodden wild. But sorrow and hardships darkened the golden path they trod, for all the joy they had they gave for God. No greater epoch in American history has ever been recorded than the Westward Movement of the Pioneer.

No fiction can ever surpass in vividness the vast, sweeping drama of the west, wherein the pioneer played the principle part.

Daniel Boone is the truest ideal of the American pioneer. Brave, cool, self-reliant, a dead shot with his rifle and a consummate master of woodcraft.

Boone crossed the Blue Ridge mountains and in the solitudes beheld the rich prospects, the golden opportunities in river and meadow and woodland. In those lonely solitudes he encountered the fierce wild beasts and the fiercer red men. He lived within the barricaded walls of Boonesborough through the long sunny day and the solemn, lonely hours of the night, holding at bay the treacherous Shawnee.

Fate early marked Boone as one that must endure the harrowing sorrow of death. Two beloved sons were lost, and Boone many times narrowly escaped death at the hands of the savages.

Not many such men born into the world full to such a wonderful degree the work God meant for them, rendering so great a service to their country and its people. He was as he said, "an instrument, ordained of God to settle the wilderness."

No graver self-deprivation, no more undaunted courage has ever been shown than

was revealed upon the rolling battle plain of the frontier.

Every great deed, every brave exploit, every self-sacrifice was a step toward the height. They were carrying the soul of a nation toward the land of the setting sun, leaving an open path in which we might follow. Their lives were but spans, and they have passed, but America still lives on.

All that the pen of romance depicts was written in lives of those whose lots were cast in the western forests. Theirs was a life that drew upon every resource of cunning, stealthiness, vigilance, daring. Every splendid feature of their characters was revealed in their sorrow burdened lives. They were ever in the greatest peril. Those were the times that tried men's souls, when a steady hand, a cool level head, and untiring patience were demanded by trying circumstances.

The memory of the pioneers has and will have life immortal. They have passed on that which they received. We but follow in their footsteps, immortality lies in our hands as well. We have received from them a foundation of body, character, and personality. We must take these qualities, pass them on, molten and welded into a greater metal. We must give their ideals and our ideals to an idealistic future.

Within our ken and within our grasp lies that wondrous immortality of which all humanity has so long dreamed. This immortality is to be either neglected and defiled, or shaped as they shaped it, consecrated, sanctified, and enshrined. It is the first Goal on the Way.

We still have need of men with the strong will of undeflected rectitude, cool self-possession, simplicity. We have need of men with untiring patience; ungilded honesty. Men who have undying faith in themselves and in God.

You and I are the ones who must be those men. We must have the character that will stand every pressure that may be brought to bear upon it. We must have love that hopes and endures and is patient. We must have the unswerving infinite truth of soul, and the untransluded gaze that sees and realizes the demands that in the far future will inevitably be made upon the resources that are at your command, ignoring the extent and depth of them.

We must "labor to keep alive in our hearts that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Let us build in our souls more stately mansions and live forever in truth and light, asking that God in mercy guide our scattered band.

Prohibition

by Joe Marsílio

Second Prize Oration

There comes a time in the history of every nation when a decided stand must be taken for the sake of bettering social conditions. Such is the crisis in which we of the United States are involved today.

On January 16, 1920, the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors, became enforceable as a part of the Constitution of the United States. Previous to this time, thirty-three of the states of the union had adopted prohibition as a state issue. Thus prohibition came about as a gradual result of public opinion, and not as a sudden political move on the part of our Federal government.

Since the adoption of prohibition as a national issue there has arisen a series of protests from the opponents of prohibition who have for their purpose the repeal or modification of the Eighteenth Amendment or of the Volstead law which makes this amendment enforceable.

Let us face the situation fairly. The prime consideration of the advocates of prohibition is the fact that the drinking of alcohol in large or small quantities is detrimental to the welfare of society. Medical students agree with them in this conclusion and discourage the use of alcohol even for medicinal purposes. Even the most enthusiastic opponents of prohibition agree that alcohol is detrimental to the welfare of society. Viewed from the standpoint of right and wrong, then, prohibition ceases to be an issue; it follows as a matter of course.

Other evils are curbed by laws designed to promote the national welfare. The evil of drinking is curbed by the Eighteenth Amendment. What, then, can be the reasons for the

repeal or modification of this amendment by those opposed to prohibition?

One of the main contentions of these opponents is that since prohibition, conditions arising from the use of alcohol are more deplorable than before. They support this statement by statistics showing that in a few states there have been more arrests for drunkenness than before prohibition.

They fail to mention, however, that arrests for drunkenness previous to 1920 were uncommon except in cases when persons under the influence of alcohol were found disturbing the peace. Today the mere state of intoxication is sufficient to cause arrest. The increased number of arrests in these few states may be due to more rigid enforcement of the law rather than to an increase in the number of drinkers. The opponents of prohibition also fail to mention that in the great majority of the states—almost all of them in fact—arrests for the violation of the liquor laws have reached their lowest point.

The fact that prohibition has not been enforced to as great an extent as it should be is an unfortunate truth but that is no reason why we must repeal the Volstead law. Our traffic laws are violated more frequently, perhaps, than any other laws, yet no one proposes the repeal of these laws.

The opponents of prohibition then advance their absurd theory of "personal liberty." Fully realizing the drastic effects of alcohol, they nevertheless maintain that they are being denied their so-called privilege of drinking this poison and clamor for their "personal liberties." Prohibition is not the denial of the individual rights of citizens, but rather the confirmation of these rights. By abolishing the

use of alcohol, prohibition seeks to better the condition of the individual through the betterment of social conditions. Before the days of prohibition the crimes committed due to the effects of liquor were vastly more destructive to personal liberty than prohibition can ever be.

Those opposed to prohibition maintain that temperance is a virtue and not a matter for legislation. At the same time, by the unrestricted use of alcoholic liquors, they make the attainment of this virtue more difficult than ever before. Granted that temperance is a virtue, can it not be gained more easily when no temptation presents itself? By the abolishment of intoxicants, that is exactly what prohibition seeks to accomplish.

The question now arises: Has prohibition paid? The manufacturer, the banker, the clergy, the school teacher, men and women in every uplifting organization in the country unite in answering this question with an emphatic "yes". Since prohibition went into effect the country has gained in health, wealth, morals. We still have a certain small number of law breakers, it is true, but these will gradually disappear if we unite in helping to enforce the Volstead law.

Let us resolve to do our share in curbing

existing evils. Having resolved that prohibition is right in principle, let us have faith in that resolution and not be daunted by the appalling array of fictitious statistics with which the anti-prohibitionists attempt to prevent us from seeing the right. You who have been influenced by those who seek to overthrow the cause of temperance by their wide-spread propaganda must face the issue fairly and reach the inevitable conclusion that prohibition is a necessity. Those of you who have so nobly advanced the cause of prohibition must not now cease your noble efforts but must strive all the harder in order to insure everlasting success.

Those of you who have not yet reached the age when you may exercise the sacred right of every American citizen must aid in the work so nobly begun by the thinking men and women of the present generation. It will be a hard struggle, perhaps, but the fruits of victory in a righteous cause are incredibly more gratifying after the securement of success brought about by untiring and earnest effort. Let us all unite in upholding the high standard of civilization which is the aim of every advocate of prohibition and let us strive to make that civilization higher, finer, and cleaner than it has ever been.

Discontent Stimulates Progress

by Eugene Young

In the art galleries of New York or some other large city you stand and gaze at a beautiful statue or picture, the masterpiece of some great sculptor or painter. Possibly you stop a few minutes and admire its beauty and are about to pass on when the question comes to you. Who carved the statue from the block of rough marble or who painted the picture? You would say the sculptor or artist of course but there was something back of it all which urged the genius on. What was it? It was a dissatisfaction with all previous achievements, which would not let him rest until something finer and more beautiful was produced. It was the thought of perfection of beauty which urged them on. So it is with the school boy who faithfully gets his work, he too is striving for perfection in what he is undertaking. He is not satisfied with the D or the F or he would not have spent night after night doing that which he was none too fond of doing.

So it is that nature mingles the unpleasant and the pleasant and mixes the bitter with the sweet. It's not hardships but the man she's after. Just as the school boy aims at perfection so is nature trying to make the ideal man.

It has been said by men of prominence that "whoever is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point—he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied."

It is the perpetual longing for perfection in his work and in his life that keeps man forever dissatisfied with his achievements, forever struggling to reach new heights. It was that spirit in Columbus which gave him courage to cast aside all his hardships and discouraging conditions and to make that journey the terminal of which was America.

It was that same spirit which urged Edison on. It was for this reason that he stayed up night after night without rest when he was perfecting the electric light. He was not satisfied with his first attempt but spent weeks, months and years in perfecting our modern electric light which we think of not as a luxury but a necessity.

It is that same spirit which has placed

America at the head of all nations. Her workers are producing the best goods in the world. She has the most money as well as the most energy.

All the nations of Europe are looking toward America to help them. America is helping now with her dollars just as she helped in the great World war with her men.

The great difference among pupils, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is an invincible determination, a purpose once fixed, then death or victory.

As long as your mind and imagination are centered upon what you want to get or where you want to be, the chances are you will keep trying.

It is when your interest begins to fade that you falter.

The pupil who never gives up what he begins until it is completed is the one who keeps the desired end in his mind until he reaches it.

The one who begins something only to drop it half completed for something else is the one who keeps his eyes on the desired end for a while and then lets other interests absorb his attention.

It is, after all, a question of which side of the scales has the most weight, the present want or the future end.

What is it that urges you on? This urging on, call it ambition or what you will, is that imperious "must" in every normal soul, which is ever pushing us on and upward, and which is the secret of all achievement. It is the root of that divine discontent which has done all of the great things in the world's history. It has bridged our rivers, tunneled our mountains, spanned our oceans, drawn the nations of the earth together with cables, telegraph and telephone wires; it has conquered the air, measured the heavens and sounded the depths of the sea; it has given us universal education and suffrage, democracy instead of autocracy and is daily pushing us on to new heights which will give man a further

scope for the expression of his boundless possibilities.

Self-satisfaction is one of man's greatest foes, for we don't struggle to improve things when we are satisfied with them. If everybody were satisfied with things as they are, with ourselves and our work, civilization would be at a standstill. A noble discontent is progress, betterment, improvement and advancement all along the line.

If we fail to respond to this God-urge within which bids us up and on whenever we are inclined to take it easy, which keep prodding us when we don't feel energetic, when we are discouraged, whispering "up and on; you can if you will," we sink lower and lower in the human scale, for the cost of disobedience is stagnation. If, on the other hand, we obey it, follow its promptings, it will take us to the heights where excellence dwells.

Happiness At Last

by Ruth Conser

"Oh mother you know I'll get terribly lonesome out there in the country without our gang when I've always been so used to them. Why I won't be contented at all."

"But Nell," protested her mother, "you know the doctor said that grandma must have someone to help her this summer. You are the only one that can go. I'm sure that you will have a good time if you try."

"A good time! Why you know that would be impossible without Bob and the rest, and out there in the country without anywhere to go or anything to do except work. Why even grandma said there wasn't a dance hall within five miles from her place and then talking about having a good time."

Such was the conversation which passed between Nell Smith and her mother the day before Nell was to leave to spend her vacation in the country with her grandmother. Nell had always been used to good times since she could remember. Parties, dances, movies, and gay friends had been her source of amusement. She had grown up amid one little gang all her life. She thought these amusements brought her happiness, but it was only pleasure. She looked upon country people as something slow and now to think she had to be with them gave her the shivers.

The day came for Nell to leave, and Bob drove around to take her to the station. So after bidding them all goodbye and assuring them she wouldn't stay at grandma's a week, she left for the horrible country life.

Grandpa Smith was at the station to meet

her. He came in the big wagon so he could take all the luggage with him at one trip. Nell's heart fell, as she was helped into the wagon.

"This is quite a reception," she thought to herself. "I should have thought he could have driven the Ford at least." But what else could she expect from grey-haired grandpa.

After an hour of jolting along the rough country road, Nell and grandpa reached their destination. Grandma, who had just finished the evening chores, came hurriedly around the corner to meet Nell, and even Rover, anxious to make acquaintance with the newcomer, decorated the front of Nell's dress with pretty black foot tracks.

Nell retired early that night, not because she was tired or sleepy, but because she wanted to get somewhere to cry. She was sure now that she couldn't stay three days, let alone all summer. Then just to think that was the night of Jane's party too, and she was so far away.

Days passed and still Nell remained at grandpa's, not because she wanted to, but because she was forced to stay. Nearly every day she received a letter from Bob telling her of the wonderful times they were having together and the different nights he had been to dances. Nell was missing all the fun, torturing herself with the slow farmers. She hadn't had any dates for over a month, no parties or gay times.

But one day as Nell was on her way to the post office to mail a letter to Bob, she

heard someone say, "Hello Nell." She turned. It was Bill Hicks. The name was well applied she thought for there on the fence with a hoe in his arm, sat the very picture of what she considered a country hick.

"Well," began Bill, "I expect you get pretty lonesome out here in the country when you've always been used to the city. By the way Nell I wonder if you would like to go with me over to a marshmallow roast tonight. The young people of the community are all going."

Nell hesitated. A marshmallow roast, why Bob would have taken her to a dance or movie she thought to herself. "Why yes, Bill, I'll go. I don't know what a marshmallow roast is but I'll go."

"Alright, Nell. I'll be up at seven-thirty."

That night Bill came at the appointed time. He drove his horse because his kid brother broke the car that afternoon.

"I thought you wouldn't care to go in the buggy," apologized Bill. "It's the best I could do tonight."

"Well, the very idea," said Nell to her grandmother, "of expecting me to ride in that buggy. I wonder what Bob would think if he knew I ever rode in a buggy; but I suppose I'll have to go since I promised."

That night after the roast was over and Bill and Nell were about to part, Nell said, "Thanks for the buggy ride, Bill, I had a wonderful time."

"I'm glad you did," returned Bill, "and how about a date Saturday night."

"Suits me fine," answered Nell.

The friendship of Bill and Nell continued all summer. Nearly every evening they were together playing tennis, horse shoe or going swimming.

For the first time in her life she was happy. She forgot the gay times. She didn't need to worry about Bob not being true or about clothes. Everything was so free, so easy, and joyous in the country. She had thought it was impossible to have a good time unless money was spent to get it, but now she found out that happiness could not be bought, it just came.

Our Track Team

Gregg and Coffee and Perkins too,
Allen and Harsh came smiling through!
Gregg made all those hurdles low,
And Coffee isn't slow, you know!

Allen with his pole in hand,
Looked as if he'd never land,
Harsh who is better known as "Pete,"
Was the surprise of this big meet.

Perkins couldn't see "The Detour,"
For the training rules are sure!
When they begged and coaxed, he said,
"Those are nights I go to bed."

Mathews, Older, Herbert, Little Si,
Did you see these boys go by?
Red Lease and Drotleff also ran,
With Big Si as their Manager man.

And what about our relay team?
Very hard to beat they seem.
Coffee, Simonds, Perkins and Shears,
They surely deserve three great big cheers!

It's the wonderful coach and sportsmanship,
That help these boys to keep their grip!
Now can't you see, where e'er you be,
The right stands by you faithfully?

—MARY SCHMID

The Value of Good Reading

by Verdi Jones '26

Good reading is a term which may be used differently by different people. To some it means any literature which appeals to that particular person regardless of what others think about it. Others consider it to be such literature as is nationally read, that is, that which nearly everyone enjoys. Still a third person may take it to mean only the very difficult and tedious sort of reading. Just what really is good reading?

To me it means any literature that is written for a purpose—any kind that proves something worth while. If we can get something good from it, it is certainly worth reading. If it is just a jumble of words or an exciting tale which never gets anywhere it will do us no good. In fact it would only be a waste of time to read it.

The type of books we read depends largely upon the method we use in choosing them. Many of the worst kinds have the most interesting and exciting titles. When we go into a book store we are tempted on every side by books and magazines with bright colored pictures and exciting titles. My warning is: "Beware of this kind of reading. Good authors do not need such advertising." We should learn to recognize the best authors and in this way make our choice. Most magazines print on the cover page a list of the authors who write for it. By the calibre of this list we can test the magazine.

When the reading lists are made for us at school the books are known to be good. Many pupils regard these as a nuisance, and cannot see any good in them. They read them just because they have to, and do not get as much good out of them as possible. But many times by reading them they grow to like that sort of books. If it were not for the reading lists many of us would never have read the kind of books which we now most enjoy.

We read books for many different purposes. There are always plenty of good books available for whatever purpose we want them—whether for required work, education, or just for entertainment and pleasure. We can educate ourselves, to a large extent along

many different subjects if we are able to choose the right books. Every time we read a book we either increase or decrease our education. If it is a good book we will get something from it to increase our education, but if it is a poor book we will decrease it.

Our reading should be well balanced and not along the same line all the time. This broadens our knowledge of authors and gives us more of a variety. It is not good for us to keep eating the same kind of food, so it is not good for us to keep reading the same material.

By proper reading we see where others have failed and why they failed. This will help us to avoid the same circumstances and to benefit by others' failures. We should use as our example a person who has made a success in the world so that we also may be successful.

Good books help us to see life as others have seen it and in this way to be more open minded so that we will be better able to meet our own problems in life. We often find out that other people's ways are usually just as good and often better than our own. We are made to see the punishments for wrong doing so that we will not make the same mistakes. There are many more ways in which we benefit by good reading.

Now let us remember when choosing our reading material that poor reading such as cheap magazines harm us more than the pleasure we get from them. Let us learn to appreciate the works of good authors such as Shakespeare and Hawthorne as their works are not as dry and hard to read as many people suppose.

We should choose by the author and not by the title of the book. If an author writes one good book he is not apt to write a poor one, but a better one each time. If we choose in this way we will enjoy our reading.

Let us help to encourage the reading of classical literature among the High School pupils so that they may also learn to read that sort of literature which will help them most.

Cooperation

by Homer Taylor 27

Although co-operation is needed in all phases of life, it is especially necessary in all public institutions. Moreover, there is nothing anywhere that needs this element more than our public schools. While, of course, schools can exist in a more or less haphazard fashion without it, there is a great difference between the good derived from a school in which everyone works with and for each other, and one in which nothing is done in the spirit of the Golden Rule. After all, it is the result in which the school is interested, and therefore proper methods must be used to gain worthwhile results.

For instance, a marked difference can be seen between the attitude of those who were graduated from this school fifteen or twenty years ago and of those who were graduated recently. Many of the older alumnae do not look back upon their high school lives with much joy or interest, and very few indeed wish to be back again. On the other hand, those who left within a few years ago are intensely interested in the school, and always enjoy coming back to visit. When we look around for the reason for this many facts become evident. It appears that then practically the only purpose of the school was to cram as much book knowledge as possible into the heads of the few whom they could persuade to stay on. As a result they paid very little attention to the other phases of school life which we have come to recognize as very important. They had very few parties, and no interesting informal ones such as we have today. The members of the various classes did not band together to put on plays, parties, or athletic events, or in other words they did not co-operate. As a result they do not feel much interest in the school because they cannot look back and visualize themselves working for the good of the group.

Perhaps you say that you know some one who attended Salem High School during this period of its development, but who is very much interested in it now. However you will find that this person was one of those few who did work for the school, either

in arranging a party or some other common interest. He co-operated with someone else in the school, either teacher or pupil, and as a result he got something out of his high school life which the majority of his fellow-students did not find. He helped someone else to enjoy some event, and as a result his joy was more permanent than that of the rest. It goes even deeper than mere joy, however, for certainly the ones who did help the group are the ones who got the training in school which fitted them better for their later lives. They learned to co-operate, to work with some one else, and this lesson has stayed with them ever since.

I believe that it is in this respect more than any other that the schools of today excel those of years ago. Prominent educators all over the world have come to see that the pupils must have something more than the facts from a text book in order to receive an education which is of any value in the modern world, and it is to provide this other element that the many extra activities have been developed to include as many participants as possible. It is only when everyone in the class is working for the party that it can be a very great success, and it is the same way with a play or with athletic activities. In the last two mentioned, it is impossible for the majority to take an actual part in the event, but there is always plenty to do in the way of selling tickets, boosting the plays or the teams, and attending the various events.

One of the most successful ways to promote co-operation among high school pupils is the printing of a school paper. It presents many different phases in which everyone can find a place somewhere, either in contributing, securing advertisement, helping in production, or in the subscription to the paper, and the result is probably more wide-spread than any other, because of the fact that it can interest so many.

There is also another important aspect of co-operation in the school which is often overlooked in a discussion of the subject.

This is co-operation in the classroom. It can easily be seen after a few minutes thought that interest and enthusiasm shown in the classroom will bring just as good results as the same things shown in some outside activity, for it is here just as well as in the other phases of school life that classmates are helped by helping each other. Also it is the calibre of the different classes that most often determines whether a pupil will continue in school or not and thus enjoy the benefits of the other activities. If he can be induced to take an interest in his own work and in that of the other members of the class, he will be awake to the great possibil-

ities of the high school life and as a result is very apt to keep on and finish his course.

Thus we have seen why it is that the recent graduate of the high school can look back on his four terms in it with pride, joy, and interest. He has held important positions on committees for parties; he has acted in a play; or he has played on a football or on a basketball team; he has been one of the workers for his school paper; but most important of all he has been a worker, loyal to his room, his class, and the school, co-operating with everyone, supporting everything, and unaware of the fact he has been accumulating the greatest benefits himself.

Dining Out

by Dorothy Foltz

"I'm dining out," announced Elizabeth Grey, to her family, when she was told that supper was ready.

To the casual bystander, the expressions registered on the faces of her respective family, at this remark, would seem amusing. Yet it did not seem so to them. It was, rather, a tragedy. To them, the words "dining out," were only uttered by those who are said to be exceptionally wealthy, and who have butlers to serve the dinner, and others to wash the dishes. Is it any wonder then, that surprise and consternation shone on every face of the family?

Finally Mrs. Grey managed to say, "Why, what do you mean, Lizzie?"

"Well," explained Elizabeth, "I am taking dinner with Sinclair Fox. I guess we are going to some swell hotel."

"But Lizzie," remonstrated Mrs. Grey. "Who under the sun is Sinclair Fox? Why I've never heard of him."

"I bet she never did either," said brother Bill, the young hopeful of the family.

Elizabeth ignored this remark and went on to say, "I met Mr. Fox today. He is a friend of one of the men that work in the store. He has loads of money, and a wonderful big car. He is awfully nice and I think he's just my age. He asked me to take dinner with him tonight and I'm going to, but good-

ness knows what I'm going to wear. You can go on and eat, I'm going to get ready." And not waiting to hear what they would say, she hurried upstairs to find something suitable to wear.

"Now look here," began Mr. Grey, "I'm not going to stand for—"

"Now William, don't say anything, I'll talk with her," said his wife.

The Greys lived on Ninth street, in a small but well kept cottage. They had never had much money. Elizabeth was taken out of school to earn money for the family when her father had taken very ill. And when he had regained his health she had kept on working in a downtown department store.

Mrs. Grey was one of those mothers, so many songs are written about. She had worked hard all her life and had always cherished the hope that her children would make something of themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey wanted their children to have every possible advantage, and in order to do this, they scimped and saved and did without many things for themselves. But in spite of all their efforts, all they could do was to keep them living comfortably.

I have tried to describe to you the home situations of the Greys. Now let us return to the story.

When Mrs. Grey came upstairs, Elizabeth

explained to her about Sinclair Fox. She had heard that his parents were very wealthy and owned a beautiful home. Being the only child of a doting mother and a proud father, he was used to getting exactly what he wanted. But Elizabeth did not stop to think what his mother would say, when she learned that her darling son had taken a common store girl out. But perhaps Sinclair did, for he asked her to meet him at the corner. He knew his mother too well not to wonder what she would do if she found out.

Finally Elizabeth was ready. "Now don't worry about me, mother," she said, "and will you keep father in the front room, as I can slip out the back door. You see, I'm to meet him at the corner, he doesn't know where I live, and father might get mad."

"I'll try, but I do think he should call here for you." But Elizabeth was gone.

As long as she lived, Elizabeth never forgot that night. It seemed that she was like Cinderella, who had such a wonderful time at the Prince's ball. But unlike Cinderella, she did not come home at twelve. She was having too good a time. They had gone to a roof garden. There was dinner and dancing. She had never been to one of these places before and all these things fascinated her very much. The evening ended in Sinclair's asking her to go out with him again a week from that night. She consented because she was eager for the enjoyment that he could afford to give her.

The next night Elizabeth told her family about the wonderful time she had had. But she decided to wait until the night of her next date before telling her family about it.

To Elizabeth, a week had never passed so slowly. But finally the night came. She was very anxious to know where they would go.

The family was rather surprised, when she told them that she was "dining out" with her "rich" friend again.

After this date with Sinclair, she had

two or three others. But her clothes always worried her. She knew that she should have expensive clothes, but she just couldn't afford them.

One night Sinclair asked her for a date. She said she'd go, but when she went down to the corner to meet him, there was no Sinclair in sight. She couldn't imagine why. And he hadn't even called her. As she walked dejectedly back home, she met Ray Sheen, an old boy friend of hers. "Say Liz, come on over to Jim's house with me. The bunch are having sort of a party. I was just coming over to ask you." She decided that she would go. How good it would seem to be with the old gang again. Much to her surprise, she found herself having as much fun if not more than if she had gone with Sinclair.

The next day, he came to her to apologize. "Elizabeth," he began, "mother has gotten wind of my taking you out, and she has raised the roof. I know that is a small matter to keep me away, but if you knew mother—"

"I think I do know what you mean, Clair. I see now how far apart we are. I appreciate everything you've done for me, more than I can tell you, but I think it would be best to quit now. I'm sorry that your mother has been caused any trouble."

"Oh, come now, Lizzie, that's just another of mother's queer ideas. She'll get over it. Let's have dinner together tonight."

"No, Clair, really I can't. I mean what I say. Thanks for everything. I think this means, goodbye." And so closed a very striking episode in Elizabeth Grey's life.

That night when she came home, the family were waiting for her, although they supposed she was eating out with Sinclair.

As she came in brother Bill said, "Well, Liz, I suppose we are dining 'out' this evening, what?"

"You are quite mistaken, my dear Bill," said Elizabeth, "on the contrary, I am dining 'in.'"

Senior Prophecy

"'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight;
As I'm stranded on a lonely raft,
I'm thinking of something to write."

Just a moment please, till I get out my typewriter, dust off the pedals and pull down the sails. Well folks, I'm in a very sad state of circumstances, I haven't the least bit of paper to scratch on. I'll just have to write this prescription on my sail. Can you imagine that? Here goes my first spasmodic stroke on the typewriter—there it is D. S. Who in the Seven Seas can that be? As I gaze over the port side of my floating imagination I see a whale. He must recognize me for his mouth is wide open. Oh! I see he is just showing me his gold tooth. Now I have it that just reminds me of the way Don Smith laughed at Miss King. He would let out a whale of a laugh. Don is residing in a cottage small by a smelting furnace, I will say he is not alone.

As I gaze into the starry heavens and the heavenly stars shine down upon me I see Carl Mathew's name on the largest building in Mars. He has the greatest shoe industry above the clouds. Lynn Ferguson is in business with him. We do hope the angels are well shod.

Rex McIlvain has been made Clerk of Courts by that famous Judge, Raymond, is now enjoying the benefits of the aforesaid.

Ruth Older, together with the Ward, Walde, Whinery combination is beautifying the community in the Be Beautiful Shoppe. They are succeeding in making older people younger.

Bill Miller has changed his name to M. J. S. and is now buying Tea for Two.

As I gaze on through the wide open spaces I see Mercury's first name is now Coffee. He is yet a shining star and reigns with Queen Lois.

Betty Jones has finally become a Christian. Ruth Bolen is kicking her way to success.

Jack McJeeley is feeding the world on fruit, greens and other onions. Bob Davis is responsible for the aroma of the last mentioned. Ellworth McKee the founder of cities,

is building a boulevard betwixt his first city, McKeesport and the younger city of Ellsworth.

Elmer Myers has settled all Senatorial questions. He is now editor of the weekly magazine "Encyclopedia Britanica."

Clyde Moore has claimed his wife, Aleene, and they are living happily hereafter. Wayne Marietta races across the sky every day with the sun on his hands.

Russell Stallsmith has the drug store at round corners, and the world is fairly well drugged by now.

Harold Shears is clipping his way to success in the Keen Kutter factory. Risty Krepps is just able to creep. He has been stricken with Aurora Borealis. Opal Miller has opened up a gem mine. She is supplying June brides with jewelry and other toys. Mary Hoffman is secretary to the President.

Elmer Kerr is manager of the Down Town Departmental Store and is sole maker and distributor of indoor and outdoor furniture, tombstones, crockery, toothpicks, and groceries and anything else you may need, want, or have to have. Bessie Floyd has become a Colonial Queen.

Junia Jones is tickling the ivories in one of the largest theaters in Damascus. The voices of Ruth Gray, Thelma Grove and Mary Loise Glass blind exquisitely with the crash of the thunder and lightning of the restless ether. From the silvery lining of the dark cloud comes the echo of a duet by Dorothy Coy and Helen Dressel.

Fred Cosgrove and Jean Lease, the Goldy Twins, are making a whirlwind of a success in vaudeville. Edward Scott and Homer Eddy are traveling with the Famous Midget Troupe. Oliver Duke has taken to himself a duchess.

Jeane Olloman has become editor of the Ladies Home Journal. Rosemary Filler has taken up the stage. Her latest success was the comedy "Give Me a Little Der Kiss Will You?" This sounds very much as though she wanted to powder her nose. Mary Ellen Smith is keeping house, the same to Sara Wilson.

We find that Henry Yaggi has followed his father's footsteps. Lloyd Ormes is now Lloyd Garrison Ormes M. D. (meaning many

dimples). They have established a hospital and the nurses are Charlotte Rutter, Clementine Blythe, Gladys Redington, Margaret Boliver, and Eleanor Votaw.

This combination has been working for the last five years trying to restore perfect health to Gus Schuster and Henry Brobander, and also to give back to Sylvia Burson her school girl complexion.

Cesarie Paumier is at Vassar after her third degree. James Kirby is at the head of a motion picture concern. His interior decorator is Grace Windram. They have been especially successful at the North Pole.

There is Rex Reich who has philanthroped so extensively that he is the poorest man in town.

Max Fisher is swindling many a poor sucker with his line. Frank Gallagher has puffed his last cigarette. Mary Chessman is the Chess champion of the globe. James McClug-

gage is now a living model but Anna Buck has worked out a new brand of buckwheat and Gladden Ruggles is famous for the advertisement "Rugs by Ruggles."

Francis Burke has become the Silver Tongued Orator of the Dish. George Washington Murphy is as famous as the man for whom he was named except that his fame along the line of radio is very pronounced. Grace Crumrine has been a great success in "Roll 'Em Girls"—don't misinterpret this it means the R's.

Robert White has a great game preserve; he makes a specialty of quail. Flora Hatch is in business supplying this hemisphere with Easter eggs.

We feel very patriotic to see Glenn Arnold has relieved the Goddess of Liberty of her torch. So now when you skip the country you shall see "Punk" with the torch.

Grab Bag

Since we the Seniors see that we shall have to "pass out" through the doors of our Alma Mater, and as we consider ourselves as being in our right minds, our hand is set down to will something to some "unlucky" undergraduate by which to remember us. If by any chance you are an undergraduate, and your name is on the list, "Try and Get it."

—Glen Arnold leaves his famous "Hah! Hah!" to our friend "Boob" Van Blaricom.

—Henry Brobander leaves a half interest in his "Antitoxin for the 3-day measles," to "Chick" Herbert who will probably be a millionaire in three weeks.

—Grace Windram leaves her ability as an artist to Arleen Coffee the Junior dramatist.

—Russell Stallsmith leaves his famous novel "How to be a Five Year Man" to Steve Tarzan.

—Lois Snyder leaves Coffee's record to the school, but that's all.

—Rex Reich has a corn cob pipe that he's only had four years. It goes to Alvin Barton.

—"Bones" Eddy is going to let Corso have his "tin foil false teeth."

—Grace Crumrine wills her famous invention consisting of a combination of roller skates and comb case to Henry Sheen who is luring a "soup strainer."

—Margaret Boliver is going to give John Parks her ability to get rid of chocolate bars.

—Henry Yaggi leaves the price tag from his "Lizzie" to Pete Harsh.

—Sara Wilson leaves the compact that she lost to Joe Schmidt.

—Bob White has a good "quail call" that goes to William Liebschner.

—Elizabeth Ward leaves the "grouch" that she had in "Icebound" to Don Ward who wasn't so lucky.

—Bob Davis has a bass voice that Edgerton can use so he can sing a duet.

—Mary Chessman has a "scare" of the mumps that's going to have Freda Headley for a mistress.

—Jack McFeely has a Spanish book written in English that goes to Joe Marsilio.

—Don Smith has a pair of good tree climbers that "Chet" Gibbons is going to get. "Chet" sure will be glad.

—Mary Ellen Smith has a “soreness” resulting from not having a senior party, to Bill Smith, who we hope will change the Smith “luck.”

—Max Fisher leaves a bill of 30c from the Mechanical Drawing department for dropping T squares, to Ed Janeck.

—“Chick” Simonds has a long wind that Gus Tolerton can have to blow his sail boat around.

—Charles Coffee leaves 440 yards of dust for the janitors to clean up.

—Gladys Redington has a gold football that she leaves to ? ? (Well, he will know.)

—“Si” Sidinger leaves the lace from his trousers to his brother Ed, for his knickers next year. Watch “Ed.”

—Jim McCluggage leaves his “Course On How to Drive a Ford Through a Sponge” to Mr. Vickers.

—Verdi Jones and Amelia Walde leave their soprano abilities to Dortha Smith.

—Risty Krepps leaves his “shining” ability to Wade Mounts.

—Wayne Marietta leaves his Ford truck to Gus Jacobson for an alarm clock, so that he won't be winded when he gets to school.

—Elmer Myers leaves his famous “political powers” to Eugene Young.

—Bill Miller leaves three Misses from his new vehicle, for Don Mathews to get acquainted with.

—Carl Mathews has a “Comp” to the circus that “Patsy” Konnerth will get.

—Ruth Grey is going to leave her year of Spanish for some Freshman “at large” to master.

—“Elly” McKee has an extra thousand-word theme on “Gum Chewing” that he didn't use, for Jim Gregg.

—Cesarie Paumier leaves a mouth organ to Lewis Platt.

—Ray Judge leaves a set of hoops to John Floyd for his trousers.

—Gus Schuster has a human talking machine that Jim Scullion gets.

—Clyde Jenkins leaves a desk full of gum wrappers to Bob Campbell who is saving them to get a shaving set.

—Marion Humphreys leaves his “fire starting” sweater to Brook Oertel who has the same hobby.

—Frank Gallagher wills his “specializes on senior speeches” to Fred Schuller.

—Betty Jones leaves her everlasting smile for Janet Riddle to take care of.

—Rosemary Filler leaves a “well-looked” looking glass to Midred McAvoy.

—Dorothy Coy wills her silence to Homer Taylor.

—Lloyd Ormes has a pair of suspenders that goes to “Tommy” Shaffer.

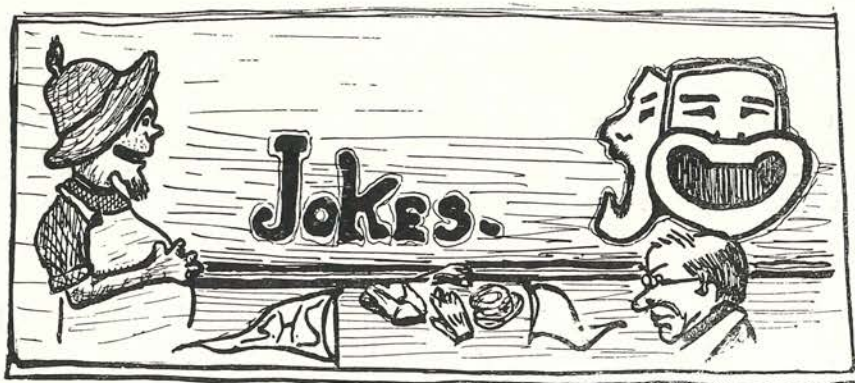
—Oliver Duke has a patent on an all day sucher for Max Caplan.

—Jim Kirby leaves money enough for “Tuffy” Howell to have Oak street paved. (Then Tuffy's Ford can go up to her house).

—Jean Lease leaves the stripes from his Ice Cream Trousers for Kenny Fultz to put on his Shivver Lay.

—I, being an attorney, have a very poor memory, so you “expectors” meet out in front the last day of school and maybe the rest will have something for you. And—oh, yes, Miss King, who was connected with the Seniors, and who is leaving, wills her bright colored necktie to Chet Kridler who always insisted that she got it at the Smith Co. with a can of Campbell's Beans.

—I, in conclusion, shall will this polum to some “unlucky under grad,” who will get it next year.



A certain grocer advertised the following:
 "Eggs that can't be beat." That's something
 like the Famous Gum that the sun never
 sat on, but everybody else did.

Some people are lucky at cards and a
 loser at the race track, but that is because
 they aren't allowed to shuffle the horses.

Clarence Frethy—"Let's play tennis."

Jack Cobourn—"Can't the net's broken."

Clarence Frethy—"That's all right, it's
 always in my way anyhow."

Tourist (after first night on ship)—I say,
 where have my clothes gone?

Steward—Where did you put them?

Tourist—In that little cupboard with the
 glass door.

Steward—You'd better go back to bed
 sir, that's the port hole.

"But I Didn't Buy Him"

She took my hand in sheltering nooks,
 She took my candy and my books,
 She took a lustrous wrap of fur,
 She took those gloves I bought for her,
 She took my words of love and care,
 She took my flowers so rich and rare,
 She took my ring with a tender smile,
 She took my tune for quite a while,
 She took whatever I could buy,
 And then she took another guy.

Science Teacher—"Now remember, it is
 the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

Student—"But what kept us on before
 that law was passed?"

I want you to understand that I am not
 two-faced.

I knew that, because if you were, you
 would not be wearing that one.

If a knife and a fork make love, would a spoon?

If a man is a pa, is a Pan-a-ma?

If a horse nibbles grass can a cat nip tea?

If a boat would sink would a safety razor?

Ex.

Father touring with a minister.

"Well I'll be star spangled bannered, two
 question marks, and a hat pin, if this isn't an-
 other Detour."

I should like to re-visit the scenes of my
 youth.

Don't worry they're all padlocked by this
 time.

A Kingston (N. Y.) paper recently pub-
 lished the following ad:

"Wanted Roomers, Students or gentle-
 men preferred."

The lowest guy that I ever knew,
 Borrowed my teeth and wanted a chew.

He "Would you rather take a walk or be
 kissed?"

She. "Well you know I have a sprained
 ankle."

Salesman: "This book will do half your work."

Miss Stahl: "Give me two quick."

Mrs. "I'm tired of married life."

Mr. "So's your old man."

Lois. "Have you enough money to tip the waiter?"

Charles: "Sure I gotta enough to upset him."

There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Jones.

Well! What's the name of the other leg?

Mr. Grant. "Why do cats eat canaries?"

Jeanette S. "Must be because they have a taste for music."

"It's raining," he said.

"Well let it rain," she replied, determined to have the last word.

"I was going to," he answered meekly.

Ex.

Judge: "You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. Then what followed?"
Intelligent witness. "The dog."

Peanuts Debner (bumming from Lisbon track meet) "Hey, mister, I'm going your way."

Motorist: "So I see but I'll get there before you do."

Patron. "Where's the manager's office?"

Jim Kirby. "Follow the passage till you come to a sign 'No Admittance.' Go up the stairs till you see a sign 'Keep Out.' Walk down the hall till you see 'Silence' on a door. Yell like the dickens and the door that opens will be the entrance to the office."

Mumps are defined as a headache that has slipped down the side of your neck.

An optimist is the guy who gets a kick out of the "Board of Review stuff" at the movies.

If you think your car has speed be at Albany when the noon tardy tap starts, and be

in your seat before it quits. Several have tried it on those "Spring Fever" days.

I

A flivver was passing the school house,
Ride? was the word it caught,
It stopped, the gang got in, and how?
Is food for another thought.

II

The flivver ran and clock said one,
But still it kept a going,
And when it was in the country far,
A tire went flat with a "boing."

III

Alas! Sobbed the boys, we'll be late for school,
The rest we're not to mention,
At any rate the tale ends,
With three weeks in detention.

E. L. K. '26

Salesman: "The new automobiles are coming out in all colors."

Buyer: (sarcastically) "Yeh, but the pedestrian still comes out black and blue."

Newcomer: "I hear you're bothered with robbers around here."

Old Residenter: "Not much, They come in, snoop around, and take what they want and you wouldn't even know they were here."

Would you believe it? Max Fisher wants to leave two senior wills. He said he wanted somebody to have his ability to get through gates for nothing. Pretty generous, huh?

We see by the paper that a Kansas man was electrocuted curling his mustache with an electric curling iron. A thing like that would be rather shocking.

A little advice always helps the student who is leaving high school.

Here is how to keep from growing old.

Always drive fast out of alleys. You might hit a cop. Who knows?

Don't use your horn, it might unnerve the other fellow.

Demand half of the road. The middle half of course. Haven't you some rights?

Always jam your brakes when skidding; it makes the job more artistic.

Poetry

My Mother

I

I have a friend right now in mind,
A friend who's always true and kind,
And that dear friend is Mother—
I could not find another.

II

She toils for me, both night and day—
I think I never can repay,
All that she has done for me,
So I can feel that I am free.

III

Who suffers so much for the joy of another?
What friend do we have who is dearer
than Mother?

Whose devotion is more loyal and true,
Just in order that she may help you?

IV

Oh let me live like her each day,
In the kindest and sweetest sort of a way,
Helping others as she helps me—
Always feeling full of glee.

—MABEL COBB '27

Oft' times I sit and deeply ponder—
This world of ours is mighty queer!
'Tis often that I think and wonder,
And yet, at times it seems quite clear!
When we have worked and slaved so long,
We're tired and lonely, and sometimes blue—
And then, happy are we, and we sing a song.
I've found that out, have you?

G. M. '26

Everything, in its place is best,
God is in heaven, and there is rest.
Sometime you may be troubled and sad,
You'll want to forget, to rejoice, and be glad!
If you can't tell the wrong from the right,
And many things trouble and bring
black night,
Look up, look up toward heaven, my friend!
And there—you'll see God and rest in
the light.

GEORGE MURPHY '26

Strike Three

I

Harold McBride stood swinging a bat,
Almost as big as was he,
The ball came floating over the plate,
"You're out!" called the umpire,
"Strike three!"

II

"What's this, sir, you say that's a strike?,"
Harold cried.
"T'was full a foot over my eyes!"
As an ump, you're a dishwasher, a crab,
and a crook;
You win the grand booby prize!"

III

'Tis twenty long years since McBride vent
his wrath,
On the umpire that said he was out,
Poor Harold no longer plays baseball; instead
He rather goes fishing for trout.

IV

He has learned the sad lesson that it never
does pay,
To be impolite to an umpire.
If the ump says you're out, take it out
like a sport,
And do not resort to satire.

—J. D. M. '27

To the teachers who are leaving this year.

Farewell

I

Teachers we are sorry,
To have you leave our school,
The friends you've won are many,
And your enemies need the rule!

II

Where e'er you go we wish you well,
It may be far or near,
But we shall not forget you,
For your help and encouragement here.

—WILDA MOUNTS '27

Track Meet

Little Rib Allen went over the bar,
Eleven feet nine from the ground.
The cheers came floating up from below,
But Allen heard never a sound.

Coffee was hot, the cinders he burned,
As he tore down the track at full speed.
The others came in with their eyebrows
singed,

As they attempted to follow his lead.

—MAX FISHER

Spring

When the summer sun and breezes,
Call you out among the trees,
And as every little boy and girl,
You do just what you please.

When you're feeling kind of flip,
And you want to run and skip,
When the good old swimming hole,
Bids you take a dip.

When playing hooky's more fun yet,
Than track or basket ball,
Then you'd better watch your step,
Or you'll land in Detention Hall.

—RUTH BOLEN

Don't you know,
that wrong won't pay,
that a cheater in school
will be found out some day?

Don't you know,
when you have a real friend,
one who trusts you and loves you,
and is faithful to the end?

Don't you know,
that the little things always count,
small courtesies and kindnesses,
when put together make a large amount?

Don't you know,
that when you're blue,
and you blame all the world,
that it's only you?

Don't you know,
that when you do right,
you will make more friends,
and always win the fight?

Don't you know?

M. E. SMITH '26

Guess Who?

Comes speeding down the cinder track,
His opponents following at his back,
Clearing the hurdles by barely an inch,
His teeth set tight, never to flinch—

Guess who?

Goes over the bamboo pole so high,
In fact he seems to touch the sky,
And as the cheering dies away,
We know he's victor on this day—

Guess who?

He wins the half, the relay too,
Gives many a thrill to me and you,
And though he tied the record this year,
He'll break one soon never fear—

Guess who?

—JACK COBOURN

I

Perkey was a-running,
The cinders fairly flew,
He stepped it off in real fast time,
And broke a record too.

II

Jim Gregg ran the hurdles,
He ran so fast and far,
That they're looking for him even yet,
For an Oldfield racing car.

—LESTER OLDER

Seniors now are ready to leave,
With a four year course most thru;
A few are sad but many are glad,
Though their four years seemed but two.

Of course as Seniors we lead this school,
But the Juniors will take up our work;
There'll be plenty to do that is quite
worth-while,

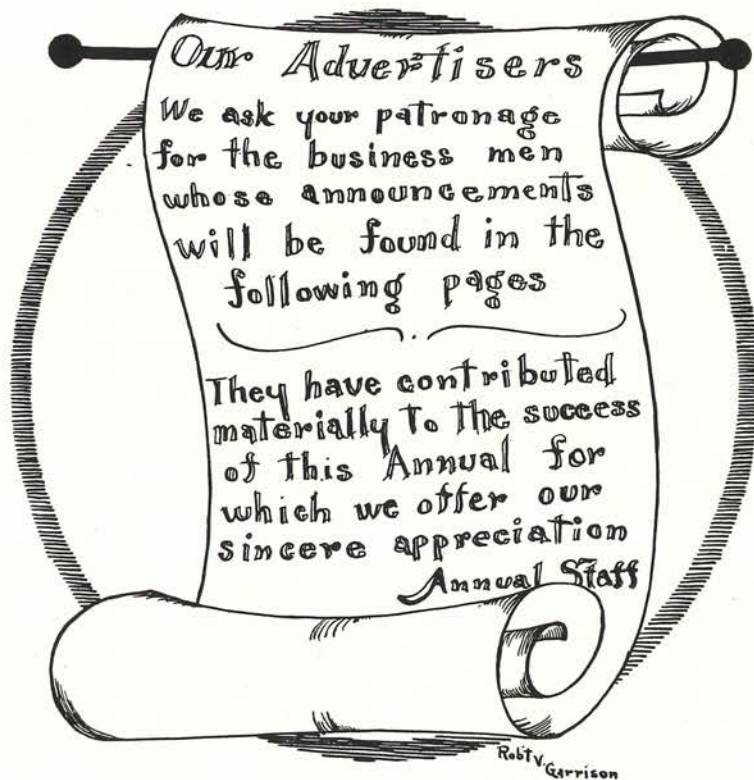
And these tasks they will not shirk.

I almost forgot the Sophomore class,
Who'll be the Juniors this fall
They'll have to push and make things go,
And help their school's every call.

We mustn't omit the Freshmen,
Who really aren't green as some think;
For in several years, I have no doubt,
They'll make us stand up and blink.

We're rather sorry to leave you all,
Yet we're glad that we're going too;
We'll go to make the best of our lives,
And we wish all success to you.

M. E. SMITH '26



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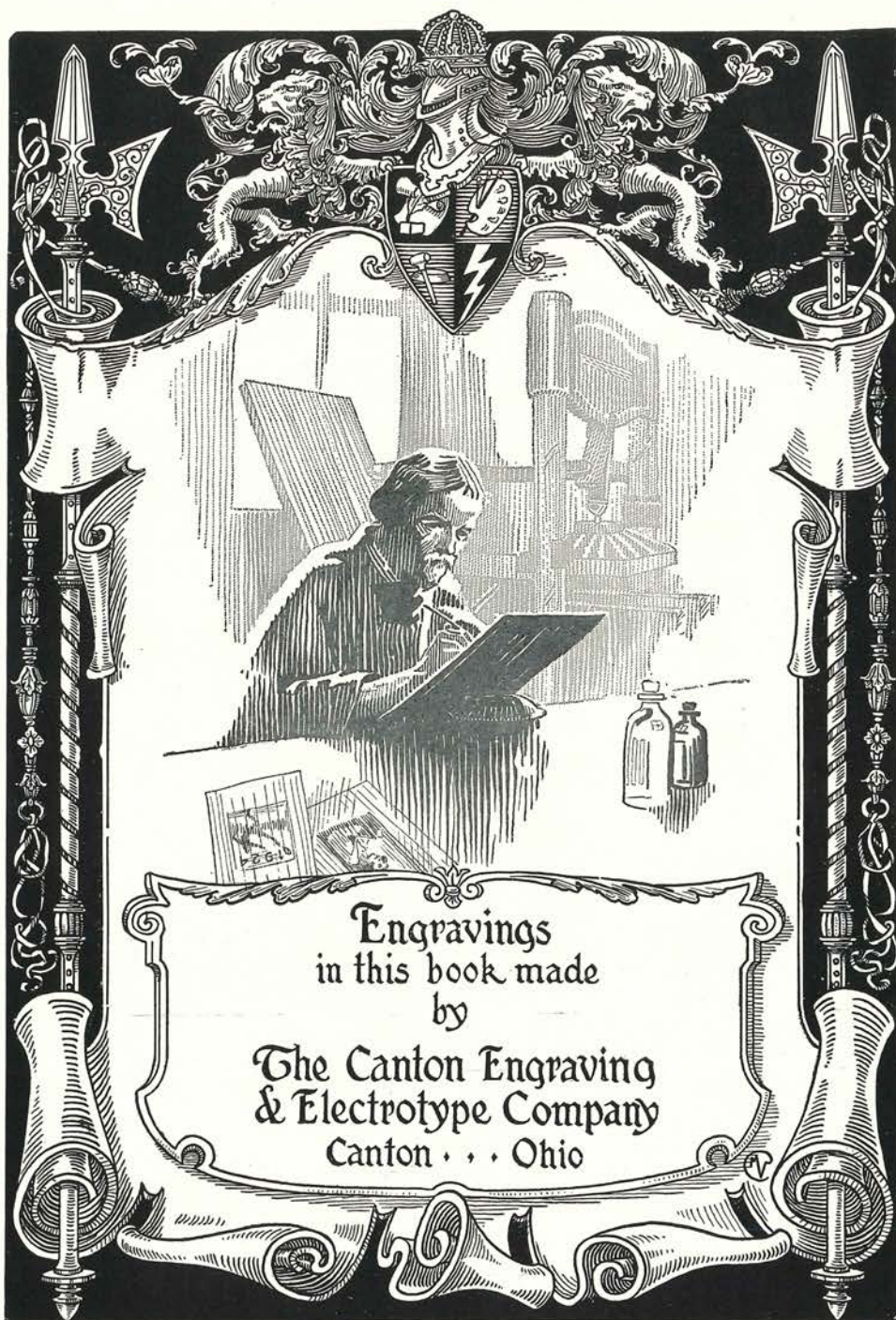
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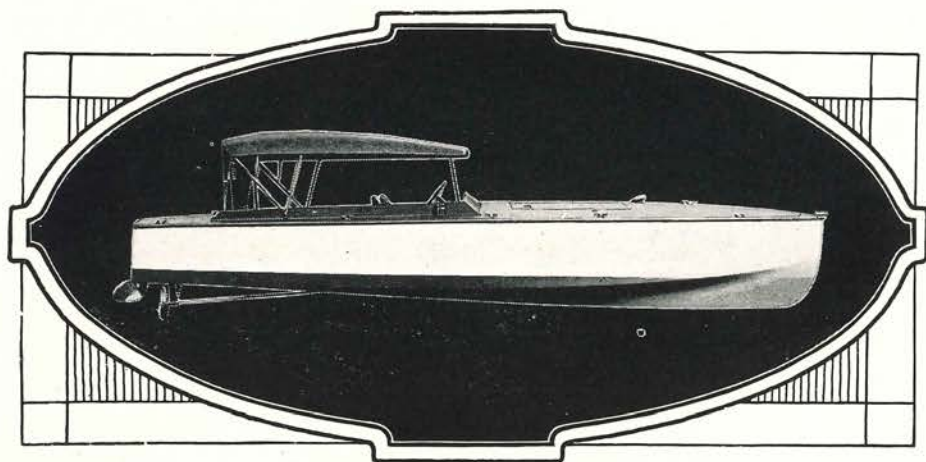
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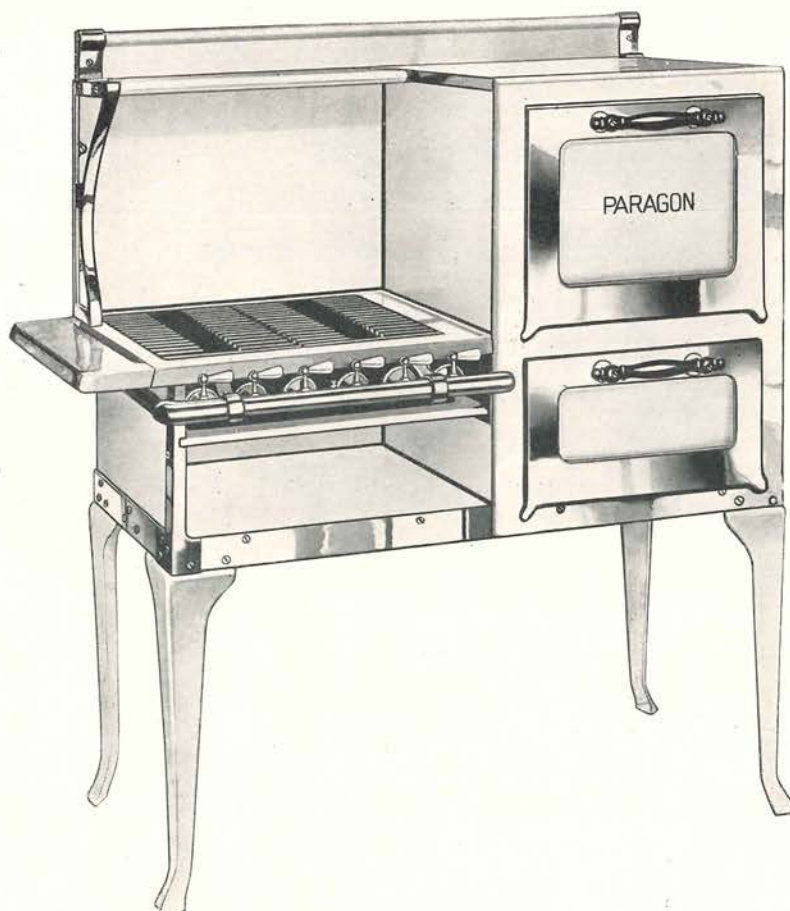
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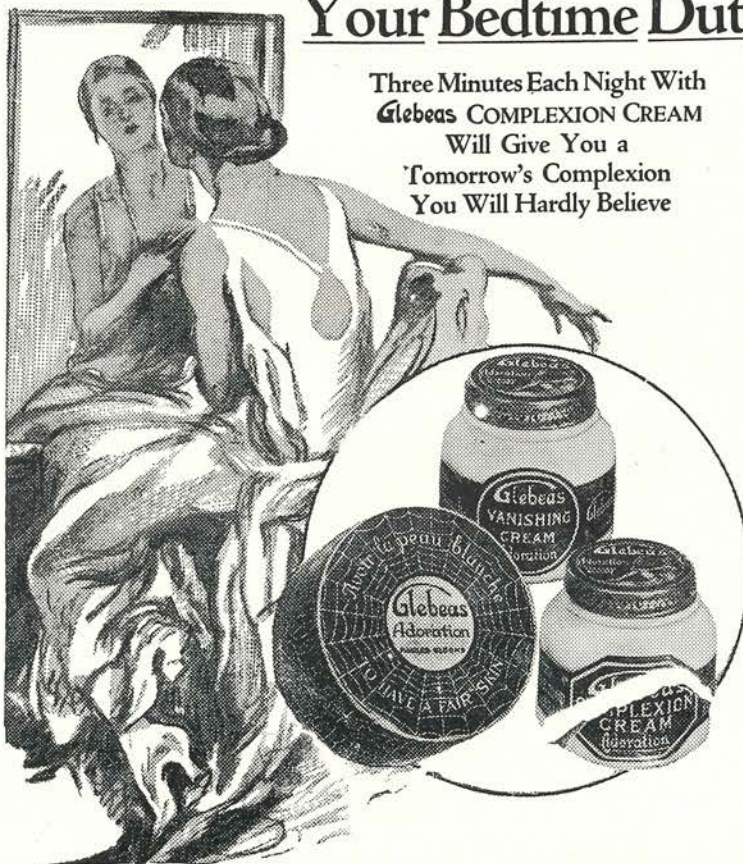
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