

Seniors Entertained
At President's Home

(Continued from Page One)

ma on which was inscribed the order of the progression.

During the progress of the delicious seven-course dinner, attractive favors were passed. Each guest received a memory book of leather with "The Memory Book of the Senior Dinner," inscribed on it in gold. Later in the evening Pat's allotment was tried and several fortunate ones were rewarded with a ring, bracelet, or thinking cap.

Music was rendered during the evening by Elizabeth Siferd and Margaret Hartsell. At the close of the evening the seniors sang two original songs.

Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler were assisted in receiving and entertaining by Elizabeth Rondthaler and Miss Lala May Stipe.

Covers were laid for the host and hostess and members of the senior class: Misses Jean Abel, Elizabeth Parker, Elizabeth Light, Constance Allen, Ella Anton, Louise Woodard, Mary McKelvie, Alice Dunkel, Elic Nance, Pauline Hawkins, Tabbs Reynolds, Frances Long, Elizabeth Roy, Jessie Collier, Hannah Weaver, Sophia Hall, Lois Crowl, Eleanor Tipton, Mary Hill, Margaret Wells, Katie Holthausen, Florence Butler, Kate Sheets, Daisy Lee Glasgow, Margaret Hammer, Mary O'Connell, William Wilkins, Kathleen Fisher, Ruth James, Agnes Carlton, Elizabeth Raulth. Members of the faculty who enjoyed this occasion were Miss Lala May Stipe, Marian Blair, Eleanor Chase; Messrs. C. H. Higgins, R. J. Campbell and C. G. Smith, Jr. The other guests were Messrs. Carl Ogburn, Ralph Ogburn, A. L. Brandon, Gilbert, Robin Jones, Carlisle, Robert Jones, Bailey Lipfert, Arthur Spang, Ted Strygle, Charles Davis, Fuller Conrad, Alan McFher, Marcus Williams, Paul Bahamont, Phil Butler, Howard Reynolds, Taylor Simpson, Cyril Pfohl, J. A. Vance, Ralph Spangh, Owen Clatham, Foster Hanks, L. B. Hathaway, William Wright, Fortescue, Alan Owen, John Ingle, Norman Ingle, Dr. Roy Masters, Dr. Clay Fooker, and Rev. Carl Helmich.

Eleventh Grade Team Wins Championship

(Continued from Page One)

Shaffer, right forward.
McRae, left forward.
Hopkins, center.
Willingham, side center.
Miss, right guard.
Hariston, left guard.
Eleventh grade team:
Hanson, Anne, left forward.
Fisbel, right forward.
Wooten, center.
Johnson, side center.
Carmichael, left guard.
Boren, right guard.

These two teams were more equally matched, and the eleventh grade had to fight hard to gain the one extra point which made them the winners.

The winners of the first game, the eighth grade, then played the eleventh grade to decide the championship. By this time, however, the plucky eighth forwards had lost some of their vigor, and their lack was turning. The eleventh grade team was declared the winner, with a score of nineteen to three.

The banquet, given by the Academy Athletic Association, was held on Wednesday evening, April 1, in the Academy dining room. Miss Alice Carmichael, president of the Athletic Association, was toastmistress, and during the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Rondthaler, Mr. Heath and Mrs. Herndon were called upon for talks. Class songs were sung and cheers were given for the winning team. The captain of each team gave a toast.

Miss Briggs, head of the Physical Education Department, announced the varsity members, and emblems were given to those who played in the games. As a closing song, the Alma Mater was sung.

Judge—"What's your name, your occupation, and on what charge are you here?"

Prisoner—"Sparks, your honor, I'm an electrician and charged with battery."

Judge—"Here jailor, put him in a dry cell."

Dr. Frederick Haynes Addresses Students

Dr. Samuel Johnson is Subject of Interesting Lecture on March 27.

On the evening of Thursday, March the twenty-seventh, Salem students and faculty gathered in the living room of the home of Dr. Haynes where they spent an interesting hour hearing Dr. Frederick Haynes' address on Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Dr. Haynes gave a vivid picture of Johnson as a man—a picture which unfortunately does not entirely coincide with the opinion so frequently shared of this "lion of the eighteenth century." The public often allows itself to be influenced by Macaulay's "Life of Johnson" instead of the much more accurate biography of Boswell, said Dr. Haynes. Boswell was a close friend of Johnson and was in his company constantly, writing his biography from notes on Johnson's every day life and conversation. Macaulay, on the other hand seems to have been biased against the subject. He hated Boswell, so he depicted his "Life of Johnson." He did not know Johnson personally.

Boswell would not have his readers believe that Johnson was only a "profound old bear." Someone has said that he possessed a very "low manner," but often it proved to be the proverbial bark without any bite. Nevertheless, he was exceedingly frank and made extremely caustic and witty remarks at the expense of others whenever the occasion offered. Although he was very ungainly, awkward, slovenly, and uncouth to look upon, he was saved from being unattractive by his ready charity for all who were needy and his keen and genial sense of humor. Once an aged gentleman who had been a friend of Johnson met him in a London street and remarked that they both were getting old. Don't let us discountage me another," was Johnson's answer.

Again he spoke of a man who walked every day to the ale house for exercise, but whom he noticed must needs always be carried back home. He is the author of so many clever epigrams that a few can scarcely be singled out:

"A great disadvantage of wine is that it makes a man mistake words for thoughts."
"A man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring knowledge back."

It was he who first said, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions."
In Dr. Johnson's wide circle of friends were the outstanding writers of the day. A lady of his acquaintance one day brought to him the manuscript of a tragedy which she had just written, asking him to revise it for her.

"I have so many irons in the fire," she said, "that I can not find time to do it myself." Johnson read her manuscript and returned it to the author, saying: "Madam, I advise that you put your manuscript alongside of your irons."
Dr. Haynes had with him several inevitable volumes of the eighteenth century, which he very kindly invited everyone present to examine at the close of his address. Among these was a facsimile copy of one of Boswell's notebooks, where one could read the author's own quaint handwriting. Dr. Haynes illustrated the conscientious pains with which Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was written, by reading passages from the notebook which were almost reproduced verbatim in the finished biography.

The first English dictionary which attempted completeness was compiled by Johnson. The part of this enormous work owned by Dr. Haynes was of extraordinary interest and was one of the original copies written by Johnson's own hand, printed quantity on thick, time-yellowed pages bound in clammy stiff board covers. Many of the definitions are unique to say the least. According to Johnson, the jonquil is a flower the fragrance of which is sufficient strong to "overcome the spirits of ladies." He defines the word job as "a low, mean, lucrative, busy affair."

Those who heard Dr. Haynes have now the feeling of personal acquaintance with the intellectual giant of the eighteenth century.

YOUR IDEAS

by MIRIAM BRETZ



With a praiseworthy and insatiable thirst for information, we have been collecting statistics; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we have been trying to collect statistics. Our original aim was to find who, in popular opinion, was the happiest person in the world.

In our foolish delusion, we thought that of course everyone would say the Prince of Wales, the President of the United States, or some other equally well-known person, and that we should only have to count the votes to attain the object of our quest.

But alas, for our high hopes! Human nature is more versatile and less to be trusted than even the cynical and woe-ridden cynicist expected. The Prince of Wales? Nobody even mentioned him. As for the President of the United States—when we timidly suggested his name, we were met with such withering scorn that we immediately faded away without waiting for an answer to the question.

It seems that everybody in the world who thinks somebody else is the happiest is the first person whom we addressed on the subject answered instantly: "The man who draws Maggie and Jiggs. To the bewilderment look on our face, he replied with a reasonable explanation of his choice. He said that the artist can satirize society without being blamed for it. No one would think of accusing the comic section of having any serious purpose, yet the person who is responsible for it can make fun of all his acquaintances and be absolutely immune from all criticism of censur.

Furthermore, he may not only derive personal pleasure from his work, but also material gain. What can be more desirable than to earn one's daily coffins by a task which is supremely congenial?

This was the argument of our surprise. The man's arguments sounded convincing, but we were sure there must be something wrong.

So, like the crafty fox in all the Second Readers we "went a little farther and met another hen." (This is purely figurative. It was really a very responsive gentleman whom we met.) But listen to his answer! "The bricklayer, he works eight hours a day; his wages are periodically he can prosper neither road nor write, and therefore has no problem to solve except that of food, lodging and clothing. He is troubled by no complicated questions of ethics, of national and international problems, and of philosophy. His is a peaceful existence and one to be envied."

Now, what would you say to a person like that?

The next victim heaved a long sigh and said dolefully, "My son in college. He never passes anything, never worries and I pay all his bills." Personally, we think this conclusion was hindered by a momentary bitterness and would have been different had the man been approached at a more opportune moment.

We met the sophomore strolling unappetizingly down the street, and laid a detaining hand on her arm. Fearfully we put the question, "Who do you think is the happiest person in the world?" She turned with a reproachful glance for our frivolity, and then glomily and condescendingly pointed toward a funeral procession. "That man," she declared, "is the happiest person in the world and left us standing in wonder and amazement."
We came back and sat down at our desk and asked ourselves "who thought was the happiest person in the world. Ourselves thought a little while and finally decided that the blessed person must be a school teacher, who can assign tasks at will and can ask any questions she and left us standing in wonder and amazement."
The queer part about our research is that that everybody considers someone else to be supremely happy. Probably the bricklayer's day

dream is to be a college professor, and a school teacher's fondest desire is to be a columnist. Probably the college boy would like to be in the position of his father and probably the dead man would like to be the sophomore. Everybody wants to be everybody else and according to statistics nobody is really happy. We may say that we do not altogether trust these, or any, statistics. If they are true, it is too complicated a world for us and we think perhaps the sophomore was right.

Pierrette Players Announce Program

The Pierrette Players have announced the following program for this spring:

April 16
Life and Works of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero—Elizabeth Parker.

The Widow of Wasdale Head—Pinero—Ruth Pfohl.

May 1
Shaw—Frank G. Thompson—Elizabeth Holmgod.

The Mince—Louis N. Parker—Miss Blair.

May 15
Sketch of Perivale Wild—Lois Crowl.

A Question of Morality—Perivale Wild—Elizabeth Hastings.

The Plager of God—Perivale Wild—Isabel Wenzhold.

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