

La Fevre

PER CENT OF BLUFFINGS

Like the almost imperceptible lavender shadows of dusk, it steals upon us, like the pale light of a summer moon, it holds us spellbound. What? What? This intangible something, this golden mesh of sunshine, entangled in which we can feel only the breath of a salt sea breeze upon our cheek, and can hear only drifts of music played by saxophones and banjos, this invisible mystical net holds us languorous inert. . . . Ah, ruby eye of a Hindu god! No matter how thinly you slice it, it's still bologny. (We take this opportunity to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. Louise Thompson.) We have been grappling with a Chocolate Hyena among the prickly cacti of Mummum desert this past twilight and so of course we are in no state of mind to editorialize. That is why we flopped so at the end of the first two sentences. It was a brave start no doubt, but we couldn't focus our attention on the intricacies of composition.

We read that Professor S. W. Fernberger, of the University of Pennsylvania recently asked the question: "Define 'Psychoterminology.'" Twenty-one men answered to give to the question, when in reality, there is no such word.

Some statistically rabid individual has used this incident, with several others to prove that our educational systems trains young men and women to be dishonest and pretentious, to maintain a false assumption of knowledge and conceal ignorance. He further states that in an investigation carried on with 100 university and 47 high school students, and 58 people who had not had the advantages of higher education, the students varied from 5 to 81 per cent in bluffing. The Freshmen bluffed most, Seniors least. The men bluffed a little more than the women. The per cent of the non-union group was only 55.7.

Now it may be that in cases where authors for books never written were asked, and where false quotations were given to be identified, a little too much imagination was used. But in the first trick of "psychoterminology" no student could be commended for bluffing, if he offered some attempt at definition. In the first place, one cannot be master of every word in the English language—certainly not at college age. And in the second place, the "fake" is made up of perfectly legitimate parts which anyone with any knowledge of etymology could break into its component elements, and by logical means find some meaning for the detached word, though not comprehending its full significance.

Any student should justify recent this slur on the intelligent young America. This investigation is rather to furnish evidence of the non-scholarly attitude of professors, not of students.

REDUCING AND SPORTS

"Reducing weather" is what some call it, those over-weight ones who are wise enough to make it such. Their favorite remarks are: "Lost two pounds today" or "six pounds off this week." Then there are thinner ones who just call it "athletic weather." At any rate, for spring sports, baseball season is in full swing, and there are more girls out for it than there have ever been before. It looks as if there are going to be four strong teams this year instead of only two as there were last year. There are girls that can hit, and girls that can pitch, and girls that can catch, and even girls that can do all three. More often than there are girls who can't do any one of them, so come on out for this noble sport and learn how whatever you are in the baseball field—you won't be the only one of them.

The tennis tournament is starting next week. Give some one a lucky break and ask her to be your partner in the doubles tournament. Heed! A warning! Get your partners and start practicing; practice every day, for if it is rained, and the field is a dark horse entered in this race—two of them in fact, for they have entered the doubles tournament as partners. Can you beat them?

The Call

The late Marcus Loew, the movie magnate, said one day to a New York reporter:

"When a man don't like his work his don't like him.

"A friend of mine hurried into his office and found his clerk asleep one morning at ten o'clock. It wasn't the first time, either. "My friend waked the clerk up and said: "You can go, Meyer, at the end of the month."

"My gosh," said Meyer, "what need to call me so soon for that?"

"Our dumbest Freshman asks if a Scotchman ever gave a damn."



TREES

I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may be summer wear; A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain. Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree. —Joyce Kilmer.

"The old order changeth, giving places to new," and we watch the change take place with mingled emotions. We are grieved to see our leaders of this year 1928-29 laying down their offices, and while we are glad that we had their leadership and inspiration, we tremble for ourselves, fearing lest we fall short of the standard that they have set. It is always hard to see the Senior leave, it makes us feel that the world is moving on and that we have to get with it and some day be ready to take our places out there after college days are over. That should lead us to think whether the life which we are now living is one which is laying the foundation for the future, the right kind of a foundation. Whether we have been chosen to fill all important offices for next year or are just unrecognized members of any organization, this is a time when we should think seriously of our attitude toward our office or toward those whom we have elected to represent us.

If we are of those who are to be leaders, this is a time above all others when we have to look to the Master and claim his promise "I will be with you." In the rush of college activities it is too easy to forget that we have a true Friend, and when we try to solve perplexities in our own strength we are likely to make mistakes. This is as true for every organization on our campus as it is for the leaders of the Y. W. C. A. A similar spirit of Christian love should pervade the rest of the student body. The person who has received the office may not be the one whom we wanted, but the only thing that we can do, and do in accordance with the highest ideals, is to give the girls who have been elected our whole-hearted support. No one can be a success who has to stand alone, so let us each pledge our loyal co-operation and sincere interest to every organization and officer even if we have to sacrifice a personal preference, knowing that we can do all things, "through Christ who strengthens us."

Chromium Reflector For Auto Headlights Washington. — Chromium, which can be electroplated on steel and is more permanent than nickel, has been found particularly suitable for reflectors in automobile headlights after an exhaustive research made by the bureau of standards. The research, undertaken to study the reflecting power of chromium, was extended to cover not only light in the visible portion of the spectrum but also the ultraviolet and infra-red. As a result it was found that chromium has much higher reflecting power than nickel in the ultra-violet and, since it is less affected by ultra-violet rays, it is more useful as a reflector of these rays.

Chromium Reflector For Auto Headlights

First Aid Instructor: "What would you do if a man was pale, sweating profusely, unconscious, bleeding from the mouth, eyes and ears, and had a fractured skull and arm?" Student: "I'd bury him." —Buccaneer.

A BUGGY RIDE

Ordinarily this is quite a doggy little place, but since the recent onslaught of the bugs, it's about to become the wrangling place of catty girls, horny girls and even maulish girls. The social lion has become a political snake and the mules are fast building mountains. Even the quietest little mouse is waxing tigerish.

Page Mr. Sparks, there's the menagerie. From a little observation study it seems that spring has a peculiar effect on a certain type of bug. It wakes up and spits the skin down its back, very much as a chrysalis does, and emerges. When once liberated it acts idly by stretching its many tentacles back and forth and gazing vigilantly around for that peculiar genus known as a "yes-lady." (She is also called by other names by those who have more vivid imaginations.) Finding suitable material, the tentacles close about her, the bug grins smirking upon her and she is placed in office while the bugs count the votes. Sitting upon her pedestal the little lady tries to grow tentacles and learns to smirper prettily so that someday she may be a bug also.

The spring night grows more serene and it is grown with my night, and try the other side. Now the bugs are standing off in corners sizzling and buzzing about weazelly about; moving to another corner if by chance there is some sturdy thousand-leg or other belligerent nearby; and continue to buzz. Now they stand apart, slap each other with their antennae, and indulged in a few side-splitting horse laughs. They go out. A few moments more, and a rather hardy bug steals in to the list. Adds another yes-lady to the list. Again I grin and try my back awhile; but I must have had too much steak for the dream goes on. Now I hear the best of the bugs howling the fact that unity and harmony seems to be a lost quantity. I want to murmur that a bug probably put that old breaking straw upon the camel's back. I want to tear away her tentacles. I turn away and go into a room where nominations are being made. I arrange in time to see them join in pushing a guy but harmless butterfly from the list.

It's all too much. I curse the night and pray for dawn. My spring fever has gone to the brain.

Too Late

Cecil's mother made it a rule that if he came to the dinner table late he was not to speak during the meal. The other days, as soon as he entered the room, he began, "I say, mother," but his mother quickly reminded him of the rule.

"But, mother—" he persisted.

"Not a word," said the stern parent.

When dinner was over, his mother asked what he wanted to say.

"Oh, I only wanted to say baby was filling father's socks with condensed milk."

Colonial House Saved By Art School at Yale

New Haven, Conn.—A house built in North Branford in 1710 and carefully taken apart for Yale university when it was about to be demolished has been restored in part in the new gallery of the Yale art school.

The house yielded original wall paintings, doorways, cornices and other decorative pieces. These are regarded by authorities as truly representative of the American colonial and federal periods.

Two rooms have been set up, and through the gift of Francis P. Garvan, Yale '97, early Connecticut pieces and portraits have been hung on the walls to give the atmosphere of a colonial home 200 years ago.

The man who doesn't care what anyone thinks settles down with a package of Luckies and a box of sweets to enjoy an Old Gold radio program.—Life.

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ARE YOU SURE?

Are you sure for which candidate for the Student Council you are going to vote?

Are you sure that you made your own decision by reason of your opinion or her ability rather than your personal like or dislike?

Are you sure of what qualities a good Council member must have? Are you sure that by saying a Council member should be "broad-minded" you don't mean that she must be Lind at appropriate times? But that you mean she will go to Council meetings unprejudiced and open to conviction?

Are you sure that when she represents you that she will represent the best of student opinion, and the ideals of Student Government?

Are you sure that she will do her duty consistently and that she will have strength enough to report both to herself and you?

Are you sure that you will report yourself and make an honest effort to uphold the rules as you pledged yourselves to do?

Are you sure that you realize that you have a duty towards a Council member just as she has a duty towards you?

Finally, are you sure that when you have selected your Council that you will be loyal to it and its decisions? —LILLIAN NEWELL.

They call her "Equator," her line is warm, but purely imaginary. —Hornet.