

WISDOM OF FRESHMEN AS DISCLOSED AT TRAINING CLASSES

The maxim "Freshmen Are Born, Not Made" is true. There can be no doubt if one takes time to observe closely the apparent wisdom of the present Freshman Class. I believe and I hope, rightly, that such intelligence as the Freshmen display can not be that of attainment but that of rich and brilliant inheritance. There is no time in which the average Freshman takes as much pleasure in displaying her knowledge as she does at training class. To her, this is her supreme test of wisdom and to it she responds admirably and with great enthusiasm. She listens to the explanation of the school rules with a peculiar expression of intelligence. The instructor wonders what she is thinking and is unable to decide, but soon the Freshman speaks and it is perfectly evident that her overly developed mind has grasped and grasped well the true meaning of all the college regulations.

For instance, I have in mind a certain question asked by one of the most learned of the learned Freshmen. There is no doubt that her age was tender but her mind was one of unusualness—of depth.

The regulation concerning the ringing of the evening bells was fervently discussed. The Freshman mentioned above said sagely, "There are two light bells isn't there? One at seven to turn the lights on and one at ten-thirty-five to turn them off?" The Coach with an expression which belied her inward thought, answered that the said student had grasped with a deftness far beyond her years one of the most puzzling of college regulations.

The regulation concerning the sacredness of the "Busy Sign" is no doubt well understood. I have even heard of some remarks made which prove that if these Freshmen were rated by mentality tests, they would rank far above the Seniors—even above the Sophomores.

"If any girl crosses a Busy Sign she will be dealt with as the council deems necessary." There is the rule—pure and simple. There have been many outstanding interpretations of this regulation which are worthy of publication. One wise Freshman said "That means if you walk across it, doesn't it? If you walk up to a door and see it hanging there it's all right to open the door from the opposite side and enter, is it not?" The last words of her question will answer it if re-arranged properly "It is not." However, this question evidenced long and deep thought concerning the way in which one walks over busy signs.

It is agreed that some of the statements in the hand book are difficult to understand. Even now, old students sometimes break them through misunderstanding—but a Freshman never. Why, even last evening, the following conversation took place between two Freshmen:

"Why don't you play those new records you bought? I'd like to hear them."

"I'll play 'em for you Sunday."

"Why Sunday?"

"Because the hand book says, 'Victrols can not be played until 10 a. m. Sundays.'"

In the best manner of all, the Freshmen have learned the Alma Mater. In fact, they already render it in a manner similar to that of the old students. Last evening one of the instructors asked her training class to sing the Alma Mater for her. They sang one stanza beautifully. Then they began to hum. "Why did you stop singing?" she asked the instructor. "That's the way it goes isn't it?" asked one of the most wise Freshmen. "There's only one stanza and then you hum it through twice."

As proven by the illustrations, the Freshman Class wisdom is astounding, but our sincerest hope is that it will soon become as degenerate as that of the upper-classmen!

Mary N.: "I'm in a bad way, but after all I still have my brains and they are good."

Lucy C.: "Good as new—They've never been used."

BOOK REVIEW

RICE—Louise Jordan Min.
Rice! Who but an Oriental would think of it as something to be desired as a gift of God, to be longed for all through life and perhaps into eternity. Rice! Smooth, white, satiny kernels for only one of which the slant-eyed Chinese peasant would sell his soul—and often did. His coolie-heart yearns for it with a passion not understandable to Occidentals.

Such a strange theme is this one, which is developed by Mrs. Min in her latest and most fascinating book *Rice*. In it the soul of peasant China is laid bare by one who knows and understands it. The tale deals with a peasant woman whose only desire in life was one bowl of white rice—not ordinary brown kernels, but smooth, milky rice such as the lords ate. Sacrifice after sacrifice she makes only to be thwarted in the end. The rice comes in the rice—but in her insanity she is eternally seeking. This intense and vivid story is told against an Oriental background across which appear and disappear living characters.

Silver stars twinkle in a sky of onyx velvet. Pools of jade like waters lie quietly while in them blue bells nod serenely to themselves. The fragrance of the tantalizing, alluring lotus bloom steals from some Heaven's Well or from the red-lacquered chair of some blossom-laden bride—as she journeys to meet her lord. The reader feels all this; she sees the silken couches in the rich one's homes—but then she remembers the hard dirt floors of the coolie's shanty. She feels the dainty silks, but she also remembers the coarse, hard sackcloth which clothes three-fourths of China. She remembers the wistful, dreamy peasants who labor and end—in nothingness.

The peasants are crushed, but always before their eyes is the dream of rice. It is the driving passion in the lives of millions, and only in the hope of someday realizing this desire do they live.

We may see comely maidens teetering hither and yon on their delicate golden lilies; we might glimpse priceless jade of the gods; we might revel in the majesty that superficially prevails everywhere, but after we read *Rice* we get a real view of the soul and heart of China.

World News

The alarm felt over the rumor of the failing health of Pope Pius at Vatican City was quieted when he told a pilgrimage of French Catholic Teachers that he was quite well. He made a somewhat ironical speech in which he said he wanted it known that his health was in very good condition.

Professor O. Schmidt has returned from a Soviet Arctic exploration which he said "Accomplished more during the past few years than was done during all of Scandinavia." He has charted two new islands naming one, "Wise," and the other, "Kamenief." This expedition has done much to fill up the blank areas of the Arctic.

In the 1930 Congressional Campaign principles for the socialist party, the main plank is the repealing of the dry law. The eighteenth Amendment is denounced as "Unenforceable and a source of lawlessness and corruption."

Victor Neilson, young Swedish aviator who discovered General Noble and his party on an Arctic ice float, was killed today while taking a pupil aloft. Neilson in 1928 pilot of the airplane Leppand in search of the lost Italian explorer, but the actual rescue of General Noble was left to Lieutenant Lundborg who was Neilson's superior in the air force.

Nonie: "No wonder you're always satisfied when we're together."
Addie: "Why?"
Nonie: "You're in better company than I am!"

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At the Theatres

THE STATE

One of the great motion picture epics of the air will be shown at the State Theatre for the entire week. It is the "Dawn Patrol" in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton and Richard Barthelmess are starred. The filming and recording of sound in the picture is to be noted especially.

THE CAROLINA

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers will be seen in the musical comedy hit "Follow Thru." This show is filmed entirely in technical color, and is peppy, snappy, and funny from beginning to end.

Gary Cooper in "The Spoilers" is the attraction for the latter part of the week. This picture is taken from Rex Beach's novel, and promises to be a great dramatic production.

The Cop: "You are exceeding the speed limit, Miss. Your name, please?"

Irene McAnally: "But officer you can't arrest me. This isn't my car and I haven't a license to drive."

"If you tell a man a thing it goes in one ear and out the other," she said.

"And if you tell a woman a thing," he countered, "it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth."

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