

# FOOTBALL

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SOUTH  
OCTOBER 16 1930

# High Pressure

## Combines Brains and Salesmanship

By JAMES McNITT



R. Harold R. Simpson, of Simpson & Simpson, Dry Goods, was mad. Grammarians might tell us that he was angry, but in the nomenclature of the store clerks he was mad. Perhaps he had a right to be, but it was his own mistake that had caused this ire. He had made out an order for two dozen shirts, but through carelessness he had miscopied the serial number. The order had just arrived, and the shirts with it. But what shirts! Screaming oranges, gaudy blues, flaming reds, unheard of designs; shirts that must have been created during some shirt designer's nightmare.

Even now Simpson was calling the dry goods wholesalers, demanding a rectification of the error. The whole firm waited with bated breath, for if the mistake was not made right they would have to suffer from a temporary grouch on the part of the boss. When Simpson returned, they quietly slipped back to their places. His look spoke volumes. It would not do to cross the "Simp" (a sobriquet used only behind his back) when he was on the war-path as he was now. He had phoned the company, his voice spitting fire. The employee had respectfully called his attention to an inflexible rule that mistakes made by the customer could not be adjusted. Mr. Simpson had gone "up in the air," whereupon the attendant had reminded him that there was a little matter of around four hundred dollars which Simpson & Simpson owed them. The "Simp" kept the shirts.

Three weeks passed, and the shirts remained on display. The \$1.98 sign was conspicuously exhibited, but not a single shirt moved from the rack.

It was at this juncture that Horace Camden made himself known to the firm of Simpson & Simpson. Horace had flopping socks, bell-bottomed trousers, wore a hat, and carried a frat pin on the lapel of his rather flashy suit. He was, in short, collegiate. This was not unusual in Wexford. Here there were the largest football stadium and the best football players in the state. Here there were an expansive campus where students strolled, and dorms where they slept. Here there was the huge gym in which Wexford University supporters watched their basketball team in action. And here there was incidentally the collection of classrooms which are necessary to keep up the self-respect of a university.

Horace Camden wanted a job. This was not unusual for students, either, because money had a way of getting into circulation from their hands.

When Horace was shown into the presence of the boss, he immediately began speaking.

"Mr. Simpson, I believe. I am Horace Camden, a student at Wexford University. With a store like this you ought to send out a salesman representing you for a house-to-house canvass. I am just the man for such a job. I have personality, confidence, and a knack for super-salesmanship. I represented Wilson Clothing Company for two years and I can furnish high references."

The "Simp" said, "No," in an emphatic tone of voice. The persuasive Horace continued unabashed. Fifteen minutes later the boss was groggy and hanging on the ropes. Finally he said in desperation, "If you can get rid of those shirts out front, I'll give you a steady job."

"All right, Mr. Simpson," flamed Camden. "But that's not the way I do

Here's literary  
excellency for you.

business. I'll make them come here to buy their shirts. Is that O. K.?"

"Any way to get rid of them," came the reply.

The high-pressure salesman carefully folded a few of the gaudy shirts into a brief case and left the store.

Wending his way across the campus, he finally came to the Alpha Psi frat house. He hurried in and up the stairs. Pausing in front of a door he knocked twice.

"Who's there?" came the query.

"Opportunity," he answered.

"It can't be opportunity. He only knocks once."

The door swung open and greetings were exchanged. Dick Leighton was a handsome fellow, and the cut of his clothes accentuated this. They were perfect in fit and immaculate at all times.

"Well, Dick, you're mistaken. Here's opportunity in a different form. You know that you're rated as the best-dressed man on the campus. Not only that, but you're usually the one who introduces fads in clothing. Here's your chance to start a new one. I'm salesman for Simpson & Simpson now, and I want to show you their new line of shirts."

He pulled them from their container. When he finally left the frat house, he had sold one of the most brilliant shirts. He wasn't so dumb. There was no use wasting his high-pressure salesmanship any more than was necessary. Almost every man on the campus copied Dick Leighton in clothing. When the shirt appeared there would be a rush for similar ones. The collegians would pour into Simpson & Simpson, the shirts would disappear and the cash register would chime merrily. Horace had been promised a 15% commission if the shirts were sold through his influence. That meant seven dollars on the two dozen shirts, which wasn't bad considering that he had sold but one of them.

But three days passed and the shirts still sat on the display rack. Finally Simpson called High-pressure Horace into conference. After a storm of words the "Simp" delivered his ultimatum.

"You either sell those shirts by Saturday night or you're fired. You haven't tried to sell them after you sold the first one."

Camden hurried out. After searching the length of the campus, he found the object of his quest, Dick Leighton. Hurrying over to him, he demanded, "Say, Dick, why haven't I seen you wearing your new shirt yet?" The answer came in a slightly embarrassed tone.

"After you left the other night, I began to think things over. I remembered that my pocketbook has been deflating rapidly and the pater says I get no more until the first. Therefore, I sold the shirt to 'Hick' Hallidan."

"Hick" Hallidan! Camden groaned inwardly. Hallidan had been gifted with a lanky, raw-boned form on which clothes hung awkwardly, a dull brain and the hallucination that he was handsome. Dick's shirt would be at least one size too large, and on his figure—Horace groaned again.

Looking across the campus, he saw a crowd assembling. He noted the brilliant orange shirt in the very center of the group. It was apparent that the collegians were poking fun at the "Hick" and he was thick-witted enough to think they were complimenting him.

Then an idea came to Camden. He moved across the campus toward the crowd.

The next day High-Pressure Horace cut all his classes to hang around the doors of Simpson & Simpson. During the course of the day he saw sixteen of the shirts lifted from the display, wrapped up and carried out. The next day he returned. Late in the afternoon the last shirt was gone.

Entering the store, he went over to Mr. Simpson's desk. "Do I get paid now?"

The man rose and shook his hand. "You did it, boy! How did you manage it?"

Camden began. "The first day I went out and sold a shirt to Dick Leighton. He's the campus sheik and every boy imitates his style of dress. I knew if they saw him with the shirt they would want one like it. However, Dick

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## HEROES

There is a powerful incentive to courage in the applause that rolls forth when the team is battling in the football field. Whether a man wins or loses, the spirit of the school will cheer him on. It is easy for him to be a hero. The game does call upon him to give everything he has, but the support of the school is with him. He is the boy of whom the average high school boy or girl thinks when he hears the word "hero."

Yet every day we see heroism far greater than this around us, and we go our ways, nor think to applaud, because the conflict has not the spectacularity of visible conflict. In South High, as in every high school in the land, there are boys and girls who are fighting their way up from poverty and ignorance, despite unbelievable handicaps besetting them in their struggle upward. Some have not the financial means, others are physically handicapped, and yet, unseen, unnoticed they carry on. Let us cheer the heroes of the gridiron, upholding the spirit of our school, but let us not forget those heroes among us who fight in silence and alone. Theirs is the harder conflict.

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AHEM! I'll Take the bow!  
That shows what diligence, brains  
and modesty can do. 13

## SIZING UP INSTRUCTORS

Shocks are sometimes pleasant, and other times unpleasant things to receive, but last week we got a shock that was rather hard to classify. We asked a friend of ours, a newcomer to South, how he was making out in his studies, and were told that it is all one grand snap. This being a view not exactly coincident with our own, we proceeded to question further. "Easy," said the boy, "I have hardly a thing to do in school. I'm taking the regular course, and carry a full program, but I've got all the teachers all sized up, and I can tell pretty definitely from the way recitations are going and the way students are called upon to recite, just what day I'll have to know my lesson. I always cram for an exam, and generally forget it all the next day. I've always gotten away with it so far."

That was quite a jolt. But fortunately all our illusions on the subject of bluffing were shattered long ago. We know that in high-school, bluffers get away with a great many things, and some even graduate with honors. **In High School.** We are by no means qualified to preach or give advice, but certainly we may quote from people with experience. "Life is not a matter of sizing up teachers or people, or bluffing the boss. It can't be done all the time."

Are you doing your work or are you just getting by? Are you Sizing Up the Instructors?

## JOIN A CLUB

The high-school boy or girl has need of moral and social as well as physical and mental growth. South has many organizations which combine healthy fun and work with spiritual training. Of this type are the Hi-Y's, the Girl Reserves, and the Campfire Girls. Then there are the specialty clubs, which give the student an unconscious education at their meetings and activities. These include La Coterie Francaise, Sodalitas Latinas, Players' Club and the Maude Fuller Home Economics Club. In the line of honorary organizations we have the National Honor Societies for scholars and the Varsity Club for athletes. Let us support these. Join a club.

## MAY WE INTRODUCE—?

This issue of the Pioneer was published with a brand new editor in charge. The Staff takes pleasure in introducing to the school as a whole (and to the other readers of the Pioneer) its new editor, James McNitt.

The sudden withdrawal of Leo Van Tassel from the staff to enter Senior politics, made it necessary for James McNitt to assume the rather complex duties of the editor-in-chief without any opportunity for special training or practice.

The new Editor, and the Staff, will particularly appreciate at this time, suggestions and voluntary contributions from the student body.



It's Lucky One of the family  
is brilliant.

William Randolph Hearst is good, too

## MUSIC IN THE AIR

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have, and these boys and girls have come to regard their camp as a close approach to heaven." We agree; it must be truly inspiring.

Very often conversations are better among three than between two, for the reason that then one of the trio is always, unconsciously, acting as umpire, interposing fair play, recalling wandering wits to the nub of the argument, seeing that the aggressiveness of one does not foul to the reticence of another. Talk in twos may, alas! fall into speaker and listener: talk in threes rarely does so.

—*"What Men Live By."*

—*Christopher Morley.*

## SILVER AND BLUE

There's a pale,  
Lustrous star over  
A blanched, broken birch.  
And the soft  
South Wind chases  
A silver moon  
Across a  
Midnight sky.  
A thrilling etching  
In silver and blue.

—*Dorothy West.*

Cornelius W.: Somebody told me I was good-looking.

Frances: When?

Cornelius: Today.

Frances: I mean when were you good-looking?

Joan D.: How big is a tug-boat?

Evelyn M.: What kind of a tug-boat?

Joan: Oh, a big tug-boat.

Evelyn: Well, how big?

D. Gray: Why does the hero say, "Mother Earth"?

D. Hatfield: Because he's just a common clod.

## HIGH PRESSURE

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sold it to "Hick" Hallidan, the campus fool. He looked funnier than Ben Turpin in that shirt. He was a scream. It happens that next Saturday is the Fool's Frolic, a tradition at Wexford. The foolishness costume is awarded fifty dollars. All I had to do was to point out that a costume such as the "Hick" had on would be sure to win the prize. I told this to several fellows and I guess they all bit."

Dick: Mother, I'd like to introduce Milton Register.

Mother: Oh, how d'ye do, Milton? I'm glad to meet you. I've heard so much about you.

Milton: Oh, that's all right. They can't prove anything.

An artificial stretching of vocabulary is not to be urged; for the number of words employed for purposes of style, is a secondary matter. It is their quality and fine use that are needed most. Nor may students exalt when they have found a hard word to express their thought. For, in the first place, hard words make hard reading. Beneath their weight a sentence staggers like a man with a bag of coal. It is usually a pattern of easy words that give a sentence grace, and any octosyllabic explosion blows the thought quite off its track. But secondly, and of more importance, hard words have mostly been coined for a special use and their meaning is narrow and scientific. They stiffen a paragraph to a formula. They smell unpleasantly of the laboratory and of the schoolroom.

—*"To Be Read Only by Serious Stupid Persons"* —*Charles S. Brooks.*

Why should we use Ivory soap? Even the manufacturers admit that it's impure.

Lunch-room Hint—Always fold your napkin if you expect to get it in your pocket.