

THE GUILFORDIAN

VOLUME IV.

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C., OCTOBER 31, 1917

NUMBER 7

THE GYM. HAUNTED

MANY SPOOKS JOIN IN CELEBRATING ANOTHER HALLOW'EEN

The old Guilford gymnasium has now one memorable event to look back upon, one time in its history when it really presented an artistic, beautiful appearance and the event is the Halloween social which was held there Saturday night, October 27th.

By deft hands and persevering effort the gymnasium had been converted into a veritable autumn wood and all the spooks from spookdom were there. Tall straight oaks had suddenly grown up, masses of honeysuckle had climbed to dizzying heights, and from the tops of some of the trees huge owls looked down upon the gay crowd and winked their big green eyes knowingly; the bright moon from a lofty pine shed its mellow glow over a quaint hut where two gypsies held sway, and told surprising things to all who came to hear their mystic words.

Everywhere were figures, grotesque, weird, comical or artistic; young ladies wearing number nine shoes and short cut hair; grandmothers knitting; piccanninies with their shining faces and foolish grins; Uncle Sam and Liberty in all their dignity; strange figures with pumpkin heads and curious blinking eyes; tall white figures from the unknown land; all were there and others who somehow found their way into the enchanted wood.

The most popular retreat was a corner screened by honeysuckle where different spooks busied themselves over a freezer of "Hodgin's Best."

Above all the clamor could be heard the incessant cry of "Ice-cold lemonade—two glasses for 5 cents," and many quenched their thirst with a cooling draught bought from the little vender.

The judges, Miss Osborne, Miss Gainey and Professor Guess awarded the prizes for the most original costumes to Miss Mattie Rayle and "Little Tommie Zachary."

Immediately upon the stroke of 10, Miss Louise with a wave of her majestic wand sent 'em all back to the land of spooks from where they came, there to remain until another Halloween social should again call them back.

Dr. Mashburn, of California, a student of New Garden Boarding School during the seventies, addressed the student body at collection last Monday morning. Using as the topic of his remarks "The Pine Spoke," he emphasized the fact that any slight defect in character building may result finally in a broken life.

Next Saturday evening the music department will give the first recital of the year—a study of some of Tennyson's poems set to music. Those having inside information say that any one attending this entertainment will be accorded a genuine musical treat.

PRESBYTERIANS, 6; GUILFORD 0

HARD-FOUGHT GAME BETWEEN TWO EVENLY-MATCHED TEAMS DECIDED BY FORWARD PASS.

In a close and hard-fought but clean game Guilford lost to Presbyterian College of South Carolina, last Friday. Starting out with a rush Guilford apparently had the game her own way for the first half. In this period she made first down five times and P C was unable at any time to make the necessary ten yards. With the ball twice in striking distance however, Guilford did not produce the necessary punch when it was most needed, and her only real chances to score by straight football came to nothing. In the third quarter the only scoring of the game was done. P C first intercepting a forward pass and then completing one for a touchdown and goal kick. In the rest of the game neither team really threatened to score and both showed the effects of the fast pace of the first three quarters.

It was a hard fought game and the whole team played football. The only point to be criticized in the play of the team was the lack of interference, and this more than any other factor enabled P C to stop Guilford's marches down the field.

The really disappointing feature of the game was apparent lack of interest and college spirit on the part of a great number of the students. With an ideal day on which to see a game and with as pretty and spirited football as one could care to see, fully a third of the students made use of the extra half holiday for purely selfish reasons and left the team to play before a scare handful of rooters. Certainly the stay-aways lost more than they could have gained. Besides missing one of the best games of the season and an exceedingly good game to see, they have in many cases put their school loyalty in a questionable light, for the team needed the backing of the whole student body.

Presbyterian won the toss and chose to defend the west goal and to receive. Walser kicked to Galloway on Presbyterian's 15-yard line, who carried the ball to P C's 35-yard line. On the first down Fort broke thru the line and stopped P C for a two yard loss. Fort repeated on the next down. With third down and ten to go, P C tried an end run but was stopped by Reddick after a one yard gain. P C kicked to Newlin on Guilford's 25-yard line, and he advanced the ball ten yards before he was downed. Newlin went thru the line for three yards, Newlin repeated for ten yards and a first down. Bryant went off tackle for two yards, Bryant again carried the ball but was tackled for a two-yard loss. With third down and ten to go Bryant went around end for twenty yards and Guilford's second first down. Newlin went thru the line for three yards, Bryant three yards and Newlin again went seven yards to a first down (3rd). Jones

was tackled for a three-yard loss. Newlin went four yards, Stafford made three, both on line plunges. With fourth down and the ball on P C's twenty-two yard line a forward pass was attempted but was blocked and it was P C's ball on her own twenty-two yard line. Barnard stopped two attempted runs around his end and P C kicked to Bryant on Guilford's thirty-five yard line. Bryant carried the ball to the forty yard line. Stafford no gain, Bryant no

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ZATASIANS GUESTS OF PHILOMATHEANS

On Friday evening, October 26, a tired crowd of girls filed into the Zatasian Society Hall. 'Twas the end of a strenuous week and nobody felt any enthusiasm for the work of the evening—everybody drew a sigh and sank down into a chair—but in just a few minutes after the President had called Society to order there came a gentle tap at the door; the marshal entered, bringing a rather interesting and mysterious looking missive.

The message proved to be balm for the weary, because it was an invitation from the Philomathean Society inviting the Zatasians to spend the evening with them.

Upon entering the Philomathean Hall, the Zatasians were impressed with the beauty of the hall decorated with autumn leaves of every tint, harmonizing perfectly with the brown color scheme of the room.

The program given was appropriate for the season and impressed every one with the loveliness and beauty of that most lovely season of all the year—autumn. The program was as follows:

1. Autumn—Frances Moore.
2. Selections from Van Dyke.
 - (a) Indian Summer.
 - (b) Autumn in the GardenRuth Coltrane
3. Solo—Gertrude Hobbs.
4. Poems from John Charles McNeil—Ruth Coble.
5. "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin"—Thelma Cloud.

After Ruth Stanley had given the critic's report the society adjourned for a social hour.

The hostess served fruit salad and wafers and hot chocolates. Upon each plate there was a black cat or a witch which served as appropriate favors.

The evening was one of perfect enjoyment and this pleasant time together served to bind the two societies into a closer union, making cooperation more possible, and impressing the members of each with the common purpose of both.

THE Y. M. C. A. "WITH THE COLORS"

COLLEGES TO BE CALLED ON TO HELP IN ITS SUPPORT.

There has never been a time in the history of the Y. M. C. A. when their work was more prominent in the public eye than at the present time. In the United States alone thousands of young men are daily leaving, or have already left their homes for the training camps. Thousands are also leaving these camps for France. Guilford College itself is represented in the army camps by at least a half dozen men who were last year either students here or members of the faculty. There are many other alumni and students who call Guilford their Alma Mater who are now in the different parts of our nation's war work. These men are for the time being separated from all the comforts and conveniences that go to make up home life. The Y. M. C. A. is the only organization that can and has the authority to administer to these men the little comforts and conveniences that relieve the monotony of camp and trench life. The Red Cross has taken upon itself the noble task of relieving the physical suffering of the soldiers of all nationalities. To the Y. M. C. A. there has been given the task of ministering not only to the body, but to the mind and spirit of our soldiers as well. How they are doing this is the topic of almost every magazine and paper in the United States. It is sufficient to say here that by furnishing reading and writing rooms, games, baths, educational directors, music, motion pictures and the moral ministrations so necessary to the human soul to keep it from becoming hardened the "Y," as it is called by the soldiers, has certainly earned the right (as one of the officers in the training school at Oglethorpe puts it) to be called "the biggest thing here. It is on the job. This place would be hell without it."

Lieut. Woosley, formerly professor of history at Guilford, says that "The Y's motto is 'With the Colors' and they live up to it. If we go on an eight-day hike, when night comes we find the sign of the red triangle hung over a little tent and a secretary within ready to provide pens and paper, hot chocolate or games; comfort for the fellow who is weary, cheer for the fellow who is homesick."

Sherley White says that he believed in the Y. M. C. A. while here in school, but is more enthused over it now since it has helped to make life less tedious in camp.

The stamp of the flag which decorate the upper left hand corner of every letter which comes from a "Sammie" in training is a gentle reminder of the presence of a "Y" secretary in the camp.

Pages might be written about the equipment and training of the two thousand secretaries who are serving with our boys here in America; of the five hundred who are going to France with them, of the hundreds

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