

THE GUILFORDIAN

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PARAGRAPHS

The following headline tells the tale; no further explanation is necessary: Professor Is Poisoned As Exams Approach.

Fortunate that the Greensboro "Anti-Sheik Law" to protect the N. C. C. W. girls included only the Greensboro sheiks.

Guilford could boast of at least one millionaire if the college postmaster had a nickel for every time he was asked, "Is the mail up?"

Professor Tinsley is as observant of the needs of the present as of the history of the past. He sees the need of a Guilfordian screen quite as well as the Sunday night workers feel it. Since providence has somehow provided a screen no more alibis will be in order.

Speaking of inventions, if a method can be found to make dirty clothes dirtier the Guilford Laundry will invent it.

When asked to write an article on the subject of Aviation, Mr. H. G. Wells replied that he could say nothing worth saying on the matter. Most writers would not have let a little thing like that worry them.

"Get in touch with Turkey," reads a headline of a big daily paper. Wait until Thanksgiving and most of us will do our best.

Cox and Archdale men seem to have some respect for the report that the water supply is getting low. As yet it has not been necessary to hire a full time man to clean up paper bags in front of these two dormitories.

It has been prophesied by traffic experts that the motor car will eventually drive people under ground. It often does now, if it hits a man hard enough.

The newspapers have announced the forthcoming wedding which will unite two famous tobacco families. This will probably be regarded as the last word—in tobacco blending.

Wishbone or Backbone

Physiologists tell us that the body contains over 200 bones. Among this number there are two which play a most important part in the daily life of the average college campus. These are the backbone and the wishbone.

A great howl has been raised about the modern college student and what ails him, and volumes have been written on the subject. After simmering the matter down it seems that a great many of these ailments come from an under-development of the backbone and an over-development of the wishbone. The backbone of many college folk is nothing more than a cotton string. Those who have not the backbone to go off by themselves each day without having someone make them and study their lessons often wish that they could make good grades. But wishing is about as far as they ever get. These same folk are the ones who have not the will power to get up promptly in the morning; get to meals and classes on time each day, and go to bed at a fixed hour each night.

If a strict record of "oversleeps," "tardies" and irregular night hours were kept it might show many a student that he needed to stay away from college until he had developed something stronger than a cotton string to hold himself erect.

On an examination it becomes easy for the weak-spined fellow to reach out and grasp another fellow's answer if it is easily accessible. Opportunities to lie and to cheat are innumerable and it often takes great strength to resist. But those who cannot are eminently unfit for college. So long as one fails to develop a backbone of iron the college graveyard will be filled to capacity and authors will continue to raise a howl about the unfitness of modern youth. But the fact remains that if one has enough brains and backbone and not too much wishbone it is easy to steer clear of dangerous places, keep himself from the graveyard and find that after all nothing is impossible.

Moron Club

"The Moron, he is happy,
He doesn't give a damn.
I wish I were a Moron!
Perhaps indeed I am."

Various sorts of clubs have been in existence on the Guilford campus during the many years of her life. These clubs have ranged all the way in usefulness from the Joseph Moore Science Club to the Mustache, Aquatic, and B. B. P. Clubs.

Now the suggestion is made in order to complete the cycle and leave no one outside of an organization, who should rightfully be on the inside, one more club is necessary. This should be the Moron Club. So much has been written and said about the moron in the public press of today that it would be quite a convenience to be able to positively identify these creatures with whom one daily associates. If all these happy ones could be induced to organize and wear a pin bearing the emblem "M. C." it

would facilitate the task of recognizing members.

But the question naturally arises who would be eligible to membership? And the answer follows at once that it would probably be the one who "doesn't give a damn." For what? For the flunking he does in his courses, for the literary society he joined, for the college paper, for the comfort and good will or respect of his fellow students who are trying to study, for the Y. W. C. A. or Y. M. C. A., for the student council, for the opinion the profs may form of him, for the reputation of his Alma Mater.

In the interest of more perfect organization amongst our college group, when one hears a fellow student proudly boasting that he "doesn't give a damn," one should at once mark such a person down as eligible to this newest of clubs and suggest that application for membership be made at once.

PROF. DAVIS READS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page One)

"Repaid me for what?" queried Prof. Davis much puzzled.

"For what you did for me once when we were in school together," replied the congenial one.

Prof. Davis was greatly perplexed, because he could remember nothing that he had ever done for this gentleman who had recently been treating him with so much cordiality. Finally his friend came to his rescue: "Well, perhaps you have forgotten it, but it is something that I shall never forget. Once when I was a freshman and you were a sophomore, I had a sore hand, which kept me from doing anything effectively, and you, a sophomore, polished my shoes for me, a freshman! To me, the act is one of those little things which one remembers as long as one lives."

The Church Needs a New Spirit, Says Milo Hinkle

(Continued from Page One)

He then spoke of Mahomet Ghandi, that great, silent leader of India, who refuses to accept the Christian faith through baptism, but who is trying his utmost to live the principles of Jesus Christ. He believes that non-violence will be the saving force of the world. Quoting from the World Tomorrow Rev. Hinkle read some statements made by Ghandi. "The cry for peace will be a cry in the wilderness so long as the spirit of non-violence does not dominate men and women." "War will only be stopped when the conscience of mankind will realize the supremacy of the law of love."

The speaker closed by saying, "God has given to Mahomet Ghandi another heart, and I hope that God will give to us another heart and that we may put that spirit, the spirit of Jesus Christ, into our generation. 'So keep me in the number of my days so that I may get me the spirit of Jesus Christ.'"

Religious Students Organize

Two weeks ago the students at Guilford who were interested in religious work were invited to Dr. Binford's home to talk over the possibility of organizing into some kind of organization that would be helpful to the college as a whole, along the line of religious fellowship. It was agreed that this group should meet every second and fourth Sunday of the month.

On Sunday, October 10, the group met with Samuel Haworth. Lewis McFarland was present and talked of openings in the field of the ministry in North Carolina and of work that students might do while at Guilford. Mrs. Williams was also present at the meeting.

Enthusiasm is being shown and it is hoped that this group may organize and may work efficiently in their line of work.

FRESHMAN EPISTLES

By IRA NEWLIN

Dear Pa:

I am not homesick but I am having the most difficulty imaginable in trying to adjust myself to this new environment. Everything seems to be in such a whirlwind that there is no time to stop for anything.

Pa, not until recently have I come to realize the benefits which I derived from the custom which you and ma have always practiced of reading a few verses from the Bible each morning before breakfast. From a recent editorial which I read in the Guilfordian I suppose that there was once such a custom here but it is now forgotten. Of course, I read the Bible in my room but it really seems peculiar not to have a few minutes for scripture reading in the presence of the entire group before each morning meal. The present form of grace is more of a formality than a reality because no sooner than the squeaking of the chair of the last person seated has ceased the bell rings as a signal for everyone to grab the "zip" can.

Oh! I must tell you about the big trip I made with the football squad a few days ago. All the twenty-four of us rode in one automobile. Now pa, you may think that I am getting a little off the track but it is the truth. That automobile was the biggest of its specie in existence at the present time. It looked as if it was about half as big as a railroad car and had two big tires on each rear wheel.

Well, we left here about 7:30 in the morning. I wish you could have ridden in that automobile because you may think that I have lost my conscience if I tell you how fast that car ran. I had always thought that our 1917 Ford would run about as fast as any car because you remember the time I passed neighbor Brown and he later said his Chevette was making 20 miles per hour when I passed him. But, gee! when this hurricane in the form of an automobile, which some of the boys called a bust, passed a Ford, the Ford looked as if it were running backwards at the rate of 40 miles per hour.

Well, in the third quarter of the game one of our fellows got hurt and Coach told me to run in and take that fellow's place. No sooner than I had taken my correct position in the line when some big rough looking guy wearing a pair of big checked knee pants and white shirt ran up, grabbed the seat of my pants, lifted me up, and asked me what my name was and what I was doing out on the field. Pa, had I not remembered the day I left home when with tears rolling down yours and ma's cheeks you told me to be a good boy, I would have crowned that big guy one on the bean and told him that it was none of his business. Some of the other players introduced me and that seemed to satisfy the fellow so we got set for signals.

One of our players who was standing behind the line called out some numbers and figures right fast and somebody said he! he! A soothing jar seemed to creep over my whole body. Immediately thousands of little birds began to sing and some kind of harps began to play. I called for you and ma but you were too far away to hear. I don't remember how the game ended. The next thing I remember I was lying in a big blanket. I must have fallen asleep and took some kind of terrible cramp in the back of my head because it is so sore now that I cannot wear my cap. I never knew before that football was such a musical game. I had heard that it was rough.

Tell sister to be sure to feed and water my old hen and little biddies every day.

With much love, I remain your faithful son,

ARCHIE.

Foreman (to Irish laborer)—Look at that Italian carrying two scaffold poles at a time, and you're taking only one. Pat—Shure, he must be two lazy to go twice.

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